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Frontier Times

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

WALT COBURN'S TALLY BOOK

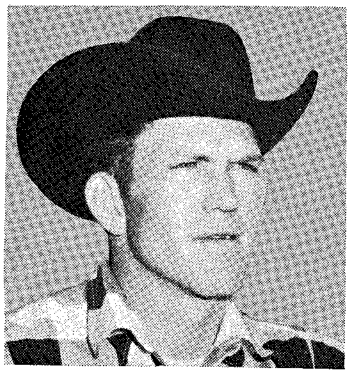
WILL ROGERS and CHARLIE RUSSELL

MOUNT FRANKLIN'S LOST TREASURE

"GOD and the APACHES" | THE MASON-HENRY GANG

I HELPED CAPTURE CHEROKEE BILL! | SWIFT "JUSTICE" ON CHILKOOT PASS

DOCTOR GRANDMA FRENCH



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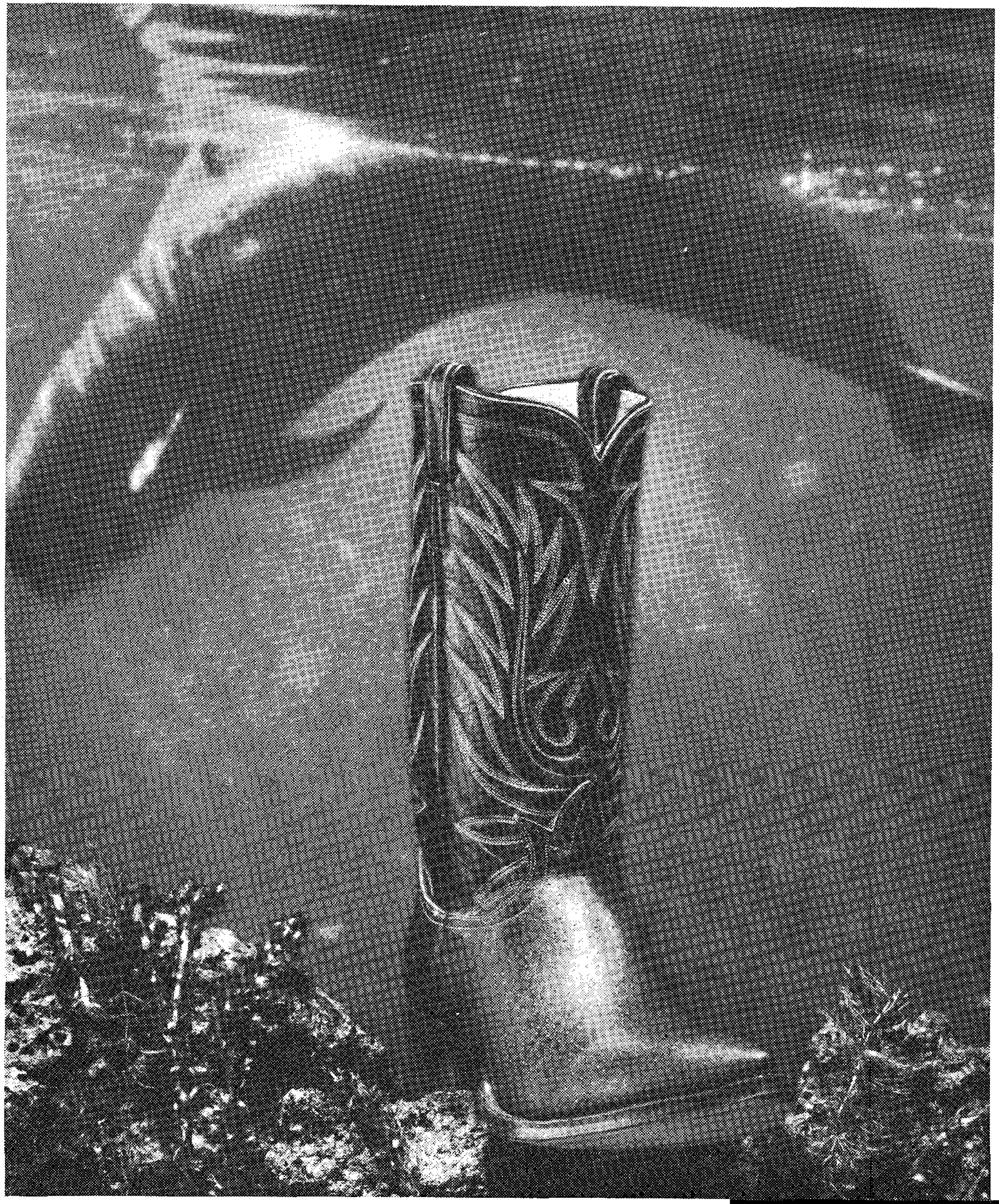

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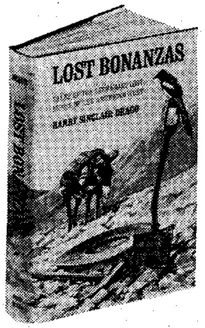

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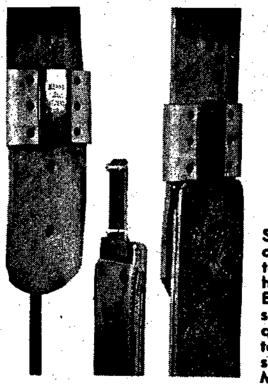

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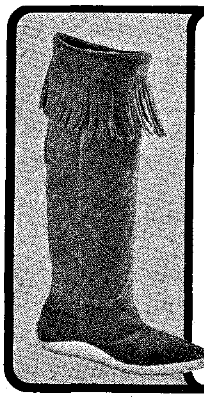

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

June-July, 1967
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Publisher

ROBERT SMALL
Advertising

MARILYN WHITE
Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

TRAILS GROWN DIM 3
FRONTIER POST 4
WILL AND CHARLIE .... By Arnold Marquis 6
"GOD AND THE APACHES" .... By Lee Myers 10
WALT COBURN'S TALLY BOOK 13
DOCTOR GRANDMA FRENCH .... By Maurice Kildare 14
MOUNT FRANKLIN'S LOST TREASURE .... By Jessie Peterson 18
I HELPED CAPTURE CHEROKEE BILL! .... By George Bristow as told to Olevia E. Myers 20
COWBOYS OF OLD YAVAPAI .... By Harriett Farnsworth 22
WHITE MAN'S FORBIDDEN GROUND .... By "Kickin'" Bob Kennon as told to Florence Boyd Franklin 25
OREGON'S JOHNNY APPLESEED .... By Patrick A. Hall 26
THE MASON-HENRY GANG .... By Virginia Bartholomew 28
FIVE MONTHS TERM IN THE PINEY WOODS .... By H. L. Somerville 30
SWIFT "JUSTICE" AT CHILKOOT PASS .... By Dick North 33
THE FIRST COOLING OFF PERIOD .... By Suzanne Dabney Taylor 34
GOOD GUYS OF THE WEST .... By Ethel Bangert 36
NUGGETS 40
SPECIAL AGENT! .... By George E. Virgines 43
LEGEND OF SQUAW HILL .... By E. Thennis 45
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 50
TUMBLEWEEDS .... By Tom K. Ryan 72

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"The Smoke Signal"

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TRAILS GROWN DIM

LOOKS LIKE everybody is searching for something these days—security, peace of mind, treasure and thirty-one dozen other things, including kinfolks! Dadgumdest thing—it is getting to where our letters column would be completely full in all three magazines if we printed all such requests. We get letters constantly from readers asking for some sort of "where'd I come from" department and finally Brother Bob Bradford, 3905 Gaston, Midland, Texas 79701, opened the chute! He does genealogical research and says he reads our magazines for this purpose as well as pleasure and information. Bob wants a "Family Tree" section and one day we'll probably have a goodly sized one, in addition to what we are starting now, but for the time being we'd better catch up on some of your "whar's my Hunkle" letters and prepare for hundreds more that will result from the first appearance of TRAILS GROWN DIM. Besides, a general family tree sort of thing would call for so blasted much research, correspondence and "jenecohologists" that we might not have time to get out the rest of the four dadburned turrible rags we are stoopid enough to keep ourselves indoors and overworked with right now (read about our new one, RELICS, on page 5—it looks like a REAL winner!). As it is, I generally have to send the last page of each rag down to a waiting printer by carrier pigeon. If somebody ever shoots my winged literary messenger, and the last page is missing, you'll know what happened. . .

So these "looking for somebody" letters will be run on a "standing in line" basis. Be sure and keep them as brief as possible—if you don't, and we try to run them full length, all your relatives might have passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds before we get down the line to your letter! Also, the management assumes no responsibility if you rake up kinfolks that you wish later you'd never heard of!

Now a few scattering notes. Our Book Reviews are very popular. J. Frank Dobie once told me that it was one of the best such features he had read anywhere. Many of you folks don't live near a bookstore or library (you lucky devils!), so if you want to order, just address the publisher and send the letter in care of us and we'll forward your order on. Make your check out to the publisher, of course, and not to us. Later on, we'll try to work out a better system.

Thanks again for sending gift subscriptions, magazines, and even packages to the soldiers overseas. We keep getting letters about this. Funny thing, we published a letter from Wayne Hyde and then gave a long list of addresses. Most of you sent subscriptions and individual magazines to the addresses but Wayne wrote shortly thereafter that he had received thirty-six letters and seventeen packages of magazines himself! He turned them over to the USO in Saigon. He said the USO sent them to various field branches in Viet Nam and kept some for the men who come to Saigon from the field. Wayne says it sure would save him a lot of trouble if you would send gift subscriptions, magazines and anything else you'd care to send direct to

UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATION
Saigon, Republic of Viet Nam
APO San Francisco, California 96243.

Remember that the APO designation is very important. Wayne said that some of the letters were friendly, chatty and some asked him to supply names of men who receive no mail from home. Of course, he had to turn those over to the USO in Saigon. There is a daily radio program put on by the Armed Forces Radio Service there on which such letters are read. This program is originated by the USO.

ALWAYS they are saying that things are new—like a go-go girl, for instance. She isn't new—a go-go girl is merely a can-can girl with a bee in her bucket! Later on, when their get up and go has got up and went, they'll have to call them something else. "You know what a go-go girl will be called after she reaches forty?" asked a wag. Of course I answered, "No." To which she replied, "A chug-chug girl!" Wonder what the can-canners were called after forty. . .

With reference to that mention of "get up and go"—I got the cleverest blamed thing I have been sending out on that for weeks now but can't include it in this issue—not enough space. It's sort of long and so I'll save it for August TRUE WEST. I have been sending out so many copies you'll probably hear about it before then—but I have been there with "too much—too late" more than once!

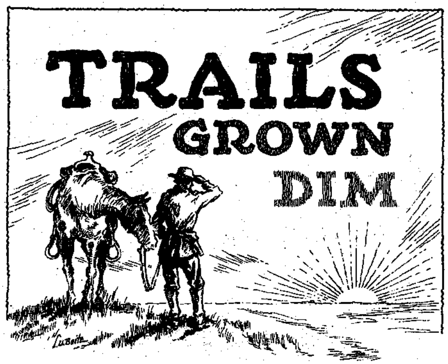
Before I go, however, I just got to cry a mite. Most of the West has had the sonofaguningest drouth we've dusted through in a considerable spell. It hasn't been a good time for fish in little lakes and ponds. See, after nearly a lifetime of dreaming and planning, I got holt of a little postage stamp ranch near a little bitty town called Dripping Springs. When I traded for it there were three beautiful creeks and a nice-sized stock tank. Now there is one running creek. We haven't had rain in so long the water is even dusty! It would have to come a cloudburst to even get through to us—there's so much dust in the air!

Anyhow, I put up a nice dam on a beautiful creek called Boiling Springs. When I stocked it, so help me it was raining! Barely got out of there without sticking. It stopped when we got out on the county road—and it hasn't rained since! I had over a thousand beautiful fish in that thing and when the spring quit running (my little lake had filled only about one-fourth full when I stocked it) I saw that water go down inch by agonizing inch. You might say that I spent the winter sitting up with a thousand sick friends. Lord, how it hurt when the thing got so shallow that the cranes came in and fattened up real good.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I dug a well. I was lucky. I hit forty gallons a minute. I think I was too late unless, as they say, channel catfish actually go get down under the mud and hibernate. I know my bass and hybrid perch are gone.

It is Spring now and it hasn't rained yet. If we don't get any by the time you read this, color us "cooked."

So long for now.—Hosstail.



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

George B. Child

I was born in a sod house in Western Kansas in '88. My mother once held off several men with a shotgun. She was alone at the time and, as there was a county seat war going on and my father had possession of the county books, the opposing element was often there. We later moved to Medicine Lodge, Kansas, next door to Carrie Nation. We next moved to Thayer, Kansas, a few miles from the Kate Bender murder house.

In Norwood, Kansas we lived in an old farm house where Quantrill and his raiders were said to have spent the night. My father earlier had read law under U. S. Senator Chester I. Long. He learned the hard way—via emptying spittoons etc. but received his diploma. I have a newspaper *The Pawnee Valley* (Hodgman Co.) *Democrat* published on December 24, 1886 which speaks of my father, George B. Child, as "our genial Real Estate Agent" and gives the names of men in business—Magill and Imus—L. S. Haun—Jim Rankin—Bates and Rhodes. Wonder if any of their descendants are living? Would be glad to hear from any of them.—Elizabeth Child Barker, 9614 E. Artesia, Bellflower, California 90706.

William E. Phillips

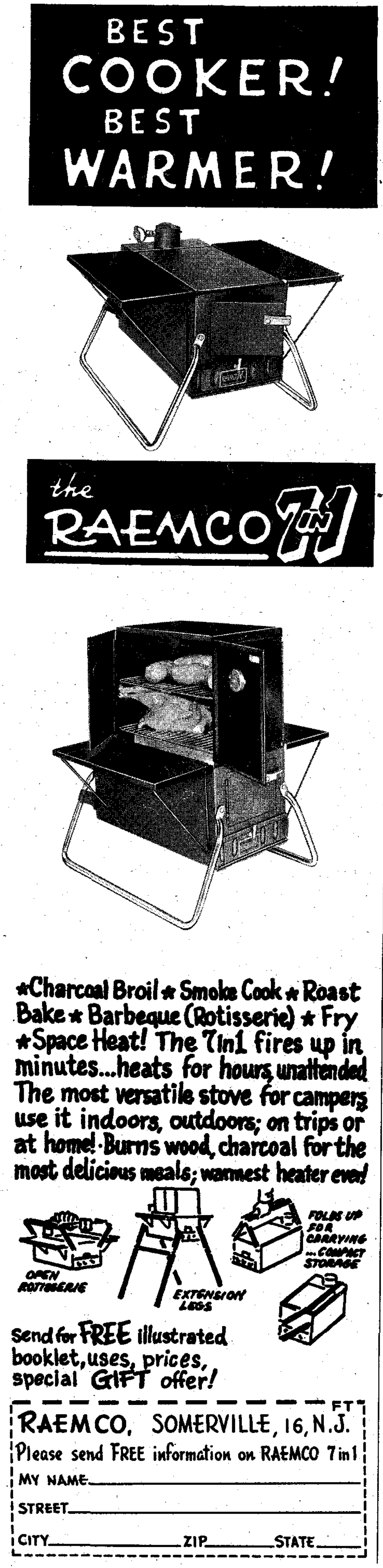
My grandfather fought in the Rogue River Indian wars. The story you ran about the Phillips family ("The Innocent Were Hanged, Too," October 1966 *True West*) was told to my oldest sister almost word for word by my mother and even though I was young, I never forgot it—it was over some land that was given to us grandkids that my Grandpa Phillips left us, and I sure would like to know if there was any connection with the Phillips in the story and us. My Great-grandpa Phillips was William E. Phillips and there were thirteen children in that family. My Grandpa Phillips and a brother came out West in 1853—so like myself there may be someone wondering.—Martha Olivia Phillips Huntsucker, Box 224, Newport, Oregon 97365.

Elias Meade Stow (Stowe)

My great-grandfather was Elias Meade Stow who fought Indians with Bill Cody under Major North in Nebraska. He was born in 1843 in Ohio and died in 1918 in California. I have his service record and it states he was in Major North's Pawnee Scouts Command.

Traditions in my family do not indicate him to be of Indian origin, yet his record shows him to be short, with black hair, dark complexion—but he had blue eyes. His daughter was my grandmother and I know her sister and brothers. None of them has mentioned any relationship

(Continued on page 69)



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FRONTIER POST

Bottles

Dead Editor:

In the March issue of F. T. is a very interesting story, "Lost Garrison of the Cascades." The author mentioned The Great Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root Remedy as one bottle he found.

In 1906 the Congress of the United States enacted a law commonly called the Pure Food and Drug Act, which went into effect on July 1 of that year. This law virtually put an end to thousands of the so-called *"patent medicines"* and "bitters," to name just two categories. Prior to then there were fostered onto the gullible American public countless thousands of cure-alls. These bottles had raised lettering which stated they would *cure* a multitude of ailments. Dr. Kilmer was no exception. Many of these firms attempted to stay in business by changing the word cure to remedy. Kilmer was one. This bottle is very common and the ones he used prior to July, 1906 had the following lettering embossed in the glass: In a panel near the shoulder—"The Great"; in a sunken panel shaped like a kidney—"Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root Kidney Liver & Bladder Cure"; below this in another sunken panel is "Specific."

After July 1, 1906 Kilmer used the same type bottle but used the word remedy in lieu of cure, and omitted the word specific.

Having made a lot of research in attempting to date bottles, I have found a very rocky road. We know that many bottles made over 100 years ago have a pontil scar on the bottom, and are very crude and crooked.—Dewey Moss, Past President of the Utah Antique Bottle Club, 23 Villa Drive, Clearfield, Utah 84015.

Virginia Treasure

Dear Joe:

Your magazines are the best on the rack. I have every one, except #2 of TRUE WEST. If I had just had this one, my collection would be complete.

I have noticed your stories of buried treasure, and thought you might be interested in what I'm working on.

There are records in the Roanoke, Virginia, Public Library of a fortune buried in a stone vault in the County of Bedford. This vault is supposed to be not very far from what is now Montvale, Virginia, which used to be called Buford's Tavern.

The vault supposedly contains one deposit of jewels, and two deposits made at separate times of silver and gold, the latter made in November, 1819, and December, 1821.

These deposits are on record as having been made by Thomas Jefferson Beale, along with ten companions. These with others, in a caravan, came west as far as Santa Fe, intending to only hunt, but found gold and silver instead. The jewels were said to have been bought in St. Louis, to lighten their load. The jewels were with either the first or second deposit of gold and silver.

The library has records of letters written by Mr. Beale, including three papers which are separate codes with ciphers. One of these codes was deciphered in the 1800s by a Mr. Ward. This is how the deposits came to light. Mr. Ward deciphered (according to his testimony) the #2 paper which gave the amount of deposit and dates of the same, along with information about the jewels. Also within this paper #2, Beale was supposed to have declared, "The articles belonged jointly to the parties whose names are given in number three herewith." Also at the end of the code he said, "Paper number one describes the exact locality of the vault, so that no difficulty will be had in finding it."

This #2 paper was deciphered from the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration has 1,322 words, and the code numbers were applied to this. Each code number corresponded to the same one in the Declaration; taking the initial letter off the word brought out the message.

The code numbers of the #1 paper were published along with the story in August, 1964. The fact that the records were on file in Roanoke prompted me to go to work on the code. I got no place until the latter part of October, 1966.

I sent to the library for copies of what papers I needed, and received them in very good time. Some people may think I am playing the part of a "chump", but from what I have found, *I'm* going to think differently. People put their money in hobbies, pleasure, and enjoyment—well, this is mine.—Russell O. Wallace, P. O. Box 414, Guthrie, Oklahoma 73044.

The Joys of Homesteading

Dear Joe:

I have just finished reading my current issue of FRONTIER TIMES and got such a belly laugh out of Carl Dunrud's "The Hell of Hail" that I must commend him and you for such a whale of a story.

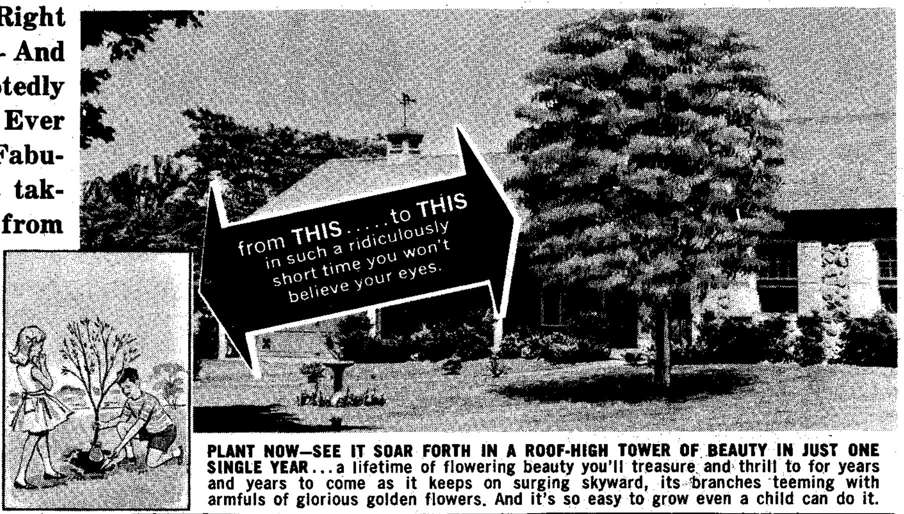
The vicissitudes he battled and laughed over took the sort of intestinal fortitude that made the West what it became. His being on top of the world one day and reduced to pauperism the next, may be a riot of comedy in retrospect, but is far from being funny while you're fighting the vagaries of old Mother Nature. I know!

After punching cows for the M Bar and Pitchfork outfit (one and the same) in Wyoming I gravitated to the mustang country in Nevada. There, in Elko Co.—the best rangeland and cow country in the West—I bet Uncle Sam two bits an acre of homestead that I'd soon be a big cattleman. Old Uncle, though, wasn't so

(Continued on page 68)

IMAGINE! A Flowering Shade Tree That Grows Roof-High In Just One Single Season!

Cast Your Eyes Four Inches to the Right—Look At the Picture Carefully—And See For Yourself What Is Undoubtedly One Of The Most Fantastic Trees Ever Discovered—The Silver Acer—the Fabulous FLOWERING MAPLE that's taking the garden world by storm from Coast to Coast!


from THIS.....to THIS
in such a ridiculously short time you won't believe your eyes.

PLANT NOW—SEE IT SOAR FORTH IN A ROOF-HIGH TOWER OF BEAUTY IN JUST ONE SINGLE YEAR...a lifetime of flowering beauty you'll treasure and thrill to for years and years to come as it keeps on surging skyward, its branches teeming with armfuls of glorious golden flowers. And it's so easy to grow even a child can do it.

Sensational super-growing shade-tree grows higher than even a full-grown Red Dogwood IN JUST ONE SINGLE SEASON—grows higher than even a full-grown Star Magnolia IN JUST ONE SINGLE YEAR.

In fact, it grows so fast, so quick, you can literally measure the difference in height from week to week!

Yes, it's true! THE MOST SPECTACULAR SHADE TREE EVER SEEN ON THIS PLANET—one that can actually reach up and touch the roof of a house IN JUST ONE SINGLE YEAR...and what's more, keep on soaring skyward year after year, its branches decked out in lavish clusters of glorious flowers.

Just think! You take any spot in your garden, on your front lawn, near your patio or your driveway...and in virtually no time at all see that barren, sunbeaten patch cast in the cool shadows of this super-growing, super-flowering shade tree that surges skyward with such fantastic speed that you can actually take a ruler and measure the difference in height from week to week.

And remember...this magnificent tower-tall variety is not just a mere ordinary shade-tree...but a flowering skyscraper that at this very moment is adding indescribable beauty to state parks, botanical gardens, million dollar estates...why even planted by the English Government in the Queen's own Royal Botanical Gardens!

GROWS MORE IN ONE WEEK THAN MOST TREES GROW IN AN ENTIRE YEAR! DEFIES DISEASE...LAUGHS AT INSECTS...AND GROWS IN ANY SOIL!

That's right! Because nature has blessed this super-hardy variety with such incredible growing power...because nature has given this towering shade tree the astonishing ability to thrive and grow in virtually any soil...why even sand or gravel...and because this miracle-tree is practically immune to all insects and disease, it means that now you can grow a towering roof-high showpiece IN VIRTUALLY NO TIME AT ALL...and without spraying, without dusting, without pruning or cutting...without even giving it more than a few moments of care. Just think what this means:

A STRIKING MASTERPIECE OF BEAUTY ALL 4 SEASONS OF THE YEAR!

It means that if you plant just one of these flowering beauties today, in practically no time at all you look out of your window and see a majestic-looking tree standing in the middle of your lawn, beautifying your garden and increasing the value of your entire home. Or, plant one alongside the bedroom wing of your home...by the end of next year you'll actually be able to reach out and touch the branches from your bedroom window. Better still, plant one on each side of your driveway you'll see these twin towering masterpieces form the most graceful natural archway you've ever laid eyes on. Or plant one next to your patio for summer-time shade...or for a truly startling effect, set a pair of these super-hardy beauties side by side and for years and years to come you'll actually be able to swing a hammock between them, that's how fast they grow!

GROWS IN VIRTUALLY ANY SOIL...OR ANY CLIMATE...IT'S GUARANTEED TO BEAUTIFY AND INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS!

Every home-owner knows that trees increase the value of your property. The more trees you have the more valuable your property. That's why growing a tree is like growing money. Only there's one trouble!

As you know, it takes at least 5 to 10 years for most shade trees to grow to a respectable size...and during these 5 or 10 years you have to nurse and baby these other varieties along. But now instead of having to play nursemaid to a tree...you are actually going to grow a beautiful tree, incredible, as it may seem, in just one year!

ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY AVAILABLE THIS YEAR—FULL SUPPLY WON'T BE READY UNTIL 1968—ACT NOW!

Now, the price of these super-growing shade trees on this special no-risk trial offer is not $15 or $20...but a mere $3.98! Think of it! Just $3.98 for this magnificent flowering beauty that will reward you in just one single year with a roof-high tower of beauty. However, supplies are limited...we cannot offer these trees again this year...and since now is the time to plant you must **ACT NOW!**

What a wonderful gift for the entire family...both dappled shade and beauty that you'll enjoy and treasure for years and years to come.

Nothing adds more charm to your home than a luxurious tree at the foot of your driveway...and hardly any other tree can give you such a regal look quicker.

Takes only a few minutes to plant...and after a while you'll relax in its cooling shade for hours on end, summer after summer after summer.

SORRY, THIS OFFER CANNOT BE MADE AGAIN THIS YEAR — ORDER NOW!

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$1.00 deposit required on all C.O.D. Orders.

Will Rogers

WILL and CHARLIE

By ARNOLD MARQUIS

Photos Courtesy Author

Charlie Russell

If they were sitting across the room making sign talk today, would it go something like this—"Who'd ever thought we'd both wind up drawin' four aces!"

MILLIONS of people paid to hear Will Rogers talk—but when Charlie Russell talked, especially when he talked about the Old West, Will Rogers sat silent and listened.

"No matter at what party or who was present," Will said, "no one would dare take up a minute of the time with any of *their* stories. Everyone always wanted to hear Charlie."

Charlie and Will were frequent guests at Charlie Lummis' famous "Saturday Nights" at El Alisal, the stone house that Lummis had built with his own hands in a grove of sycamores along the Arroyo Seco near Pasadena, California. Celebrities of all kinds gathered at these affairs. Writers, painters, actors, editors and opera singers, scientists, cowboys, dancers, foreign dignitaries, Indians, big people and little people, came to visit, exchange thoughts and often to entertain.

Late Saturday afternoons they gathered in the shade of the giant sycamore on the patio, people like Schumann-Heink, Nicholas Murray Butler, Leo Carrillo, David Starr Jordan, Mary Garden, William Allen White, Harry Carey, William S. Hart—and Charlie Russell and Will Rogers.

It was natural that Charlie Russell should gravitate to these affairs, for Charlie Lummis' background was like his own. Both had come from the "East"—Charlie Russell from St. Louis and Charlie Lummis from Massachusetts. Charlie Lummis had walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, almost three thousand miles, every step of the way. He was a writer, editor, poet and bibliophile and, like Charlie Russell, was dedicated to the Old West. He was stirring California and leading the movement to save and restore the old Spanish missions.

The guests chatted easily as they lounged around the patio and an Indian woman prepared the barbecue. At twilight a Mexican *trovador* served the food and sang as he served. Will Rogers loved to sing and, in a lyric tenor that was almost falsetto, often joined the *trovador;* and so did Leo Carrillo, especially when he sang the Spanish songs of old California.

The conversation grew animated as night fell, but when the talk simmered down, usually everyone was listening to Charlie Russell—especially Will Rogers.

One Saturday night, when conversation had dropped to a murmur, Charlie Russell was sitting in one corner, silent. Cater-corner from him, in the opposite corner, sat Will Rogers. Charlie was making Indian signs to Will. Neither was paying attention to the conversation. Will's face reflected his amusement as he "read" what Charlie was "saying." Unknown to both, Maude Allan, the dancer, was watching them from a vantage point between. Charlie "said" something in the sign language and Will smiled broadly and shook his head.

"Careful what you say, Charlie," said Maude Allan. "You know I can read Indian sign language, too!"

WILL AND CHARLIE were friends about twenty years. They drifted and gravitated to each other like two of a kind which, in many ways, they were. But how they met is a little blurred.

Will's wife, Betty, said they met when Will played Great Falls in vaudeville. Will started in vaudeville in 1905 at the old Hammerstein Roof Garden in New York. He played the circuits all over the country after that.

But another account says they met on a train. Charlie and his wife, Nancy, were bound for New York to try their luck, and so was Will. Being what they were—and Charlie, with his bright sash, tight pants, boots and that low-crowned Western hat—they could very easily have become acquainted on that train.

But Will said they met in the East when he was in New York "to try to sell a few jokes" and Charlie was there "to try to sell a few paintings." Will said that neither had much money. Both put up in cheap lodging houses, and when they could, patronized the free-lunch counters.

Whatever year they met, Charlie was already farther along on the road to fame than Will was. From their first meeting, they "hit it off" as only men can do when they understand and respect each other. Henceforth they were to be together in New York, London, Montana, Southern California, St. Louis and a hundred other places.

It was not a Damon and Pythias kind of friendship but rather a casual, easy-going companionship. Both had been cowboys, both had ridden the range, both knew the West and loved it, and both made common cause for the Old West that was passing. They were, in fact, part of a group whose kinship was rooted in the West: Ed Borein, Charles F. Lummis, Leo Carrillo, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Joe De Yong, and others.

Yet the relationship between Will Rogers and Charlie Russell was different. Charlie was gregarious. He often spoke of himself as a good mixer. "I had friends when I had nothing else," he said. Although Will was enormously popular, he was close to few. It was true that you could count his close friends on one hand.

Will had been a loner ever since he was a little boy. He talked to himself as he rode his pony to school in Indian Territory, and he talked to himself when he grew up, became a cowboy and worked for outfits all over the Southwest. His solitude stayed with him.

"I've always been a lone wolf," he said. "I never ran with the pack."

He joined little in the social life of the theatre. He often slipped away to eat by himself when almost everyone would have been pleased to eat with him. One of his favorite haunts in New York was a beat-up lunch counter where he could sit on a stool and eat chili, alone.

While he was in New York, he had horses out on Long Island, and while he sometimes rode with others, he often chose to ride alone.

This was his pattern. More often than not he preferred to be alone. He traveled over most of the world alone.

"I got one little old red grip that if I just tell it when I'm leaving, it will pack itself."

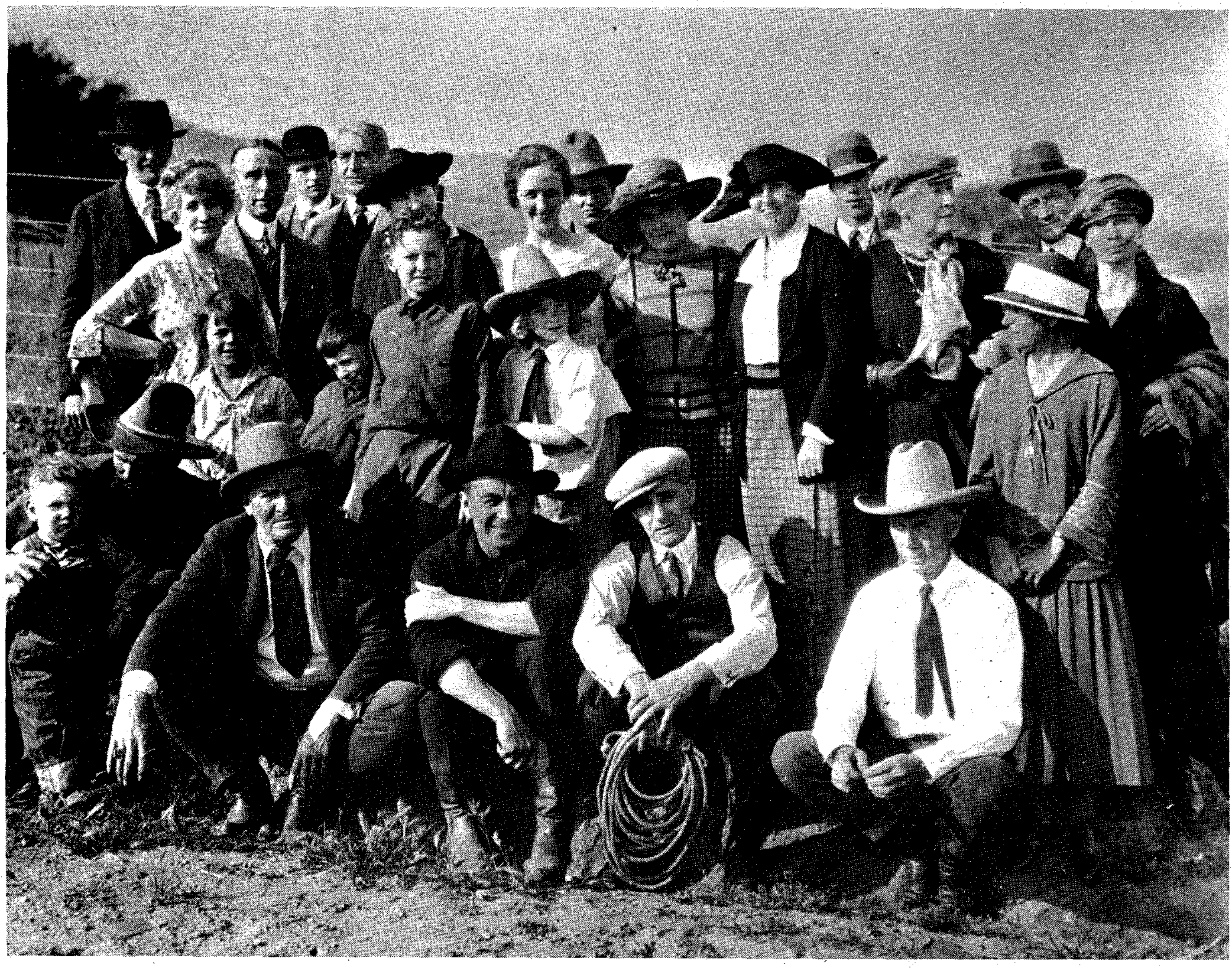
He usually wore the same blue serge suit with the shiny seat and the baggy knees, and he packed just what he needed, a shirt, a couple pairs of sox and a few handkerchiefs. He bought shirts and sox and discarded them as he went along.

Alone, Will traveled to the remote reaches of the world, Mongolia, Afghanistan and such places, and one time or another visited all the continents. Alone, he was received by kings and princes and heads of state and was honored wherever he went.

One Christmas in California in the latter years of his life, Betty gave him a yellow slicker. He liked that raincoat. He'd put it on, and wearing an old slouch hat, saddle up and go riding alone in the rain. He rode through the canyons and gullies of the Santa Monica Mountains around his ranch, up the narrow trails, along the steep ridges, ignoring the downpour. He would ride for hours, come back, saddle up a different horse, and ride out into the rain again. Sometimes he did not return until after dark.

About 4 o'clock one morning, Will Rogers, Jr., returned to the ranch in

Picnic at the Harry Carey Ranch near Saugus, California, spring, 1923. Front row, left to right: Dobie Carey (little boy held by unidentified cowboy), Charlie Russell, Harry Carey, Fred Stone, and unidentified man. Second row: unidentified girl, Jimmy, Will, Jr., and Mary Rogers (children of Will). Directly behind Will, Jr. is Betty Rogers; on her left is Ollie Carey and Nancy Russell. Will Rogers was at the picnic but was not present for this photograph.



Left, Charlie Russell's fine sculpture of Will Rogers. Below, Will shows his riding skill on a movie lot in Hollywood.

Santa Monica in a pouring rain. As he approached the turnoff from Sunset Boulevard into the Rogers ranch, he saw a flickering light ahead. A silhoutte of a figure was swinging a lantern back and forth, a warning. A torrent was washing across the road. Will, Jr., drew up to a stop, rolled down the window and stuck out his head.

"Looks like the road's washed out here," the man with the lantern called. It was Will Rogers, Sr., swinging the lantern. Will, Jr., said that "the old man" had been out there in the rain, warning motorists all night.

Just then a car drove up and stopped beside Will, Jr's. car.

"Don't think you can get through there," Will, Sr., told the driver. "Looks like the road's washed out under that water."

But the motorist, not recognizing Will, drove slowly into the water. He crept into the torrent as Will and his son looked on. The water hit the side of the car like a stream from a firehose against a wall, and sprayed high into the darkness. But the car kept creeping ahead, and at last made the other side, and disappeared into the dark.

Will stood there shaking his head.

It was characteristic of Will to withdraw into himself, but to think of others. He passed up opportunities to socialize, but he never passed up an opportunity to be with Charlie Russell.

"I never met a man I didn't like." summed up Will's philosophy. Charlie's philosophy was virtually the same. Charlie was slow to judge any man. He said if he could be St. Peter, he'd let in all his friends, good and bad. And as for Will, no one knows, nor will ever know, the extent of his charities and philanthropies.

WILL AND CHARLIE were basically the same kind of man, humble, straightforward with an abiding regard for life in all its expressions. They loved people, all people, good and bad. They understood the dignity, the worth and the tragedy of Indians and to their last day, both championed the Indian.

Charlie lived with them, learned to see life as they saw it.

"The red man is Nature's offspring and, like his Mother, tells few secrets to strangers," he said. "For every bad Indian, I can show you ten worse white men."

Will Rogers always referred to himself as "this Indian." He was five-sixteenths Cherokee. Both his parents had Indian blood.

"My forefathers did not come over on the Mayflower," he said. "They met the boat."

Aside from their talents, they both were true Westerners. Both had been cowboys. Both had grown up with horses, both had been in spots where their very life depended on them.

Charlie rode the range for ten years or more. Will spent the first twenty years of his life on the range and worked in Indian Territory, Texas, Kansas, Missouri and New Mexico. Both loved animals. Will could not stand to see a bullfight, particularly because of what happens to the horses. Charlie, like Will, loved horses and exulted in the nature of buffalo, bears, wolves, even porcupines and skunks.

A thousand or more miles apart, they had night-herded, bedded down on the prairie under the stars, gone hungry, frozen, sweltered and been broke. They had worked in roundups and cattle drives, wrangled horses and branded calves.

Although Will left the range in his early twenties, he kept buying and riding horses all his life. At one time he had more than sixty. Charlie's horses, those he rode and those he created in sculpture, were as much a part of him as the way he walked.

Both Charlie and Will were humble about their talents.

"Talent, like birthmarks, are gifts and no credit nor fault to those who wear 'em," Charlie said. "To have talent is no credit to its owner."

Will called his own success a fluke, and always said that "one of these days they'll get onto me, and run me off."

The similarity extended even to the way they talked. Both spoke the lingo of the Old West and clung to it all their lives. Neither paid much attention to spelling, punctuation or grammar.

"Mr. Rogers," somebody once said to Will, "the way you talk and write, you sometimes show a broadminded disregard for the laws of syntax."

"What's syntax?" asked Will. "Sounds like more bad news from Hollywood. If I'm a sin-tax-dodger, I didn't know it."

"What I mean is, you sometimes use bad grammar."

"I didn't know grammar was what they are buying now."

Charlie often spelled the same word several ways in the same line, rarely capitalized words, but put together pungent sentences of unforgettable power.

ABOUT THE TURN of the century, tales of the great cow country in the Argentine, and the opportunities there, were reaching the cowboys on the old Dog Iron, the Rogers ranch near Oologah in Indian Territory. The more Will heard about it, the itchier his feet got. Early one morning he and Dick Parris saddled up and headed southeast across the prairie in the general direction of New Orleans. They hoped to catch a boat there for Buenos Aires, but they found that no ships went from there to Buenos Aires. They had to go to New York, but found the same thing there—no ships to Buenos Aires. They had to go to Liverpool. There they got a boat to Africa and from there, to Buenos Aires.

Will worked in the Argentine for some months. Dick Parris went home, but alone; Will caught a cattle boat to South Africa and got a job breaking horses for the British in the Boer War. When the war ended, Texas Jack hired him as a wrangler for his Wild West Circus, and this is where Will started performing. Texas Jack billed him as "The Cherokee Kid, Trick Rider and Fancy Roper."

Will was in show business and was to be in it the rest of his life. His cowpunching days were over. Coincidentally, so were Charlie Russell's, thousands of miles away in Montana. At this point, neither knew the other existed, but their meeting was nearing, and their paths would cross many times.

From South Africa, Will caught a boat to Australia where he performed in

Wirth's Brothers Circus as "The Mexican Rope Artist."

Meantime, Nancy was building Charlie's studio in Montana and preparing to take Charlie and some of his paintings to New York for the first time. It was 1903 and Will was on his way home from New Zealand.

But Oologah and the old Dog Iron were not the same. Will knew they never would be again. Just the same, he flirted with the idea of giving up show business and settling down on the ranch. But he couldn't stay or settle down, and he knew it. He drifted to St. Louis and here his trail and Charlie's ran together. Will performed in his red velvet Mexican suit in the "Cummings and Mulhall Wild West Show on the Pike." And almost within a stone's throw, Charlie's paintings were on exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts.

Everybody in the Wild West show heard about them, and Will went to see them.

Will was fascinated. He had never seen anything like them, anything so true to the life he knew. He studied each one, moved slowly from one to another and stood a long time before one that Charlie had titled, "A Bad Hoss." Will went back again and again.

"He's the only painter that a cowboy can't criticize," Will said. "Every little piece of leather or rope is just where it should be."

And Charlie, being there at the fair and sensitive to everything that was western, could hardly have failed to see the Wild West Show on the Pike, and see Will Rogers twirling that rope.

At this point, neither Charlie nor Will had yet won recognition but this was Charlie's second exhibit in his hometown and, at least here in St. Louis, the town of his birth, he was important while Will was only an obscure cowboy performer.

AT THE CLOSE of the St. Louis Fair, Will again was at loose ends. He drifted up to Chicago, looking for a booking. Charlie and Nancy headed for New York, and by the time Will got there, they had been back to Montana. When they returned to New York with more paintings, Will was playing in Madison Square Garden with the Zack Mulhall Riders and Ropers—and making headlines. Every New York paper carried stories on how "Willie Rogers, an Indian boy" roped a steer that had leapt the barrier and charged up into the audience. There were pictures of Will, interviews, and descriptions of his courageous act.

At some point during this time, Will and Charlie became acquainted, and they were to keep track of each other from there on. Will got into vaudeville and the next year toured Europe. And while he was playing the Winter Garden in Berlin and the Palace in London, Charlie was establishing himself in New York. Charlie had his studio near 40th and Broadway, and that same year bought the ranch on Kicking Horse Creek and spent some time in Mexico.

There was a growing group of Westerners in New York at that time. Charlie and Nancy came there every year. Will was based there. Leo Carrillo was there on the stage. Ed Borein was there doing western illustrations for magazines. All were climbing toward success. They understood each other, talked each other's language, and shared each other's feelings about being in the "big camp," far from the country they loved.

They often met at Will's flat, and sometimes at Charlie's studio. Will was still single, but when he and Betty were married in 1908, one of the first places he took her was to Tiffany's in New York to see an exhibit of Charlie's works. Will was twenty-nine now, and Charlie forty-four. Will was just beginning to get somewhere with his humor. Charlie was already an accomplished story-teller and conversationalist.

Their circle of friends in New York was widening. Fred Stone, then a star of the first magnitude on Broadway, was rehearsing for a new show, "The Old Town," in which he would do a cowboy who twirled a rope as he danced. Black Chambers, a young Indian from Indian Territory, had taught Fred to spin the rope. Will, having known Black in Oklahoma, went to see him at the theatre. Black had fallen ill, and had gone back home. Will became acquainted with Fred and helped him with his rope-spinning. Fred became one of the group of Westerners.

That was the year of the roundup of the last big herd of buffalo near Coeur d'Alene, and Will heard that story firsthand from Charlie. Will was touring in vaudeville, and he looked forward to getting back to New York to chin with Charlie. He was still in vaudeville the next year, 1911, the year that Nancy and Charlie sold the ranch up on Kicking Horse Creek, and staged their spectacular exhibit, titled "The West That Has Passed," in the Folsom Galleries in New York. This was the turning point in Charlie's career. He had won worldwide recognition.

Will saw that exhibit, and no one was happier than he. And the next year, he got into his first Broadway show, "The Wall Street Girl," with Blanche Ring, the brilliant Broadway star.

Now Will was on his way. His big break was still to come. In 1914 Charlie and Will were to be together again, this time in London.

Charlie and Nancy exhibited a collection at the Dore Galleries. And Will was appearing in "The Merry-Go-Round" with Nora Bayes at the Empire Theatre.

When Charlie's exhibit at the Dore Galleries closed, he went back to Montana, up to Lake MacDonald. And when Will's show closed in London, he came back to New York and got the part of Cowboy Will in the show "Hands Up." His biggest break was just a whisker away and it came before the end of the year. Florenz Ziegfeld put him in his "Midnight Frolics" on the Ziegfeld Roof.

Ed Borein, Russell's protege and close friend

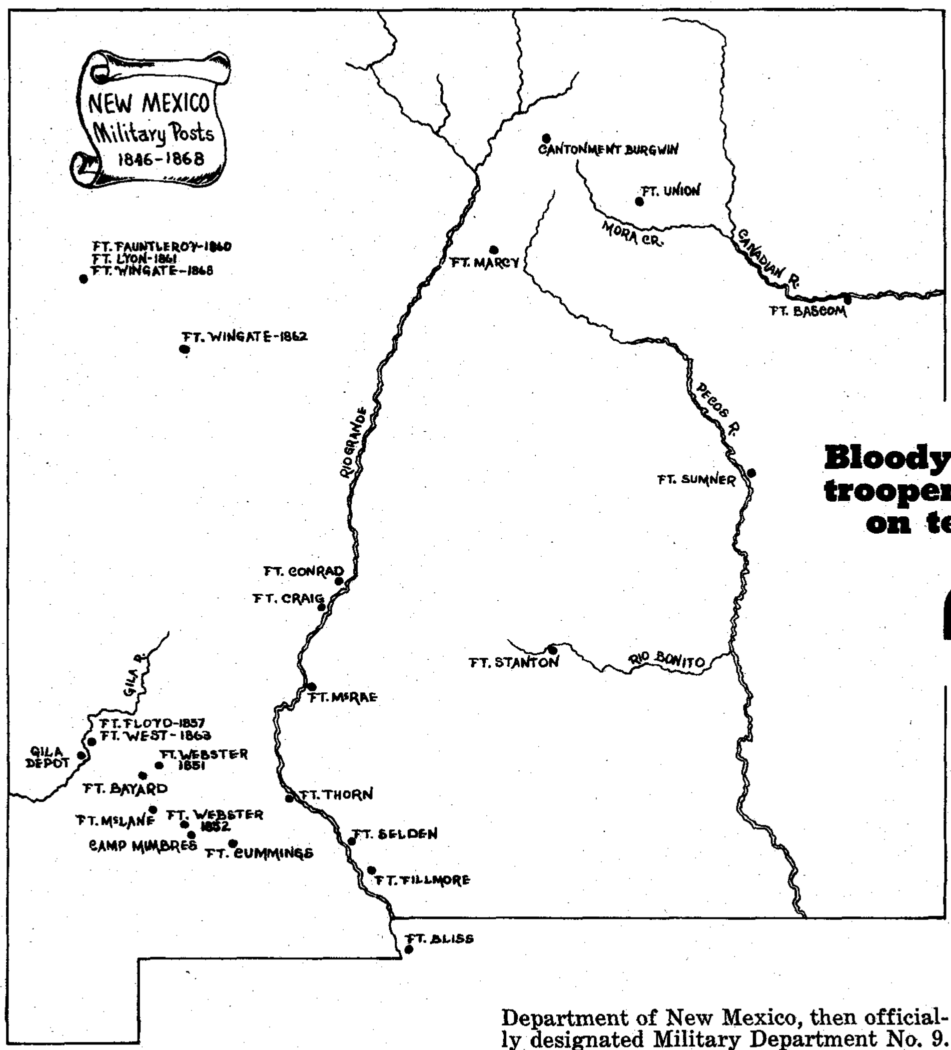
"THE MIDNIGHT FROLICS" marked the turning point in Will's career. The Ziegfeld Roof was a restaurant, a gathering place for the late supper crowd, and the Frolics started on the stroke of twelve. It was a new idea and it drew an exclusive clientele. Many came back night after night. Will knew he could not keep telling the same jokes to the same people so he started commenting on the news and changing his material for every show. The innovation caught on and people flocked to see him.

Charlie and Will had come a long way from the lonely ranges of Montana and Indian Territory. Both had come to "the big camp" in search of success. Now both were in the big time and on their way to fame.

Charlie followed Will's progress in "Town Topics" at the Winter Garden, in "The Passing Show" of 1917 at the New Amsterdam, and in the "Ziegfeld Fol-

(Continued on page 47)

Charlie Russell's "Trail's End" house in Pasadena, California



By LEE MYERS

National Archives photos from OLD FORTS OF THE FAR WEST, by Herbert M. Hart, with permission of Superior Publishing Company, Seattle

Bloody days in New Mexico when troopers were ordered to move in on territory familiar only to

"GOD anc

WITH the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo on February 2, 1848, ending the Mexican War, the fledgling United States acquired ownership, and the job of policing, not only Texas, undisputed now by Mexico, but what is now known as New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, California and portions of other states—a territory so vast and of such unknown solitudes that our lawmakers in Washington were unable to conceive the magnitude of the army's job in patroling and protecting property and life within its borders.

According to the terms of the treaty the United States was bound to the task of restraining the Indians of this new territory from raiding Mexican soil, an impossible assignment. The cost of the late war had staggered the imagination of the American public. Congress, bent on paring military costs to the bone, established for themselves a graven image of penuriousness.

The beginnings of military occupation after the close of hostilities found the soldiers concentrated to a large extent in the various towns and villages of New Mexico, ostensibly for the protection of those settlements and for the facility of subsisting men and animals.

Shortly, cries of inefficiency, sinful environment and exorbitant costs rent the air of Washington. The War Department decried a drastic reorganization of the Department of New Mexico, then officially designated Military Department No. 9.

To carry out this reorganization, early in May, 1851, Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner, First Dragoons, marched from Fort Leavenworth for New Mexico with orders to assume command of the department, to "take the most vigorous measures for the subjugation of the Indians, who had been giving the military a great deal of trouble," and to reorganize the department as he deemed advisable in order to bring about a more efficient, moral and economic condition.

Arriving in Santa Fe in July, 1851, Sumner immediately broke up Fort Marcy, "that sink of vice and extravagance."

Fort Marcy had been established August 19, 1846 following the bloodless occupation of New Mexico by Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearney, which touched off the series of events comprising the Mexican War.

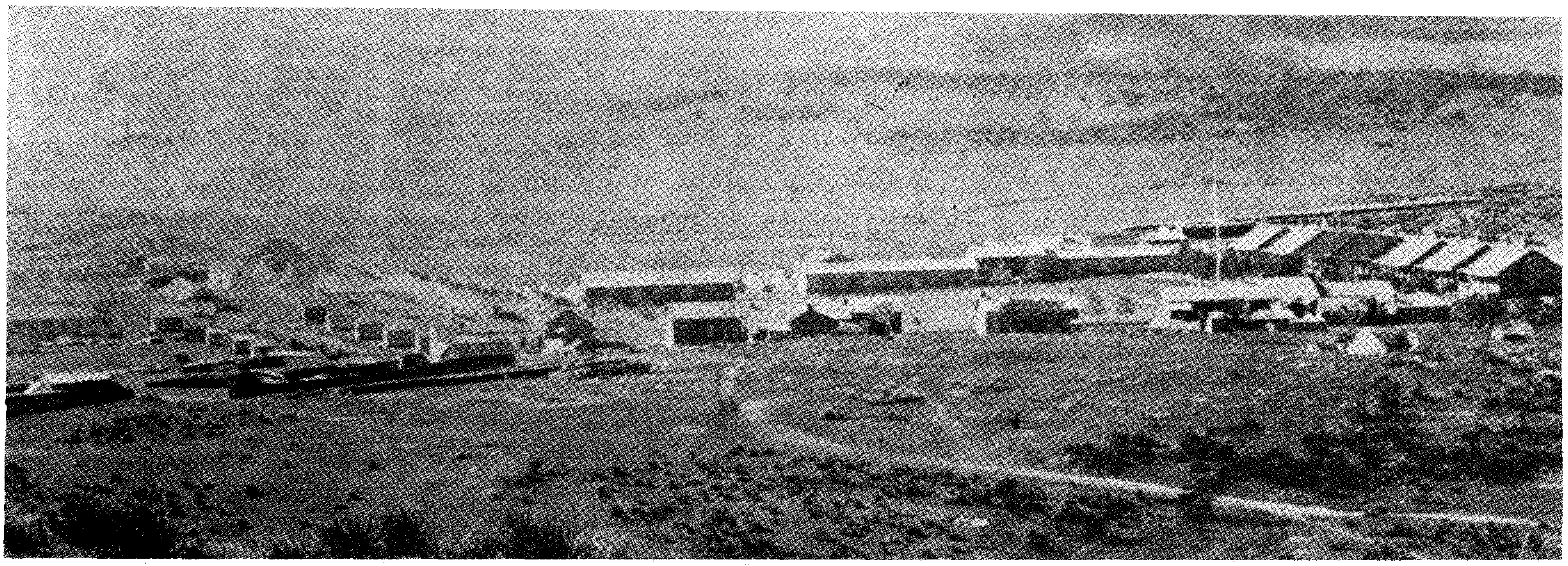
The site for Fort Marcy was selected by First Lieutenant William Helmsley Emory, Topographical Engineers. Located several hundred yards northeast of the plaza in Santa Fe, construction was begun during Kearney's stay there before marching on west to the conquest of California. Construction was started by Captain Randolph Barnes Marcy, 5th Infantry, and was completed later by Colonel Sterling Price, 2nd Missouri Infantry. It was named for William L. Marcy, Secretary of War, 1845-1849, not for builder Randolph Barnes Marcy.

Leaving only a few men there, Sumner marched the majority of the garrison to a point on Coyote Creek about seven miles north of present-day Watrous, New Mexico and 100 miles northeast of Santa Fe. Here he began construction of Fort Union, one of the most prominent and romantic of western forts.

The establishment of Fort Union was followed by the withdrawal of troops from a number of towns and villages in the department, including El Paso. New posts established were Fort Conrad, at the northern extremity of dreaded Jornado del Muerto, west of the Rio Grande and twenty-five miles south of present-day Socorro: Fort Fillmore some six miles south of present-day Las Cruces and at Cañon Bónito, just west of the New Mexico border and northwest of today's Gallup. This last post, intended to subdue the belligerent Navajos, is referred to today by historians as "Old Fort Defiance," Arizona. A fourth post, Fort Massachusetts, was planned for the northern part of what then constituted the Territory of New Mexico, but actual establishment was postponed until spring of 1852 because of approaching winter. This post was later moved about six miles and is perpetuated today by the town of Fort Garland, Colorado.

REPORTING to the Adjutant-General of the Army late in 1851 Colonel Sumner declared: "These posts have all been selected with a view to cultivation as well as the defense of the frontier and they are now being built by the troops and the expense will be very small."

Sumner's use of the word "cultivation" refers to Congress' agonized reaction to the mounting costs of maintaining our army on the vast new frontiers. Costs of transporting troops, subsistence and quartermaster's supplies to the many far-flung new posts had multiplied to alarming figures. In an attempt to reduce these costs the War Department instituted a program of farming and gardening to provide food for the garrisons and



Fort Bayard lay in the heart of Apache country in southwestern New Mexico.

the APACHES"

forage for their animals. Farms and gardens were established adjacent to posts throughout New Mexico and the West.

This experiment was only partially successful. Where the location was on fertile soil—in New Mexico usually in valleys and river bottoms—and when the exigencies of Indian campaigns permitted the troops time to play the part of farmers, crop returns were often encouraging; but the West, especially the Southwest, with its unfriendly soil and dearth of natural moisture, did not always oblige by providing these requisites where troops were needed more for frontier protection. After a lapse of a few short years the annals of our frontier history drop the subject.

Early in 1852 Cantonment Burgwin, named for Captain John Henry K. Burgwin, First Dragoons, killed in the battle of Taos Pueblo in February, 1847, was also established, nine miles south of Taos, by Sumner, in August, 1852. Garrisoned by troops of the First Dragoons it was intended, in conjunction with Fort Massachusetts, as a restrainer for the Ute Indians of northern New Mexico.

Colonel Sumner was one of the most colorful men of importance in early New Mexico affairs—and one of the most controversial. Although he campaigned diligently against hostile Indians in the department, he was repeatedly in hot water with the press, who accused him of vacillation—but that was no unusual charge then, for most civilians, especially the press, believed that the military was remiss in not killing every red man they met. He was truculent toward civil authorities and contemptuous toward New Mexico's value as United States territory.

IN MAY, 1852, Sumner wrote a lengthy and vociferous letter to the Secretary of War that mirrored the opinions held of the territory by many army men of that day. The entire territory, with the exception of a few river and creek valleys, he said, was worthless, and always would be worthless, as farm land; the resources of the country would never repay the cost of maintaining a government there. The mineral resources yielded only beans and tortillas to the few natives with ambition enough to work them. He recommended that the United States leave the inhabitants with a few weapons from army stores, withdraw completely, and let them take care of themselves. That war would probably result between the New Mexicans and the Indians was a matter of small consequence for, said he, "the Mexicans would always steal from the Indians quite as much as the Indians would steal from them and thus there would be no losers in the end."

Quite naturally such a denunciation brought the press down upon him anew and as a result Washington relieved him of his command in 1853, no doubt to his complete satisfaction. For all of his irascibility Sumner was a fine soldier of the old school and should be recognized as one of New Mexico's cherished characters. Any doubt of his personal military attributes will be squelched by reviewing the history of his part in the Battle of Antietam, Maryland, September 17, 1862. With his army corps wrecked and driven from the field, he rallied them and led them back into the fight in a movement that has few counterparts in modern warfare.

But Sumner's new alignment of military posts was not entirely successful—the chief mistake, the abandonment of the post at El Paso. Four months after the withdrawal of the garrisons at El Paso

Fort Sumner was a windblown tent-and hut-camp amid cottonwoods along the Pecos River.

and San Elizario, the Indians began a series of raids on these two settlements and the surrounding valley that made it all too clear that they knew, and were determined to capitalize on, the total absence of army protection. Their raids extended to the very outskirts of the villages.

A recital of depredations committed from September, 1851, to October, 1853, compiled by Joel L. Ankrim, district judge there, and forwarded to the War Department, enumerates twenty-three attacks, eighteen lives lost and great property damage. In January, 1854, Companies B, E, I and K, 8th Infantry, returned to constitute the garrison that later became known as Fort Bliss.

Fort Conrad proved to be improperly located; of temporary construction, its buildings of cottonwood poles and a few adobes, were built on land that was soon claimed by private owners. An inspector-general of the army visited it in late September, 1853, and recommended that it be moved to a new location ten miles south.

The experiment of both a garden and a farm had been tried there and the inspector commented on both. The garden he declared good. The farm, he wrote, produced in its first year 37½ bushels of wheat and 50 bushels of corn at a total cost of $247 and "the life of one quartermaster mule." As a result of his recommendation Fort Conrad was abandoned March 31, 1854, and was relocated, again near the west bank of the Rio Grande, and was renamed Fort Craig in honor of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Louis S. Craig, an old regular army officer with a fine record in the Mexican War. Col. Craig was shot and killed by deserters from Fort Yuma, California, June 6, 1852, while serving on escort duty with the United States Boundary Commission.

FORT CRAIG occupied an isolated position a few miles south of the site of San Marcial, the Santa Fe railroad town wiped out in a flood of the Rio Grande in 1929. Typical of the old frontier forts, most of its buildings were of adobe and native stone. Life there was spartan for many years. Water for all purposes was hauled from the river and deposited about the post in barrels. An 1870 inspection report commenting on sanitary conditions there gave a picture all too typical of army life of those times. "There are no systematic arrangements for bathing either in summer or winter; the men use the river during the hot months, at their own discretion. In the cold months, the wash tubs of the laundresses are used for that purpose."

Fort Craig is perpetuated in American history as the place where the military forces of the North and South met in the first serious, and the bloodiest, battle to determine if the rich mining and ocean shipping resources of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific regions should contribute their resources and influence to the idealism of the Confederacy or remain under the banner of the more prosaic and practical Union. There, on February 20 and 21, 1862, the forces of General Henry Hopkins Sibley's Texans locked in a battle that resulted in immobilizing the Union forces of Colonel Edward Richard Sprigg Canby, making up the garrison of the fort. The rest is a story often told of how Sibley's army by-passed the fort, marched to northern New Mexico and final defeat and the loss of their indispensible supply train. Months later the remnants of those who exulted in their hard-earned victory at Valverde, as the battle at Fort Craig is now known, hungry, dispirited and disillusioned, straggled back down the Rio Grande, bypassed the fort again, this time miles to the west, and made their devious way back to Texas, just one jump ahead of an avenging army of volunteers from California, marching east to garrison New Mexico and Arizona in the stead of regular army troops who had been moved to the eastern battlefields of the Civil War.

SHORTLY after the close of the Mexican War in 1848 a joint American-Mexican commission was set up for the purpose of determining and marking a new boundary between the two countries. The American commission was, late in 1849, headed by the Honorable John R. Bartlett of Massachusetts; that of Mexico headed by General Pedro Garcia Conde, who had distinguished himself as a Mexican patriot and soldier during the late war.

In January, 1851, the military escort of the commission, commanded by Colonel Craig, namesake of Fort Craig, established a base of operations at the Coppermines, now the huge open-pit mine of Kennecott Copper Corporation at Santa Rita.

Few spots in New Mexico, indeed the entire West, can claim a more romantic historical background than the Coppermines. First discovered by white men between 1800 and 1804, by Lieutenant-Colonel Jose Manuel Carrasco, of the royal Spanish army, it soon became a source of copper for coinage in the mint at Chihuahua City. The Spanish and, after independence in 1821, the Mexicans, operated the mine in the heart of the land of the Coppermine Apaches under the leadership of Juan Jose and later, the most famous of all Apache chiefs, Mangas Colorado, or Red Sleeves.

A small village, supervised by a triangular adobe fort was built. The rich veins of near pure native copper were worked by convict labor contracted for from the Chihuahua penitentiary. At night the little three-cornered fort became a prison to assure that the enforced miners would not desert to the nearby camps of Mangas Colorado's fierce and watchful tribesmen.

It was here, about 1837, that the Johnson Massacre, whether fact or fiction, is said to have taken place. The Apaches had been a serious menace to the little mining settlement. Many lives were sacrificed to the bloody cupidity of the savages. When a band of American trappers, almost as fierce as the Apaches, arrived on the scene, their leader, Johnson, proposed a scheme to wipe out the red menace, and the Apaches along with it.

Accordingly, the entire band was invited to a grand fiesta, at which food and drink were piled high. When good fellowship, spliced with full bellies and strong drink, reached its height, a cannon, concealed until then, was uncovered. Its murderous charge of lead and scrap iron was followed by an attack by Johnson's band that left only a few fleeing survivors alive. Juan Jose was among those slain and his place as chief was taken by huge, cruel and sagacious Mangas Colorado. He, and of course his bloodthirsty followers, were crazy for revenge, and since Santa Rita was entirely dependent on supplies and food brought in from Chihuahua by mule trains it was a simple matter to waylay the next northbound *conducto*, murder the drivers and escort, and make off with or destroy the cargo.

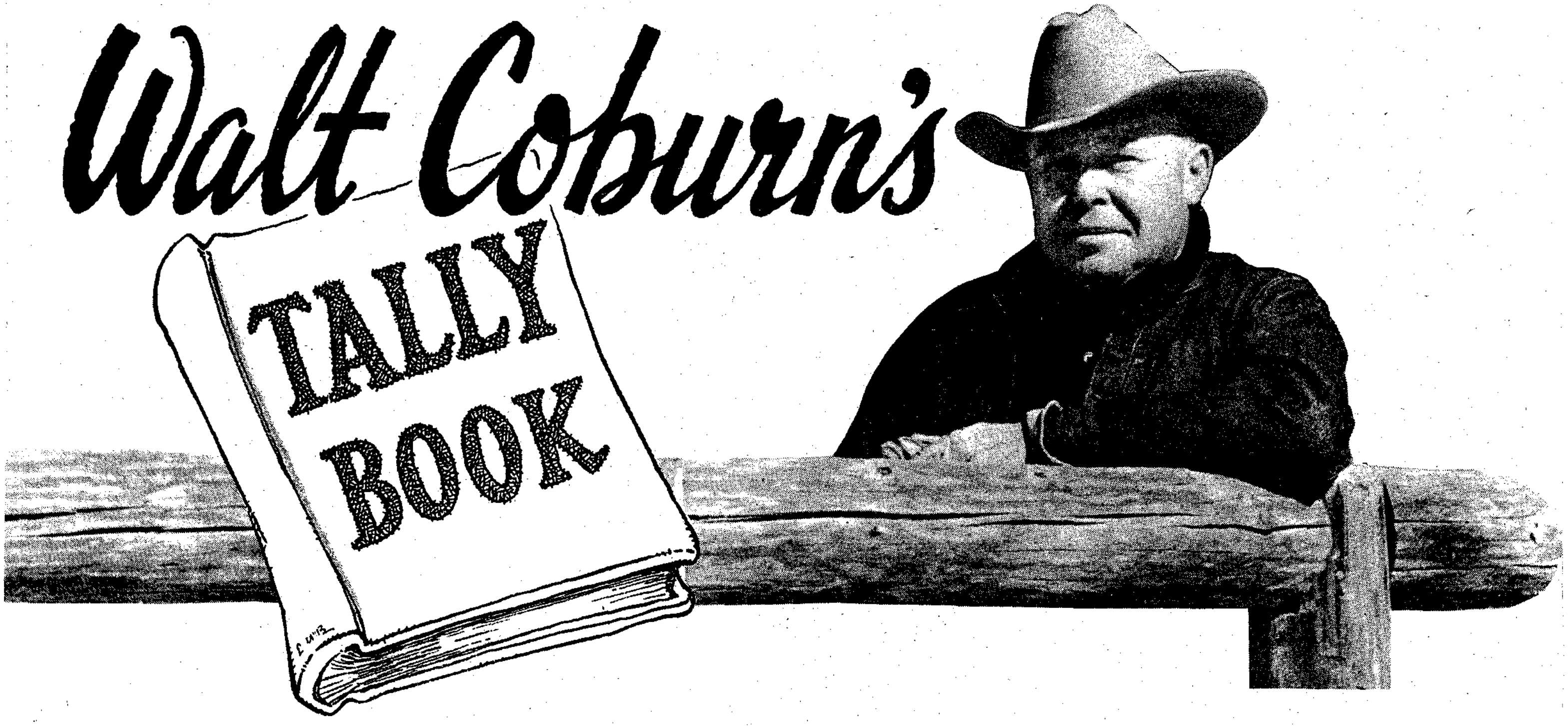
Panicked by hunger and fear of the Apaches, the entire population of the village attempted to march to the safety of the southern settlements—and met with the same fate as the mule-train. Santa Rita was for years a deserted town.

When Bartlett's party arrived they repaired enough of the fifty-odd buildings to house their 300 members. Chief among these buildings was the triangular

(Continued on page 56)

The Battle of Valverde was fought near Fort Craig during the Civil War.

Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



THERE'S an old saying that fat's a good color on any horse. But for every rule there's an exception. By that token, the exception makes the rule, to finish out the horseman's proverb.

I learned it the hard way along about the time I quit using the saddle strings to climb aboard Snowflake. If fat was a good color, then Snowflake was about the handsomest cow pony in Montana, bar none.

Where Snowflake came from is, and always was, a sort of mystery. I was going on six when my brother Wallace fetched him to the ranch and gave him to me. He had picked the fat white pony up on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation that joined the Circle C home ranch.

But there was no G Dot Injun brand on his right shoulder, so he didn't belong on the reservation. Snowflake never shed off slick like other horses in the remuda and it was only when he got sweaty on a hot day that you could make out a dim brand that read like an LS connected on his left thigh, and there was no such horse brand registered in the Montana brand book.

Horace Brewster, the Circle C wagon boss, who knew horses and always had a quarter horse in his string that he'd bet six months' wages on in a matched race, claimed Snowflake came as close to what he called a Spanish cow pony as anything he'd ever looked at.

Snowflake was about the finest gift I ever had in my life. And if I were to look that gift horse in the mouth his teeth would have shown a three- or four-year-old mouth.

Wallace and Horace both rode him out to make sure he was safe for a button to ride. Horace cut cattle on him and he claimed Snowflake was a better than average cutting horse. And he wasn't lying. Somewhere along his dim trail Snowflake had been a cow horse and a good one.

The Circle C home ranch lay in the shadow of the Little Rockies in northeastern Montana. The Little Rockies marked the north end of the old Outlaw Trail that started near the Mexican border in the Animas country of southern New Mexico. The Outlaw Trail twisted north to Robbers' Roost and up through Brown's Hole and the Hole in the Wall country into Montana and the Little Rockies range, where Kid Curry and his two brothers, Lonnie and Johnny, located for a time, until they got in some gun trouble and Kid Curry killed Pike Landusky and threw in with The Wild Bunch.

The Curry boys, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid and the rest of the outlaws who made up The Wild Bunch, all worked for the Circle C outfit at one time or another under different names and no questions asked.

That's how the story started that Snowflake had packed Kid Curry's bed from down yonder in the Animas country. I remember Jim Thornhill, Kid Curry's partner in the ranching business, telling how Kid Curry had said the white pony was hell to shoe, and that he'd come barefooted a long ways, but that he'd kept up or he wouldn't be here.

It was later when I went on my first roundup, and the blacksmith had to throw the white pony to get him shod, that we found out Snowflake was hell to tack shoes on. That was the first and last time he was ever shod. He lived to be twenty-five and he went barefoot, and while his feet were long and broken he never walked a lame step and he got more than his share of riding.

SNOWFLAKE hadn't a mean hair on his white hide, but he sure ran his whizzer on me the first time I tried to walk up to him in the corral with a rope in my hand. He laid his short ears back and rolled his eyes and kept his rump towards me with one hind leg lifted like he'd kick the belly off me if I came closer. He had me buffaloed for a while, till Wallace, who had been watching the show, slipped up and grabbed hold of the raised hoof. Snowflake set it down right now and stood tracked while I got the tie-rope around his neck, and all the while he was giving Wallace a look that meant more than cuss words. Snowflake never tried his bluff again, and from then on he'd stand tracked while I pulled myself up by the saddle strings.

That first summer when I rode him alone to fetch in the cows that grazed in the corner of the fenced alfalfa field, adjoining the Fort Belknap Reservation, Snowflake would take me to the bunch of gentle cows and he'd gather and fetch them home. That was his and my job and he knew it.

Whenever I had it made to stray off into the hills or go through the reservation gate, Snowflake changed my mind. If I reached for the quirt on my saddle horn he'd stop and lay his ears back, wicked like, and kick up his hind end till I got out of the quirtin' notion, and we'd take to the barn, regardless. He knew when quitting time came. And that ended it.

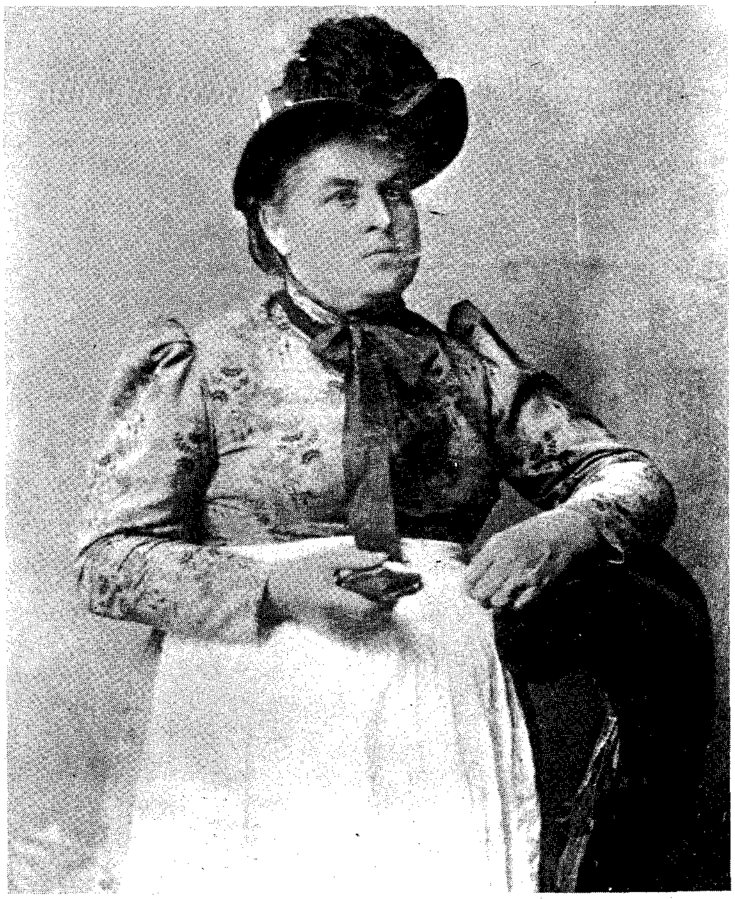
I rode him on my first roundup and he was the only horse in my string for a week or two. I cut cattle on him, rode him on day herd, stood my two-hour night guard. I turned him loose for an hour or two daytimes when we came in to eat, staked him out at night, and when I'd come in off guard I'd turn him loose. And he never lost an ounce of weight.

I wanted to play cowboy and rope him when the remuda was inside the rope corral. I'd stand in the middle with the cowpunchers who were catching their mounts, hipshot and my hat slanted jack-deuce, trying to look bowlegged like an old hand with my loop built. Horace Brewster or one of the hands would be talking to me when that little rascal Snowflake would come up from behind and shove his head and neck into my loop, lifting his head and stepping back to tighten the loop. And I'd scuff my way through the heavy corral dust, fit to be tied.

I got to be a first rate roper—sagebrush and greasewood—until the business end of my ketch-rope looked like it had been dipped in a bucket of green paint. I'd take my dally winds and go south, kickin' the fat pony's sides until I wore callouses on my heels inside the Hyer boots Wallace had given me. I shore worked hard puttin' rope marks around the horn of my first saddle. They got there before school started and I sacked my saddle and took it to Great Falls, where I went to school, to show the town kids and brag a little.

Brewster had bragged Snowflake up to where I figured he was the best all-around cow pony on earth. The outfit went so far as to match a race with Snowflake and Brewster's roan quarter horse,

(Continued on page 67)



Courtesy Mrs. Etta Jenkins

Emma Batchelder French, about 1890, in Winslow, Arizona

DOCTOR GRANDMA FRENCH

She could take out a bullet, sew up a knife wound, fend off an Indian, exist on nothing but hope. It was as if Life had decided she didn't need any favors . . .

By MAURICE KILDARE

A SUDDEN torrential flash flood raged down Cottonwood Wash one August day in 1880. It demolished a long bridge being constructed by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, then pushing across northern Arizona. So swift was the twenty-foot-high wall of muddy water that workmen on the structure had no warning of approaching disaster. Men were tossed about like chips in the deluge and smashed wreckage of big timbers.

As the headrise fell rapidly after losing its power plunging into the Little Colorado River, victims were pulled out of the mud. The dead were placed in one contractor's tent for burial, and the injured in another.

Steel rails ended forty miles eastward and no emergency train could get to the scene. There was no doctor or nurses at the main construction camp anyway. Unless attended to quickly some of the worst injured would surely die.

In this desperate situation one of the gang bosses said to the civil engineer in charge, "Why don't you send a rig down to their ranch for Mrs. Emma French? She learned doctoring the hard way, but there's none better."

Leaping at this straw of hope, a man was dispatched in a buckboard to get her. On arrival the woman went to work without delay. First aid was given the injured and those internally hurt. Fractured limbs were splinted with men helping her. After the injured were taken care of, she remained to doctor them during recovery.

When the broken leg cases were able to hobble around some, a mysterious fever broke out among the workmen. Under Emma's supervision, every one recovered.

The Atlantic and Pacific (now the A.T. & S.F. RR), had advanced its roadbed construction to Hardy, twelve miles east of where Winslow came into being the next year, and had built a two-story station house. Section workers slept on the upper floor while Emma used the first as a hospital.

When the railroad put in a division roundhouse at Winslow, which had grown up around a small log cabin erected in 1876, she and her husband, Franklin H. French, moved there. She continued doctoring railroaders and others, and delivering babies for the settlers who followed the railroad. For the balance of her life this valiant frontier woman, best known as "Doctor" French, engaged herself in doing good deeds for the public welfare.

CONSIDERABLE mystery exists about Emma French. Her life was one of tragedy. Only her courage against all adversity sustained her. Her entire life was one of constant battle for survival. For this the five-foot four-inches tall, amply built woman with a determined jaw was remarkably qualified by bitter experience.

Emma Batchelder was born to a destitute family in Sussex County, England, April 21, 1836. When twenty years old she and a girl friend decided they could better their lot in America. Accordingly they made arrangements with Mormon missionaries for their passage, to be paid from the Perpetual Emigration Fund of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In return they agreed to work five years in Utah. (By her own statement she did not join the Church until later.)

The girls traveled steerage to New York from Liverpool, and from there to the end of the Rock Island Railroad at Iowa City. They were among the 500 people in the handcart company train under Captain James Willie, departing on July 15, 1856. Reaching Florence, Nebraska, the handcart pullers rested over until August 18.

On arriving at Fort Laramie, Capt. Willie required the immigrants to lighten their push cart loads by dumping out everything except food and clothing. In Emma's cart was a copper washtub containing clothing which had belonged to her mother. Refusing absolutely to leave it behind, she sat down on the tub and would not move.

To survive after the handcart company went on, she washed clothes and mended for the soldiers. When the Captain James Martin handcart company came along, headed for Salt Lake City, Emma joined it. She arrived there on November 30, 1856, after having walked 1,400 miles.

In 1858 she married John Doyle Lee, becoming his sixteenth wife. He established her in his home at Harmony in southern Utah. Emma had studied medicine and surgery in England; in Utah she received the midwife's training given all Mormon women. In those days many frontier doctors knew far less, were self-trained and had never been inside a medical college. Emma was *not* an herb or folklore doctor. She possessed knowledge of disease diagnosis and the use of specific drugs.

Four of her children were born at Harmony: William James (Billy), December 17, 1860; William Isaac, November 29, 1863; and twin daughters, Rachel Emma and Anna Eliza, July 22, 1866. She also kept for a number of years Samual James Lee, the son of her husband's 18th wife, Ann Gordge.

Of a very resolute and independent character, she was frequently at odds with Lee's other wives. Too, she actively defended him against all enemies. Once she threatened to horsewhip a man whom she suspected of sending several salacious letters threatening dire consequences unless Lee left the country.

On one occasion, a man and his belligerent son began cutting the timber behind Lee's home, as well as running off his stock and stealing barnyard fowl. Told to desist, the two continued.

Emma and Ann Gordge attacked them with kettles of hot water. When Emma ran into the house for more, the older man threw Ann to the ground. She was being manhandled when Lee arrived on the scene. Before he could do anything, Emma returned in a run with the boiling water. Under this treatment the woman-abuser gave up, his face and neck a mass of swollen and peeling knots.

LEE was indicted for participation in the infamous Mountain Meadows massacre of 1857. With others who were also charged with the same crime, he sought safer climes beyond the reach of the law. Going to what he named Lonely Dell, a spot later to be called Lee Ferry on the Colorado River, he established two homesteads in Arizona—one there and another west at Jacob's Pools. To the latter place he moved his wife Rachel Andora with her family. Emma and her children took over Lee Ferry.

Either en route, or after being at the ferry site for only a few days, Emma gave birth to another daughter, Frances Dell, January 18, 1872.

Emma and her children lived in a tent at first, then occupied a dugout under a cliff until Lee built the first cottonwood log cabin. Later he constructed others, and also one of stone. One of John Wesley Powell's abandoned boats did crude service as a ferry until John L. Blythe built a regular one.

Emma bossed the ferry operation and ran a small trading post. Traffic between Utah and points in Arizona increased steadily. While hiding out from U. S. marshals, Lee spent his time exploring, searching for valuable minerals, and farming at Moen Ave near Tuba City, which the Mormons later settled.

Hardened prospectors, many of them outlaws or no better, passed back and forth over the river. They were a constant menace, but Emma managed to handle them all. During one of Lee's absences a shoemaker in one party persuaded her to let him use a part of a tanned cowhide to repair his own and her boots. In the process, he continued using her leather until a side and a half were filched. Lee returned about the time Emma discovered the cheating.

When Lee jumped the shoemaker, he declared that Emma lied about any agreement to use only so much of the leather. Emma—taking over the argument—forced the party of miners to trade a considerable amount of their supplies for the leather used to repair all their boots and shoes.

Before gaining the respect of Indians who came to the river to trade, Emma first had serious trouble with them. During the course of bartering one Navajo chief pretended anger and tried to seize her while his braves cheered him on. Evading his clutching hands Emma dashed into the attached lean-to kitchen. He came in behind her fast, but couldn't reach her before she threw the contents of a boiling kettle in his face.

While the Navajo stood stunned and in pain, Emma managed to seize a butcher knife. Then she chased him and his men from the post. An hour later the chief was back with his badly scalded face, and very meek. Emma doctored his hurts. From then on, the worst Navajo renegades were her friends because they recognized her ability to defend herself.

(Later when I began Indian trading as a boy, Navajos told me about this incident. Due to Emma's resourcefulness in protecting herself and her property, Navajos were convinced all traders' womenfolks were equally dangerous. Her action saved many from future harm, for Indians respected them because of Emma.)

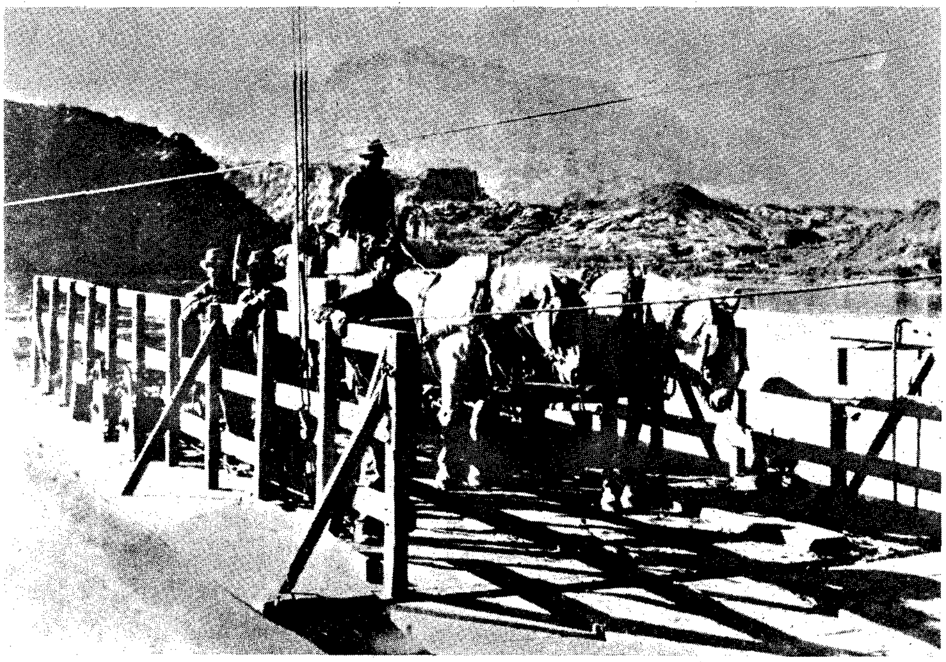
Not long after the Navajo incident a band of Paiute Indians descended on Emma, who was alone with her children. They didn't know that while living in southern Utah she had learned their language. Though they traded in broken English, they talked among themselves in their own tongue—and they callously planned to kill her and the children that night, and to rob and burn the post.

At sundown the Indians camped close by. Emma shrewdly devised a means of assuring her children's safety. She wrapped them with blankets and put them to bed right in the middle of the Paiute camp.

"I know what you are up to," she told the surprised Paiutes in their dialect. "Now let's see you try it!"

Confused and shamed by the white woman, they made no attempt to molest her then or afterwards.

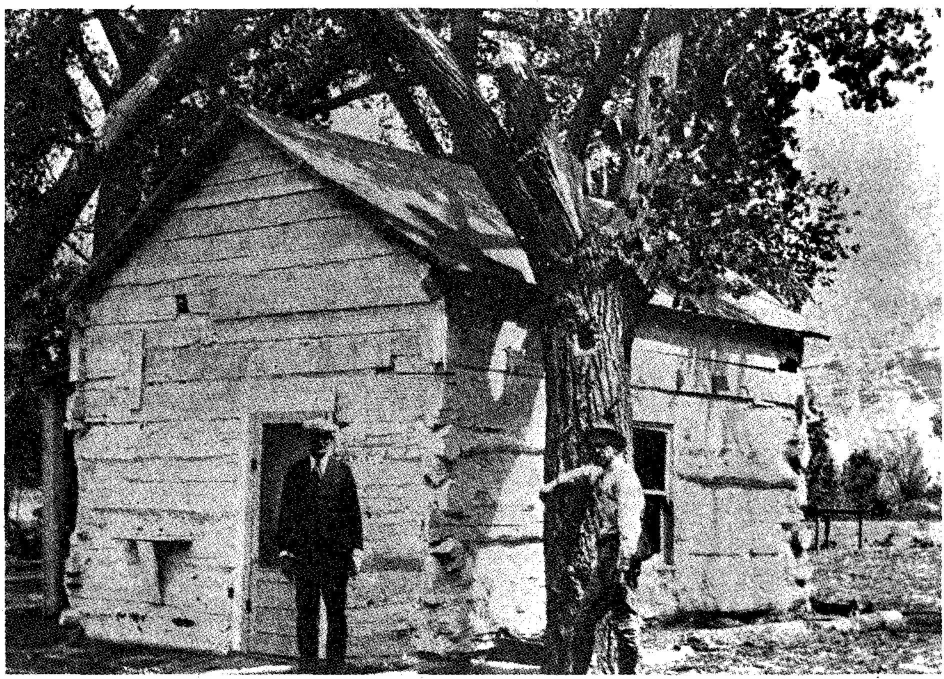
Emma's trials and tribulations were many at Lee Ferry. Perhaps the worst came in July, 1873. Lee returned from

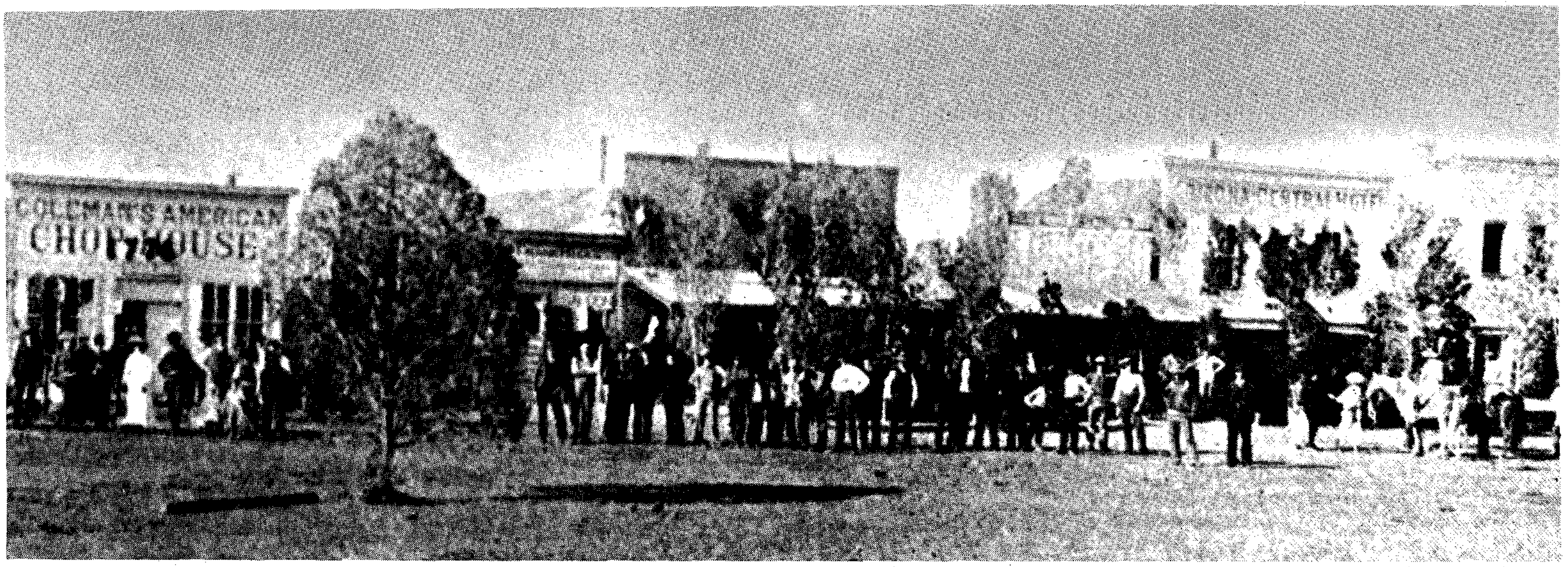


Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

Above, Lee Ferry on the Colorado River. Below, standing beside Grandma French's log cabin at Lee Ferry is Robert B. Hilderbrand and Utah historian, Charles Kelly.

Courtesy Charles Kelly





Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

Winslow's business district about the time Emma French arrived there from Hardy Station

hiding to find that she had delivered herself of a baby girl, Victoria Elizabeth, entirely unaided. Her twin daughters were then only six years old.

WHILE visiting one of his families at Panguitch, Utah, in November, 1874, Lee was arrested by a deputy U. S. marshal. His first trial resulted in a hung jury. His second trial at Beaver City in September, 1876, resulted in a conviction of murder stemming from the Mountain Meadows massacre. Lee was executed by a firing squad March 23, 1877.

Emma stuck by her husband to the last, sending what money was available and selling off stock to pay defense lawyers. During this tragic period she and her children lived alone at the ferry. Finally Warren M. Johnson was sent by the Mormon Church to help run it in their interest. Utah settlers were then flocking into Arizona.

While Lee was confined in the Utah penitentiary between trials many men of influence and power tried to worm from him the secret of a mine he allegedly had discovered in the upper Grand Canyon. One was Judge Wells Spicer, a defense attorney at his first trial.

On Spicer's promise of a share for herself and Lee, Emma lent him three horses, saddles and supplies for an extended search. On learning this, Lee wrote her an angry letter, one which caused Emma to clam up tight forever after. He cautioned her to have nothing to do with Spicer's treasure hunting schemes, and stated that whatever was in the mine did not belong to the attorney.

At no time did Lee deny having located a mine in the wilderness. Several times he sold both gold and silver in varying amounts. If and when questioned he always replied with a dry laugh, "Oh, it came from my *silver* mine!" Not only was Emma warned against disclosing any information to anyone, but one of his daughters in particular in Panguitch received more specific instructions to be silent.

Among the many who tried to coerce members of the Lee family into helping them locate the mine was Bishop Isaac C. Haight. He, too, was under grand jury indictment for mass murder. He visited Emma but she vehemently denied all knowledge of Lee's gold or silver claims. When he learned from Robert B. Hilderbrand, a waif Lee had befriended and taken on some of his trips over a period of two years, that such a mine did exist, Haight returned to Emma in high dudgeon. But his threats of harm still failed to produce a single admission, let alone any valid information.

After Lee's execution Emma decided to remain at the ferry to rear her children. The operation began paying well, and she had a small herd of cattle as further support. But tough men descended on the place, intent on seizing all her property, including the homestead and ferry rights.

James H. McClintock in his *Mormon Settlement In Arizona* stated that Johnson bought the ferry and homestead from her in 1877 for 100 cows. On the contrary, Emma and her children were being driven out destitute, the property already in control of ruthless men.

But one thing for sure, she was a self-reliant, independent woman to be reckoned with. A friendly Navajo was dispatched on a pony with a written appeal to territorial authorities at Prescott. South of the ferry at Willow Springs the Indian encountered a patrol of the 6th U. S. Cavalry under Captain E. C. Hentig. Only fifty miles away, Captain Hentig mounted his troopers and Indian scouts, and hastened to her relief.

He could do nothing about the land and ferry, but he loaded her goods and the children into three wagons. His troopers rounded up her cattle and extra horses. She was then conducted all the way south to Sunset City, three miles east across the river from present-day Winslow. Emma received no payment for the land or ferry. Two years later Captain Hentig was shot in the back and killed by mutinous Apaches.

FROM THE OUTSET, conditions at Sunset City were intolerable for Emma. Fortunately, at this point a man she had met a few years before came back into her life.

Franklin H. French, tall, heavily built, dark complexioned, his face covered by a heavy beard, was a Civil War veteran. He entered Arizona in 1872 from California after his wife died in Grass Valley. His sons, Frederick Marcus and Charles Albert, were left with their maternal grandfather.

First prospecting the Grand Canyon country, he moved up the Colorado River and met Emma at the ferry. On his crossings, prospecting into wild and dangerous Indian lands, he saw her several times afterwards.

While she lived in a quandary about where to go from Sunset City, French happened along. This meeting resulted in their marriage and removal south of Horsehead Crossing near where Holbrook was to be established on the railroad. There, Apache Indians raided, stole almost half the stock, and burned the house

Franklin H. French built this dam on Clear Creek to irrigate land in the area.

Courtesy Mrs. Etta Jenkins

with all the family possessions. Not rebuilding, the family moved closer to the railroad right of way, squatting on another piece of range with Emma's remnant of cattle.

During their sojourn at Hardy station French, whom she always called Frank, resumed his aimless wandering, prospecting most of the time. Emma tended her children and made a living.

After Winslow came into being, she moved there and remained in town even after French took up a homestead, the first in that area, one and a half miles from Winslow on the western bank of the Little Colorado. In 1887 his two sons came to Arizona. By then Frederick Marcus was married.

The boys homesteaded next to their father. Indeed, they farmed his land while he struck off into the wastelands searching for gold.

Frederick French was a civil engineer. To irrigate the farms he surveyed Clear Creek below Winslow for a dam site and ditches to their land. This was an expensive project even in 1889. Emma furnished the funds to begin construction. Frederick worked for the railroad at Winslow for the rest of the money to get the ditches in.

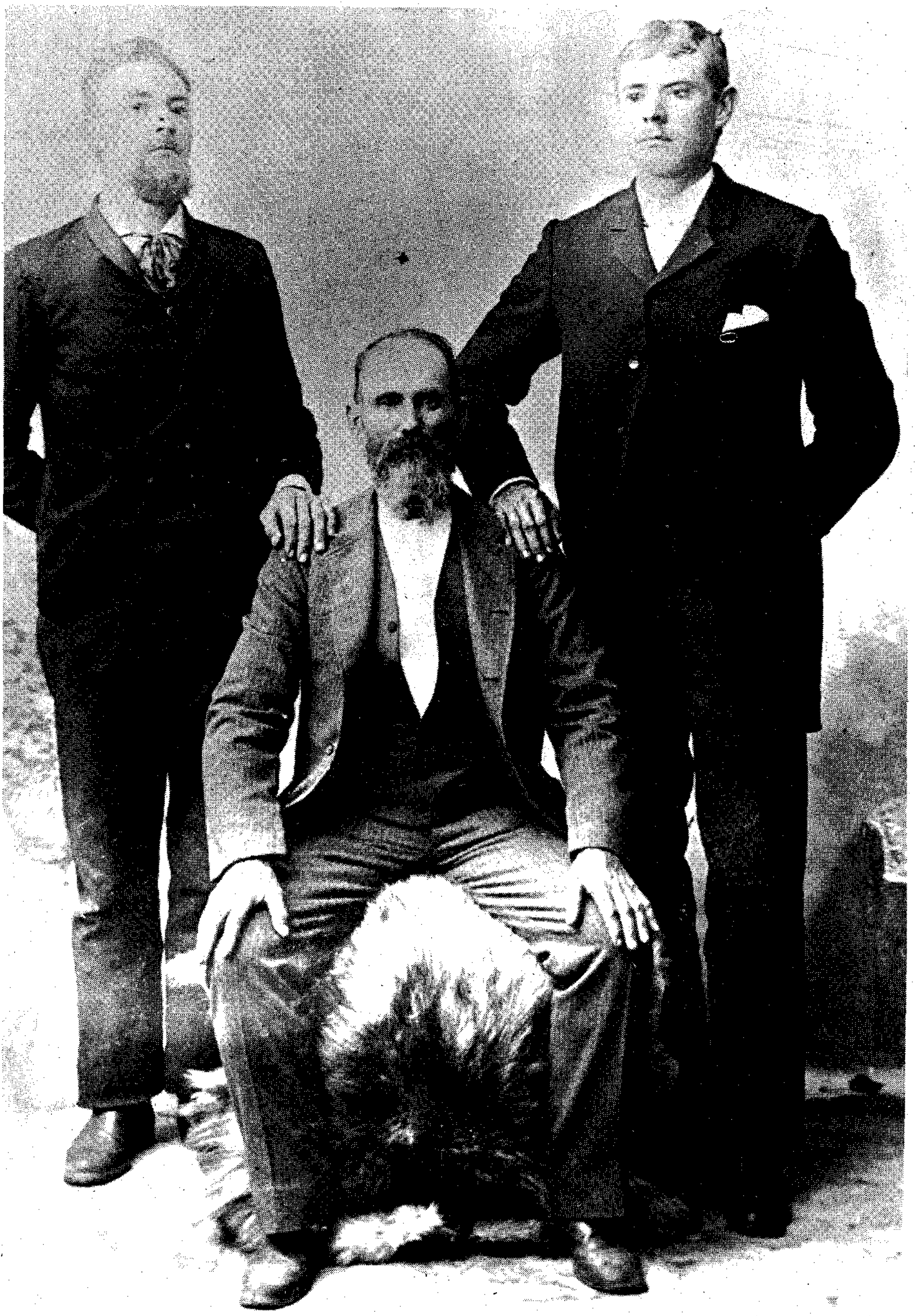
Where did Emma get the amount she invested? It could not have been from her professional services. Much of her doctoring was never paid for, as most of her patients were the poor and destitute. Nor could enough have come from the sale of what cattle she had left. Joseph Hyrum Lee, one of John D. Lee's elderly grandsons, told me that she brought from Lee Ferry three small cans of gold and several hundred pounds of silver which she subsequently sold a little at a time. This reserve, it was alleged and believed by many people, furnished the money for the dam and ditches. Most of French's descendents agree that Emma put up some money for the project, but not all of it. All of them loved their step-grandmother very much and accorded her great respect.

Although she did not know where the secret mine actually was located, Emma gave French what information she had. He, with Seth B. Tanner as a partner, built a trail into upper Grand Canyon in 1889 to reach what they believed was the lost Lee mine. First called the Tanner-French Trail, it soon became best known as Horsethief Trail. Such gentry used it via a connection from the north rim.

The Tanner-French trail ended at the mouth of Lava Canyon, where they found an old, short tunnel. They enlarged it and dug deeper under the canyon wall, but after sporadic working, over several years, the pair abandoned the project as futile. Tanner went back to freighting for my father and great-uncle at Redlake. Others followed them into Lava Canyon, driving in at least two more tunnels.

AT WINSLOW Emma continued doctoring railroaders, especially up and down the line at remote places. Most of them lived in section houses. Whatever the nature of her trips the railroad hauled her there. In emergencies they furnished a special engine and caboose.

Eventually the railroad put in a small hospital west of the Harvey Hotel. Emma assisted the contract doctor there and did most of the nursing. Even so, she remained on call to attend the injured and sick up and down the long line of steel rails from Gallup, New Mexico, west to Flagstaff.



Courtesy Mrs. Etta Jenkins

Franklin H. French, seated, with his two sons, Frederick Marcus, left, and Charles Albert

In 1891 an epidemic of diphtheria struck the Mexican section of Winslow. It spread rapidly, and the afflicted would have been unattended except for Emma. Her strength was taxed to the utmost, as she was on the go day and night from one family laid low by the choking disease to the next. For six whole weeks, until vaccine was brought in and began to take hold, she got hardly any rest. Yet not until the epidemic subsided and the danger was past did she relax.

Emma had long since established a regular routine. Her medicine bag was kept filled and standing handy by the front door. Two freshly laundered white aprons were laid out with her street clothing beside the bed at night. When summoned, she donned one white apron after hurriedly dressing, and carried along the folded second one to be used later. A stickler for cleanliness, sanitation, and disinfectants in the sick room, Emma's unswerving attitude in this respect undoubtedly saved lives.

When her long time friends, the western Navajos, learned that she lived at Winslow, they journeyed great distances to see her. Through them, those who lived north across the river from town started coming to her for treatment. Not infrequently she was taken to hogans to deliver babies.

Emma was the first to preach to Indians the value of the white man's medicine. Most desert dwellers suffered from the dread trachoma. Many who would have gone blind shortly, had their vision restored by her treatment. Small wonder that Indians of the Painted Desert loved this woman who brought them miracles. Appreciative of medical efforts in their behalf, they often brought her a fat mutton, or wild game from hunting expeditions. In return, if any came in need of food, she gave it to them, and clothed

(Continued on page 63)

MOUNT FRANKLIN'S LOST TREASURE

By JESSIE PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

I'M sure that my brother, Horace, and a friend of his, Henry Hammond, once found the hiding place of the treasure of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe Mission of Juarez, Mexico.

The fact that my brother died shortly after his discovery of this treasure, and that his friend also lost his life soon after his one descent into the hiding place would, to the superstitious person, prove there is a curse on the man who tries to recover this treasure. I do not think so. Disease claimed my brother, and his friend was a victim of World War I.

Legend tells of a warning of an attack by Apaches on the church of Guadalupe. The priests had their friendly Indian converts load the mission's treasure on the backs of burros and carry it across the Rio Grande to an old cave or abandoned mine on the southwestern slopes of El Paso's Mount Franklin. The treasure reputedly consisted of pure silver and gold altar services, many rawhide sacks of silver and gold coins, and all the jewelry and other valuables belonging to the people of Juarez.

This particular cave was chosen because it could be seen at certain hours of the day from the belfry of the mission, and the priests could tell if it were molested by their enemies.

The priest who kept a daily record of church affairs is supposed to have drawn a map of the hiding place.

When the little settlement was attacked soon after the warning by a large band of hostiles, the priests and most of the defending Indians were killed.

The ones who survived were afraid to speak about the mission's treasure even to their own people. They feared their enemies would capture and torture them for information about its location. Only years later did these Indian converts who knew of the cache begin telling their relatives about it.

When new priests came to take over the work started by their massacred brothers, they were made aware of the wealth on Mount Franklin. Unfortunately, the map of the slain priest was never found although a diligent search was made.

Wanting to recover the altar service especially, padres were stationed in the belfry all day and all night for many weeks, but no one ever spotted an opening to a cave.

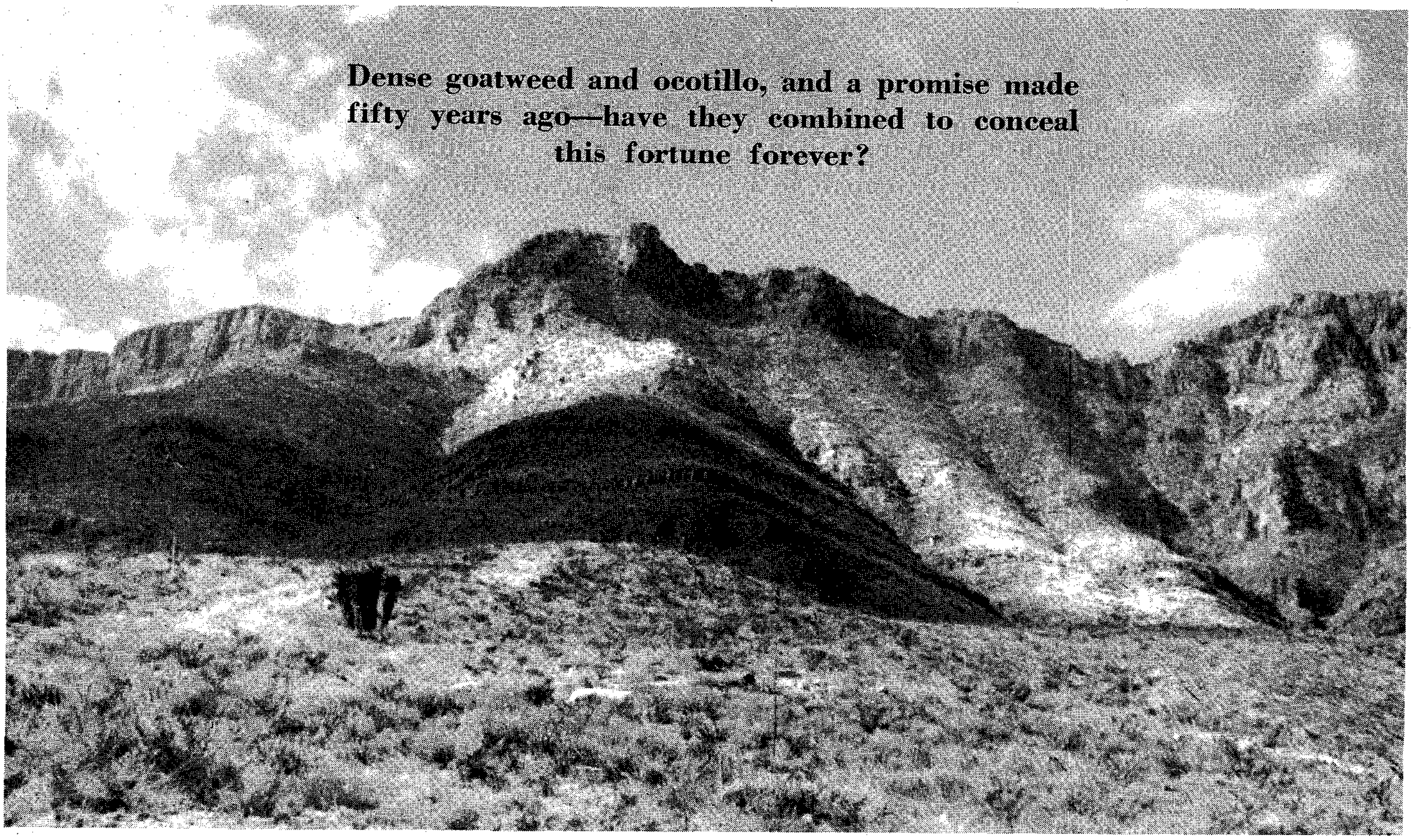
IT WAS fifty years ago when my brother and his friend decided they could find this treasure. They went about it in a systematic way. Following the example of those long-dead priests, they fairly haunted the belfry of the old mission. From dawn to dusk they kept their field glasses trained on Mount Franklin, and at last they saw the entrance to a cave.

An outline map was made, and then one day the two set out on the actual search. They drove Horace's old Ford car to the western slopes of the mountain, and set about climbing its rocky, and oftentimes steep, sides.

Carrying only a sack lunch and two canteens of water, the young men climbed slowly because Horace was ill with tuberculosis and had little strength for the rugged climb.

Although they had started from home at an early hour, the sun was already low in the west when they found the cave—which wasn't a cave at all but the mouth of an old abandoned mine

Mount Franklin, near El Paso, Texas, holds a fortune in treasure.



Dense goatweed and ocotillo, and a promise made fifty years ago—have they combined to conceal this fortune forever?

shaft.

A ladder made of timber had rotted away leaving only a round here and there up and down its long length. Henry volunteered to go down in the cave, but only on a good strong rope. They decided to keep the finding of the cave a secret from their families until they could return the next day and see what they really had. Time enough, then, to tell folks about their riches!

Both were so excited over their good luck that Horace was unable to sleep that night. When his wife, Mary Ann, commented on his nervousness, he simply replied that he was tired. She was not at all happy the next morning when he said Henry and he were going to do more "looking."

They left my brother's home at sunrise and, since they were familiar with where they were going, they made better time climbing. Henry said later that he had to make Horace sit down every so often to take a "breather" before going on.

I had been at Horace's home the previous evening and had noticed his excitement. "Better take off from work tomorrow," he said to me as I left, "and go with us on a jaunt. Maybe Henry could use a good strong helper."

"I'd like to," I had replied, "but guess I'd better not." Had I known the true situation I'd have taken the time off, all right! I'd have been right there with them. Horace told me afterward that he regretted having given Henry such a strict promise of secrecy.

Henry Hammond was a big, husky fellow who weighed around 185 pounds. He bought a good strong rope—sixty feet of it—and made a loop in the end for his foot to ride in. He and Horace, using the pick that Henry had brought, dug trenches into which they rolled big rocks. The rope was tied around these boulders, so that no matter how heavy an object Henry wanted to bring up from the cave, the ropes would hold.

Henry had a good flashlight attached to his belt and a pistol on his hip in a scabbard. "I don't know why I'm taking this pistol," he'd said to Horace. "I'm not expecting any opposition from anything down there."

MY BROTHER sat on the side of the old shaft and watched as his companion lowered himself on the rope. As Henry descended into the blackness of the mine, Horace said he could hardly keep up with his progress; it seemed to him that his friend was gone hours before a couple of shots were heard, fired from below in close succession.

Within a few minutes Henry was climbing toward daylight. He pulled himself over the side with Horace's help, and sat, legs dangling over the edge of the opening, while he mopped sweat from his face.

"Darned if that cave isn't full of rattlesnakes!" Henry gasped when he got breath enough to talk. "I never saw so many—must be a hundred—and they don't want to be disturbed!"

"You didn't get bit?" Horace asked anxiously.

"Nope, but it isn't because they didn't try. One struck me on the leg." He held up his leg which was well protected. "That leather saved my life."

"What else besides rattlesnakes did you find?" Horace wanted to know. "Any boxes or chests down there that might hold that treasure?"

"There certainly are," Henry replied, and his eyes shone with excitement.

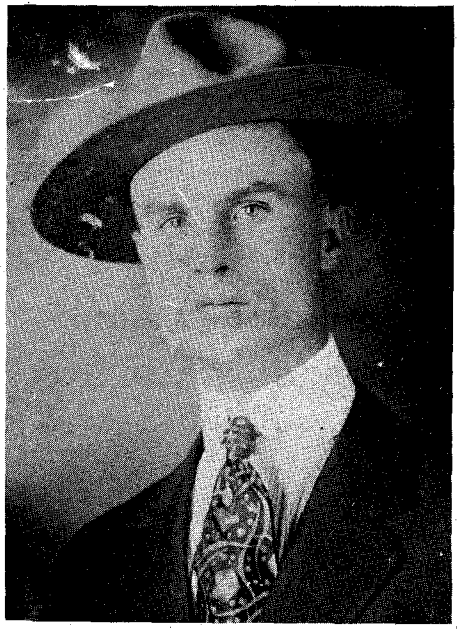
"There is an old oramented chest, several ollas, and some small sacks—they look like they may be rawhide. I think, Horace, we've got what we came to find. But," he added and shook his head in disgust, "how are we going to get by that den of snakes? They aren't playing tag with me again!"

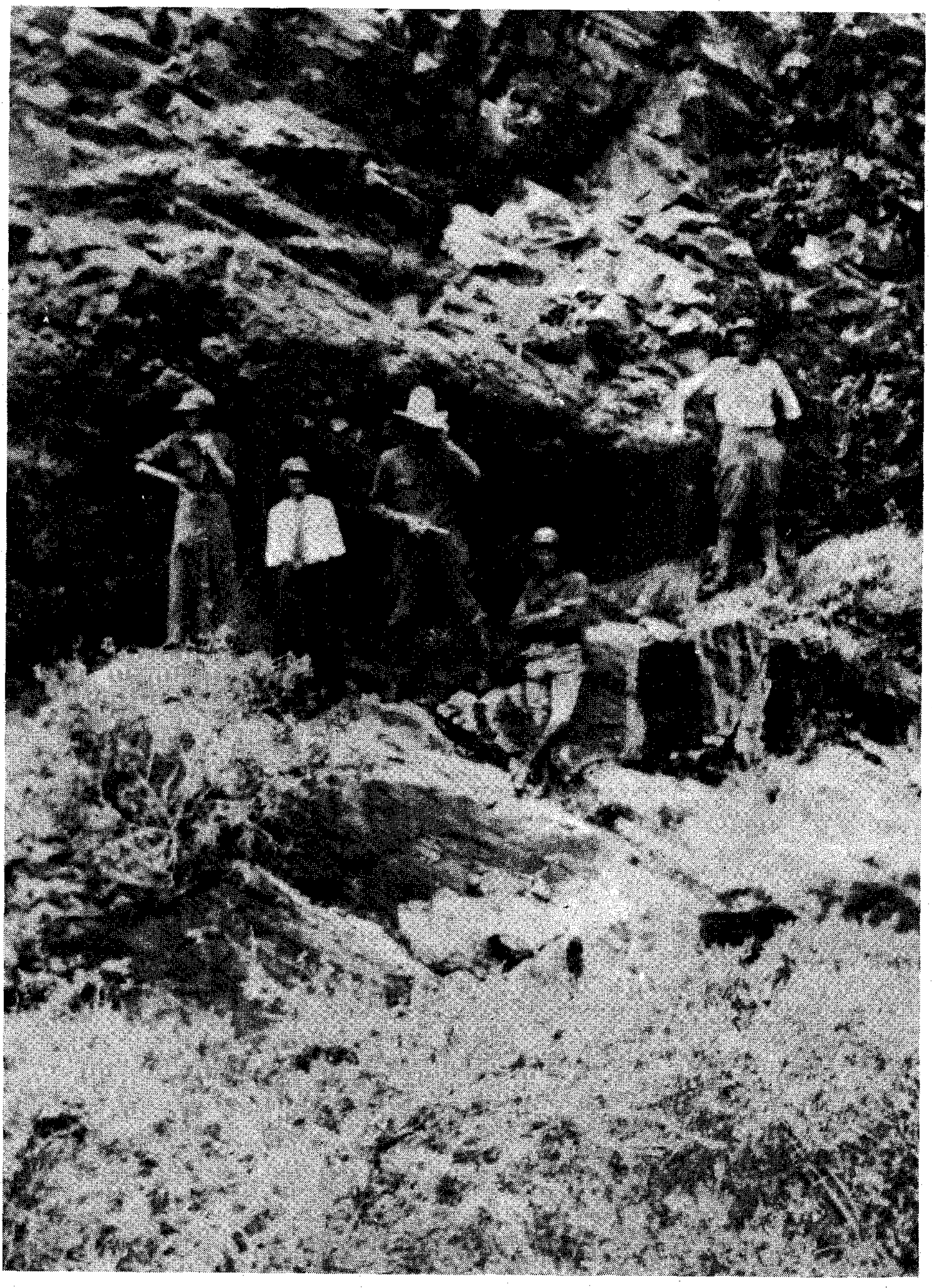
"I don't know," Horace answered, "but there's bound to be a way."

Today the problem which faced my brother and his partner would not seem so formidable. Gas bombs are available. But that day, when Horace and Henry came away from the mine shaft, they were baffled and frustrated.

HENRY again pledged Horace to secrecy. Maybe they couldn't find a way to rid the shaft of the snakes, but they weren't going to risk having some-

(Continued on page 54)





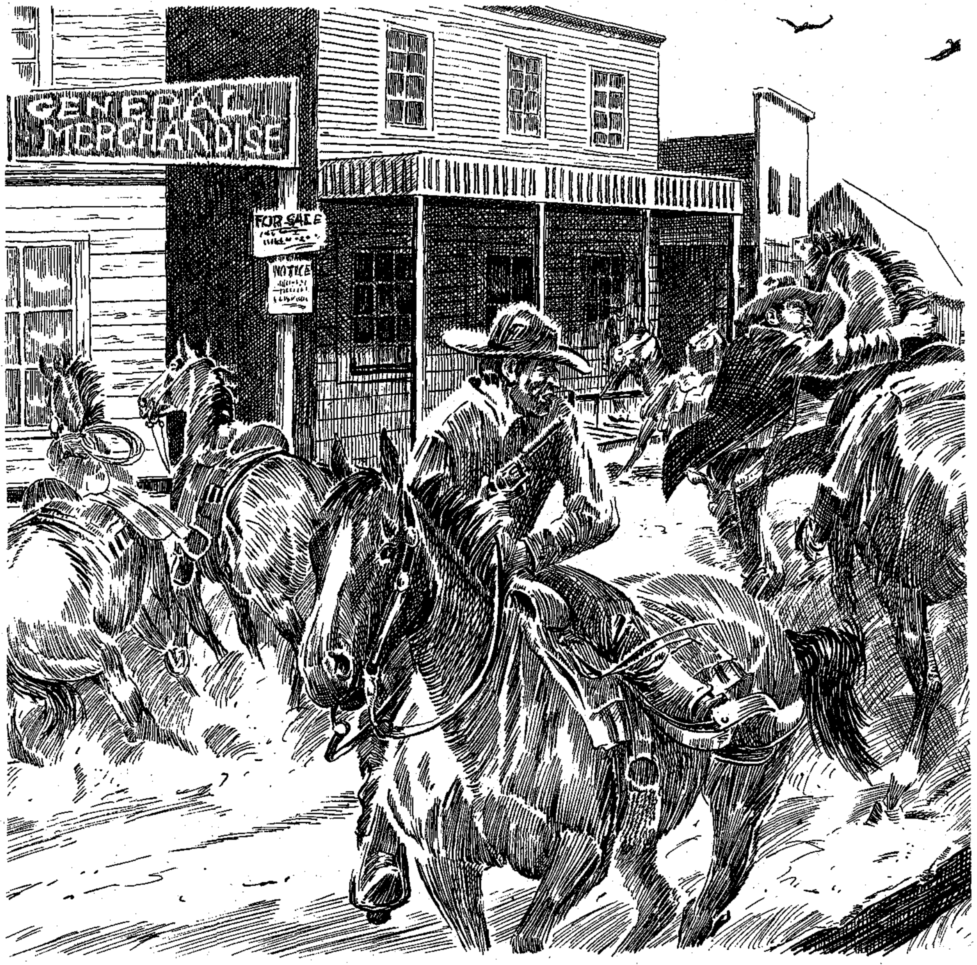
Horace Graves, right, died without revealing the secret of the treasure. Below, an exploring party pauses on rugged Mount Franklin. Left to right: the author, Loula Graves, Bill Potts, Horace and Finis Graves.

I HELPED CAPTURE

A little hole in a stolen greenback widened to fit the outlaw's neck

By GEORGE BRISTOW
as told to
OLEVIA E. MYERS

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano



GEORGE BRISTOW lives quietly in his neat-as-a-pin trailer home in a quaint little town in the very heart of the Ozark Mountains. The village of Ozark which Mr. Bristow calls home is old and picturesque. As one sits talking with "The Sage of the Ozarks," as Mr. Bristow is known far and wide, one can almost imagine he is a part of the ancient hills. His snow white, flowing beard reminds one of Pliny the Elder or perhaps Moses as he surveyed the Promised Land.

One hundred years old on October 10, 1966, he is mentally alert, physically active and has an intense interest in space development.

I had sought out Mr. Bristow to talk about the early days in Indian Territory when he, as a young man, was station agent at Nowata and played a part in the capture of the most feared and hated of all outlaws—Cherokee Bill.—O. M.

IN 1891 I was working for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, making the run between St. Louis and Cicero, Illinois, when I got mad and shot off my mouth and got fired for it.

It was Thanksgiving day when I walked into the office of the Superintendent of Telegraphy at St. Louis and asked Mr. Hammond for a job. He gave me an application to fill out and then said, "Will you go wherever we need you?"

I told him I would and he went into the outer office and came back in a few seconds with a pass in his hand. "Here's your pass to Muldrow, Indian Territory. You leave tonight for Little Rock, Arkansas, where you will change trains."

I can truthfully say that I rode the "Slow Train through Arkansas." From Little Rock to Muldrow is only about 200 miles but it took all day and far into the night. In fact, it was almost morning when I arrived in Muldrow, a one-horse town with no sidewalks, no hotel, no nothing almost, and found that I was to relieve the agent there while he attended court over at Fort Smith, run by Judge Parker. I was on duty just five days when I got my orders to go on up in the Territory to another one-horse town called Nowata. Here I was to relieve Agent Dick Richards while he was on vacation.

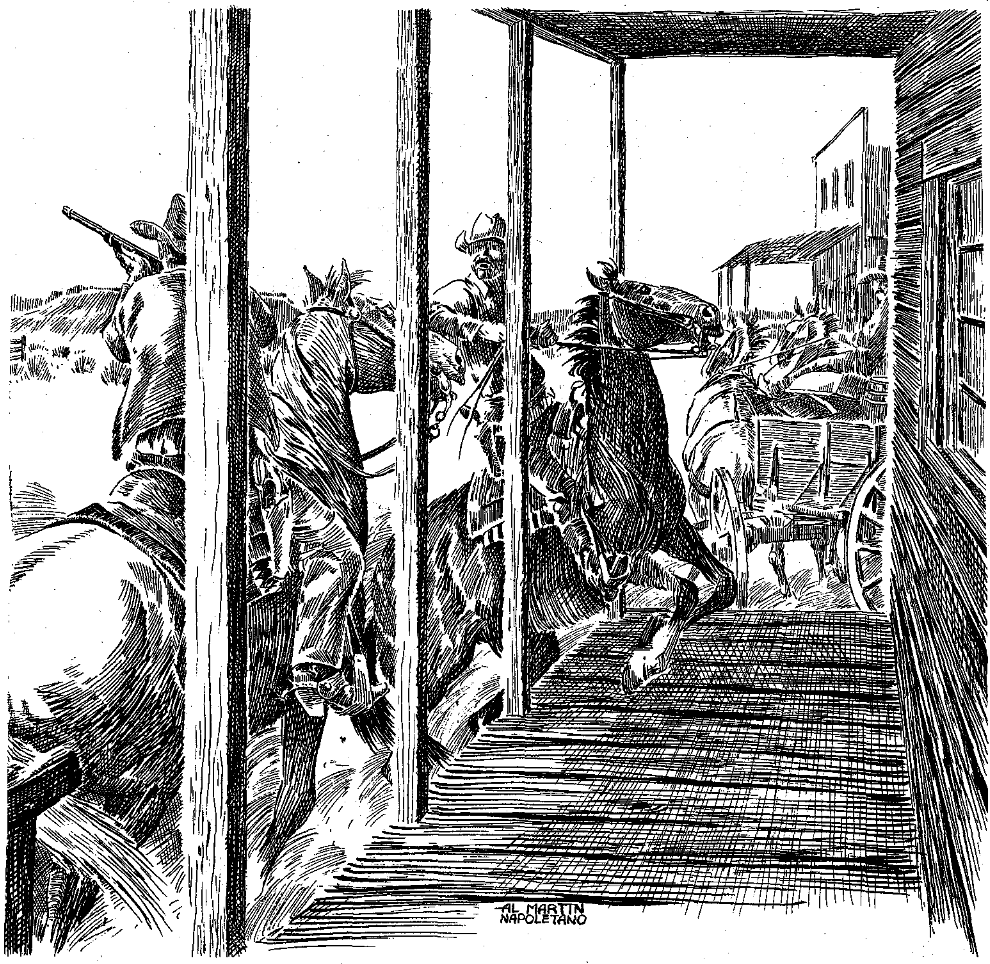
Before Mr. Richards left, he showed me around the office and also showed me a little sliding shelf he had made right under the ticket window. In it was a wicked looking, loaded .45. He explained to me how easy it was to get this .45 and pull down on a robber. Believe me, there were plenty of holdups and robbing and killing going on in the Territory about that time.

When Dick Richards came back from vacation, I stayed on as assistant until June 3 when I was promoted to agent and sent on up the line to still another one-horse (half a horse would be more accurate) place called Lenapah, about twenty miles away.

I had by then moved my wife and child to the Territory after having had quite a time convincing her that Indians were no longer raiding, scalping and stealing white women and children. We lived in a side room to the depot and no sooner had they arrived, tired out from the long trip, than the great railroad strike on the Missouri Pacific was called. It started July 1, 1894, and many depots were closed, including Lenapah's. We planned to live on in the depot living quarters but the auditors came and checked me out as agent. I was to continue as express agent, though, for express was handled like passengers and they still needed a man for that.

FIVE DAYS later, July 5, the Cannon Ball southbound express from Coffeyville, Kansas, to Little Rock, which usually just gave Lenapah a long derisive "toot" as she high-balled it through in the night, puffed to a stop at the little station and the conductor knocked on my bedroom window. (It was the living room and kitchen window, too, by the way!)

CHEROKEE BILL



He told me to dress quickly. The Cannon Ball was to take me to Nowata as the agent there, Dick Richards, had been killed in a holdup a few hours before.

I rode the fast express to Nowata and found my friend and co-worker laid out on a bench in the waiting room of the little station. Dick had been shot through the neck and had died instantly. He had made the mistake of reaching for that loaded .45 he had shown me in the little drawer under the window. Dick Richards had a wife and two little kids. I sure felt sorry for them.

Witnesses to the holdup swore that it was Cherokee Bill and his bunch—Jim French, Skeeter, and several others of the deadly Cook Gang were known to be operating in the vicinity.

A $6,000,000 Cherokee tribal payment had been made to the Indians shortly before, and this brought the worst killers, cutthroats and gamblers in the whole country into Indian Territory. They soon parted the Indians from that $6,000,000.

As soon as possible I sent a man to help my wife get moved to Nowata, and this time we were to have a real house to live in. Jake Bartles, the man for whom Bartlesville, Oklahoma, was named, built the house we rented. In 1894 there was not one foot of paving or sidewalk in Nowata, except some of the stores had little porches on the front.

Our closest neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Tine Walker, the stepfather and mother of Henry Starr, the noted bank robber. The little house Jake Bartles built for us was over on the west side of the settlement, and there was a little church nearby. Henry Starr's mother and my wife walked to church together every Sunday. She was a wonderful neighbor and acted as midwife when my daughter, Bessie, was born. A night or day was never too dark or cold or rainy for Mrs. Walker not to be at the bedside of a friend—or stranger, either, for that matter—when she was needed.

THE ROBBERY of Shoenfelt's Store at Lenapah on November 8, '94 by Cherokee Bill has been told too many times to go over it again, but one thing I'd like to say is that all the books and stories I've read don't tell the same story I've always heard about how the cook, Ernest Melton, met his death. I didn't witness the killing but here's the way it was told over and over by people who did see the whole thing.

They robbed the store and ran outside to their horses. There was a big bunch of buzzards flying real low just a short distance away. They were after a dead cow. Cherokee Bill threw up his Winchester, shooting buzzards just to see them fall, and Melton stuck his head out the kitchen window to see what the shooting was all about. He didn't even know the store had been robbed. Cherokee Bill saw him with his head out the window, and pulled his sights off the buzzard to Melton, shooting him dead instantly. Melton never knew what hit him.

It soon came my turn but I didn't make poor Dick Richards' mistake of going for a gun. Cherokee Bill robbed me twice in the same week. The first time I didn't know who the holdup men were but, of course, suspected Cherokee Bill's gang.

When Ike Rogers, a half-Negro, half-Indian freedman who lived about five miles east of Nowata down on the Verdegris River near the Coodys' Bluff ford, came in and bought a money order to order whiskey—and paid for it with a $20 bill that had a small round hole right through the center—I knew that $20 bill. It was one I had placed in an envelope the night I was robbed.

This made me suspect that Cherokee was holing up at Ike Rogers', for the whole country knew that Cherokee Bill was sweet on a half-white, half-Cherokee girl named Maggie Glass. She often met Cherokee at the Rogers home for she had been forbidden to see him by her parents.

By the way, this is departing from my story, but another fellow who thought himself a toughy was stuck on Maggie, and he had talked around that he would kill Cherokee Bill if he ever got him in pistol range. This fellow came face to face with Cherokee Bill just as he came up out of the old ford at Coody's Bluff. Cherokee Bill told him that he'd been told he was going to kill him. He made the man get down off his horse, throw away his .45 and then told him to get down on his stomach like the dog he was and eat grass. The man ate grass. Bill then told him if he ever heard of him even carrying a gun, he'd come back and kill him. The man was never known to carry a gun again as long as Cherokee Bill was loose. Cherokee was bad business. Real bad business.

CLINT SCALES and several other U.S. marshals riding out of old Judge Parker's court often came into the depot at Nowata, and most of them, including the famous Bud Ledbetter, came to my home where they were invited to eat with us. They'd put their guns and gunbelt on the dresser and play with the children while we talked.

Sometimes they spent the night with us. We didn't have a spare bed but a pallet quilt thrown on the floor or the front porch was plenty fine with these hardy men. The last thing they always did before going to sleep was to check their guns, which were always kept within easy reach as they slept.

Funny thing about these trackers of outlaws. They'd sleep right through the noise of the kids, or the rattle of pots and pans in the kitchen, or the chopping of wood right outside the room where they were sleeping, but let the least unusual noise occur and like a cat they were awake with a gun in their hands. I've seen it happen several times.

Almost every time one of these lawmen came to Nowata I was told to never, never try to go for a gun or offer any resistance to a holdup. "They'd like to kill you, Bristow, so don't give them a

(Continued on page 46)

A FOURTH OF JULY celebration in 1864 started Prescott, Arizona on its way to becoming the "Cowboy Capital of the World."

Although the settlement was only three months old, and very small, it had become the capital of the Territory, and John N. Goodwin, a native of South Berwick, Maine, had been appointed by President Lincoln as its first Governor.

Prescott, rugged and lively, was bursting its swaddling clothes when Goodwin's secretary, a blue-eyed Irishman named McCormick, decided it was time for the settlement to plan some kind of social event in honor of the new Governor.

The coming Fourth of July seemed an auspicious occasion to invite *everybody* in Arizona Territory to gather for a celebration in Prescott.

However, the confident Irishman faced a few problems, the biggest of which was how to get word to the scattered settlers. Perhaps McCormick's belief that if you want something done well, do it yourself, decided him to advertise for a good saddle mule of "sufficient dignity and sobriety to carry the right-hand man of the official family."

In due time the mule was delivered, and McCormick became a familiar figure as he traveled from one small settlement to another, inviting pioneers to attend the big jamboree at Prescott.

Back at the capital, McCormicks' next hurdle was food. In checking his stores he discovered that such items as flour, sugar and coffee were scarce items in Prescott. Undaunted, the Secretary turned to Fort Whipple for assistance and got it.

Meat, of course, was no problem. Wild game was plentiful: deer, antelope, wild turkey, quail for barbecuing. An official hunter was appointed to take care of this chore. And to be sure the food was properly prepared, the happy Irishman again turned to nearby Fort Whipple for cooks to help Henry Fluery, known as the best "chef" in the Territory.

AS DAWN broke on July 4, settlers began arriving from all directions; some afoot, on horseback, or in mountain wagons to enjoy a day and evening of celebrating.

The music was wonderful! It was furnished by the Fort Whipple Military Band. The miners and soldiers participated in horse racing, log pulling contests between ox teams, foot racing, wrestling, and marksmanship for which prizes were given.

Food was served from tables made of logs—trees which had been cut and trimmed to make a clearing big enough for the entertainment, which later became the Plaza. Governor Goodwin and other Territorial officials had no speaker's stand; they had to do their orating from a huge stump prepared for the occasion. That night the dancers' feet beat time to music on a stretch of hard earth which had been sprinkled down and packed hard the day before.

Everybody had "a grand time," including the Yavapai Indians who had never before seen such doings.

Little seems to have been written about the Fourth of July celebrations from 1864 to 1886. Then a handsome and colorful six-foot cowboy named Charlie Meadows, later known as "Arizona Charlie," came into the limelight. Charlie claimed to have won a silver belt buckle for the steer roping contest and from that day on, became a publicity-loving showman who challenged *any* cowboy in the world to meet him in an all-around contest, for any amount from $500 to $1,000.

Charlie happened to be working in Globe, Arizona, when he went to Phoenix to meet a rival, the great Tom Horn. Both were well known and a huge crowd gathered to witness the contest between them. Horn, noticeably small but wiry, had something of a reputation as a "badman," and it was quite natural that the two cowboys had no love for each other.

When Tom and Charlie met in the arena for the steer roping contest, it didn't last long. On that day, Horn established a new world's record. He tied his steer in 49½ seconds and walked away with the coveted award, leaving handsome Charlie's ego very much deflated.

However, all wasn't lost for Charlie Meadows, for a famous showman, Buffalo Bill Cody, was in the audience.

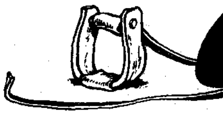
After the rodeo was over, Buffalo Bill interviewed Charlie and invited him to his ranch in Wyoming for further talk about joining up with the show.

In due time, Charlie appeared in Wyoming, but Buffalo Bill obviously had forgotten all about the appointment—he had hurried East on more important business. Hiding his disappointment, Charlie began wearing flashy clothes, let his hair grow long, and started writing letters to all the Wild West shows, signing them "Arizona Charlie." As a result Charlie became a well known performer in the better Wild West shows throughout Europe and America, and enjoyed a long and adventurous life in show business. Charlie Meadows died in Yuma, Arizona, in 1932.

From the unpretentious gatherings from 1864 to 1886, Prescott's Frontier Days celebration developed. Many consider Prescott the home of the first rodeo. In 1888 an all-around cowboy from Mexico, Juan de Leivas, won the contest over all competitors for roping and tying a steer.

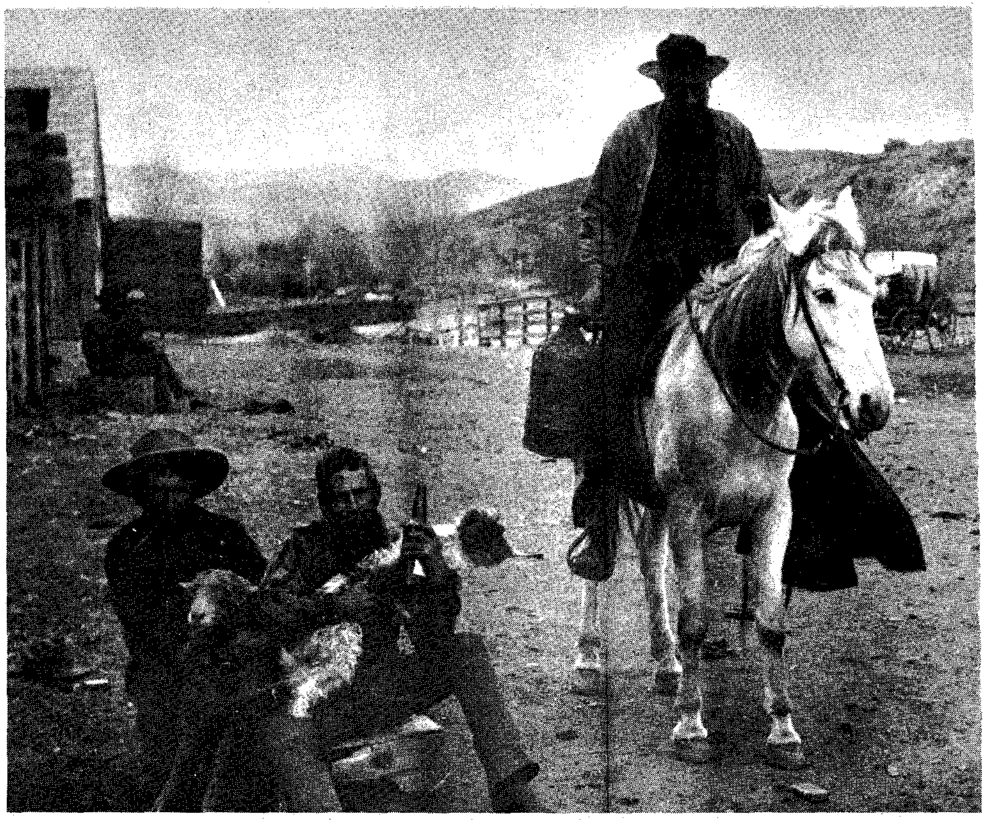
However, the medal presented Leivas on that day mysteriously disappeared from the Sharlot Hall Museum, and in its place now hangs a handsome plaque informing the public of the honors won by this great cowboy.

AS THE population increased from 1888 to 1900, so did the crowds attending Frontier Days' parades and rodeos. Some of the outstanding ropers of those days were Joe and Al Rudy; Bert and Buck Johnson; Oscar Roberts; Grant and Charlie Carter; Dave Berry; Joe Bassett; Walter Cline; the Dickson boys, Joe and Van—all top cowhands on the range. Jim Carter, riding a roan known to be the best roping horse in



Cowboys

Old Yavapai's cowboys pause in the shade to chat and partake of bottle and jug.



A Prescott rodeo contestant

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

Photos Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum

# of OLD YAVAPAI

--a wave of the hat to the riders of Prescott!

Adapted from "Remnants of the Old West" by Harriett Farnsworth, Naylor Co., 1965.

the country, won the steer roping contest in 38 seconds flat.

In those early days Prescott's contestants brought in their own broncs. The boys had no chutes in which to saddle up; no pickup riders to help a fellow out of trouble. The contestant rode his horse until it quit or he was thrown off. The cowboy usually had only two helpers to ear-down and blindfold his bronc, after which he threw on his saddle, hopped on in an open arena, snatched off the blindfold, turned his bronc loose, and was on his own to win or lose.

In 1900 Frontier Days' bronc riding contest was won by Frank Condron of the Walnut Grove area. Frank, the last contestant, knowing he faced stiff competition against Joe Bassett and other top riders, also knew that he had a good chance to win if he put on a good show. Making a dramatic play for the judge's attention, Frank told his helper that the moment he got set in the saddle to strip his bronc's head of the halter. This was done, and Frank, with both hands free and spurs raking his bronc, let himself be high jumped and sunfished into first money.

Bulldogging a steer was a sport originated in 1893 by Bill Pickett, a mixed blood of Choctaw Indian, white and Negro origin from Texas. It was from Bill's acts of skill that the present-day method of bulldogging developed, in which the cowboy throws the bull by the horns, then holds it down by the nose with one hand.

"In speaking of Yavapai's greats," related Gail Gardner—poet, writer, lecturer and one of Prescott's early-day cattlemen—"we cannot overlook one Espisano S. Ordunez, better known in Arizona as 'Yaqui.' He was born of Spanish-American parents in Texas in 1882. Yaqui, who once had a run-in with old Pancho Villa, knew horseflesh. In his younger days he rode the wildest broncs with or without a saddle, and as unconcerned as though he were astride the gentlest of horses.

"As I recall, Yaqui arrived in Yavapai County in 1897. The next year Teddy Roosevelt was calling for volunteers to join up with the Rough Riders for the Spanish-American War. Yaqui tried his damndest to enlist but was too young, which was a great disappointment, for by 1915 he had become an outstanding bronc rider, bulldogger and an all around cowhand, riding in the toughest contests.

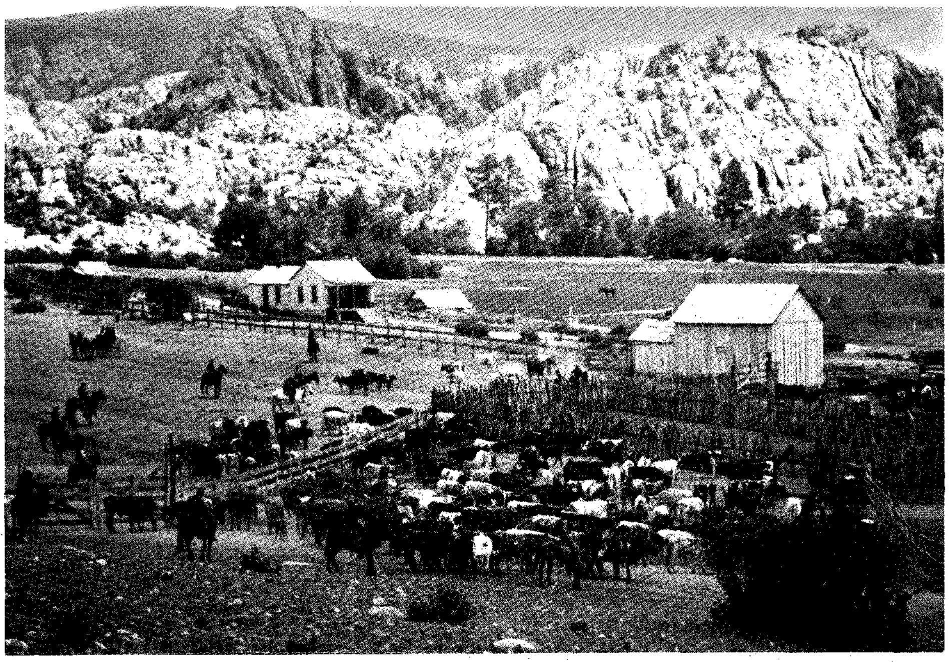
"One of Yaquis' memorable rides began as a joke which he, something of a clown and born with a sense of humor, carried to a finish. Just before the contest in which Yaqui was to ride, one of the cowboys presented him with a garish, orange-colored pair of Angora chaps, which were not worn in this part of the country. Yaqui, accepting them graciously, buckled them on and to further the fun, loaded his six-shooter with blanks. When the gate was sprung and the bronc lunged forward, Yaqui, with a mouthful of gold teeth shining in the sun, came out of the chute yelling, the gun in his right hand blasting away, his riding rope in the left, paying absolutely no attention to the bronc's wild contortions. The crowds roared and Yaqui rode into first money—only to be disqualified because of his clowning.

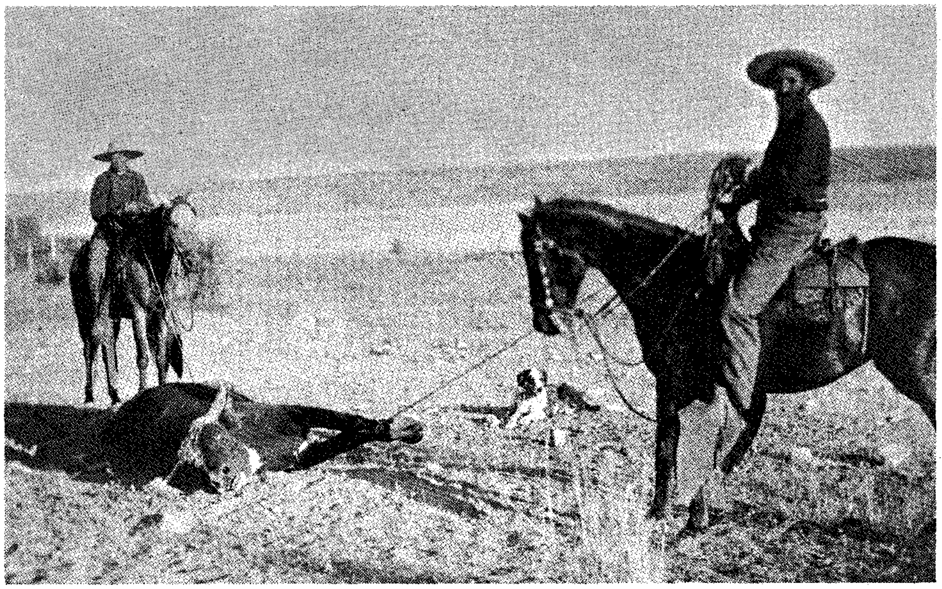
"Another memorable rodeo incident took place," Gail said, "when Yaqui, sitting on the fence sidelines, watched some cowboys trying to ride a bronc that no one had been able to stay on bareback. After Yaqui studied the bronc for a moment, he said with a flourish, 'Huh—I stick on!' and with that was on the surprised bronc's back—without surcingle, only a mane hold. Again, because he had failed to go through the necessary procedures with the judges, Yaqui lost first money. But the born *vaquero* didn't care. What did rules and prizes mean to him? Horses were in his blood, a very vital part of his life."

Gail thought a moment and added, "Even today Yaqui, now in his eighties, slips out of town to ride in small shows —'Just for the hell of it,' he says. And no parade in Prescott would be complete without him. Yaqui has ridden horseback in every celebration since he's lived here even though, because of swollen ankles, he does have to accept a bit of help nowadays in mounting. About this he explained later, 'Once I'm up—that bronc'll have a helluva time throwin' me off.' "

Gail pondered a moment. "We've had and still have a lot of good riders! I'll never forget the year Will Rogers led the parade as Grand Marshal. At the rodeo that afternoon, Will was seated in the judges' stand, and it happened that we had some exceptionally fine bronc riders, bulldoggers and calf ropers that year. Among the latter, Bill Fine, riding an especially good quarter horse, was a hard man to beat. However, on this oc-

Roundup on the Burton Ranch, near Prescott, about 1888





Contested for and Won by
FOR ROPING & TYING STEER

Above, a Mexican and an Indian steer roping in Yavapai County. Left, a plaque commemorating the July 4th steer roping contest in 1888.

casion Bill had plenty of competition.

"When the show began, Will's eyes never missed a move and, toward the end of the show he announced over the megaphone that he had never seen such roping, and added, 'Now boys, I'll tell you what I'll do—not just to show you I've got a hundred dollars—but to see more of this *good* calf ropin', I'll give this $100 bill to the fastest man.' So the show started all over again.

"Will Rogers," said Gail, "knew that every calf roper would come out of that chute hell-bent to make the fastest time he had ever made, and they did—Jake McClure; Homer Ward; the Champie boys, Lawton and George; Roy Adams, Richard Merchant—their time becoming shorter and shorter until one roper tied his calf in 17 seconds, another in 16, another in 14, followed by Merchant who made it in 11 seconds flat—a record at that time—and he walked away with Will's prize money.

"After this exciting contest, all Will Rogers had to say was, 'We-ll, I've seen *some* calf tying'!' That was all and to the point," Gail Gardner ended with a grin.

TODAY there isn't a livery stable or hitching rail in town but Arizona's big cattle country still produces rodeo stars.

"Some of the cowboys who grew up with show business in Prescott," said Gail, "have become publicized all over the nation—Harry Henderson for instance, and no relation to Perry Henderson although they both lived in Yavapai County. Harry's coordination was so great he became an excellent bronc rider. He rode the wildest of them, his eyes on the grandstand, the judges, or just looking around, apparently indifferent to what that bronc was doing to throw him.

"Harry always put on a good show, more often than not winning first money. In 1912 he won the coveted jeweled Championship Medal for bronc riding. The next year Harry lost the medal to Doc Pardee but won it back in 1914.

"On this particular occasion," Gail recalled, "after our regular Fourth of July show in Prescott, somebody suggested it would be nice if the cowboys would put on a little show out at Fort Whipple Hospital for the disabled soldiers. The riders accepted, although their riding had to be done in a very small U-shaped space between two L-shaped buildings. As the plans progressed, some smart cowboy made a bet that Harry couldn't ride a certain roan bronc named Halter in this small area—because every cowboy who called himself a rider had been bucked off the mean little devil.

"However, Harry, knowing this roan to be the ideal horse for bucking in a small space, accepted the bet. So when his turn came to ride, the roan was eared-down, blindfolded, saddled up and, confident as ever, Harry hopped on, snatched off the blindfold, turned the bronc loose, and unconcerned, sat the roan while waving his hat at spectators and horseman standing by to keep him from being bucked into the buildings. The soldiers watched goggle-eyed from every window while Halter bucked and sunfished and finally got tired and quit.

"Perry Henderson was another outstanding rider. He performed before thousands who cheered him at Prescott's Frontier Days from 1926 until 1943, but he never went in for the circuit. After Perry achieved local fame, he got some tempting calls to ride in distant shows but he still stuck to the Prescott area.

"Perry, the *real* cowboy type who, it is said, are "born in the saddle," came from the Middle Verde Valley. Perry was a rancher, in business for himself on his own cattle spread near Dewey, Arizona, just down the road. Here, until 1935, he worked hard and continuously at becoming a skilled rider, and that year won the coveted Championship Award as top bronc rider—a gold medal set with diamonds, then the most sought-after trophy in the West.

"Among the broncs Perry rode that year were the Crying Jew and C. Y. Jones, these two winning the bucking contests for Perry. When he was being congratulated, he merely remarked 'Ah—pshaw! I won because the other boys got bucked off.'"

Several years ago Perry Henderson passed away. and was buried on his ranch near Dewey, where he had spent so many years of his life perfecting his skill as a cowboy.

MOST of yesterday's cowboys of old Yavapai have unsaddled and hung up their bridles: Ab Fain; Frank Waldrop; Whitey Montgomery; the Dickinson boys, Bill, Vic, Dutch; Harry and Perry Henderson; Don Weaver; Jim Reeves; Arthur Heap; Charlie Bingham; Irvin Walker; Ernie Richards; Norvel Cherry; the Wingfields, except Hank who is a retired cattleman in Verde Valley.

With its rodeo background dating from pioneer days, it is not surprising that Prescott calls itself the "Granddaddy" of them all. From the time Father Eusebio Francisco Kino herded cattle and horses into Arizona in 1691 and again in 1700, Arizona has been important as both a cattle and horse state.

Throughout the years to follow, much credit is given to the hard working cowboy who, it is said, "believes in square shooting and square play; whose vocabulary may be limited but whose logic and horse sense is quite adequate. The cowboy may be depended upon to tell the truth always—except when it comes to swapping horses."

The cowboy of yesterday and today may not be the drawing room type because he is a man of the desert, the mountains and vast open spaces. He is keen of eye, strong of body and when it comes to drinking one can believe he has a cast iron stomach. Water is acceptable from a cowtrack or mudhole; his liquor, from a jug or tin cup.

The cowboy is a glutton for punishment. The life he must lead has toughened him to endure sandstorms, desert heat and blizzards. To a degree the cowboy's land is one of fantasy, a land in which he is lord of the open range, and it is from his vivid imagination that tall tales and nostalgic verse have evolved.

Today it is obvious that cowboys still pattern their ways, their clothes and their thinking more or less after the cowboys of yesterday who are remembered for loyalty to their kind. Old-time ranchers say they were clannish, fearless, dependable, and that many "real gentleman riding the range today would rather be called a cowboy than by any other title."

Yet, after a hard day's ride over rugged terrain chasing wild steers, how many cowboys have not felt like the one in Gail Gardner's poem:

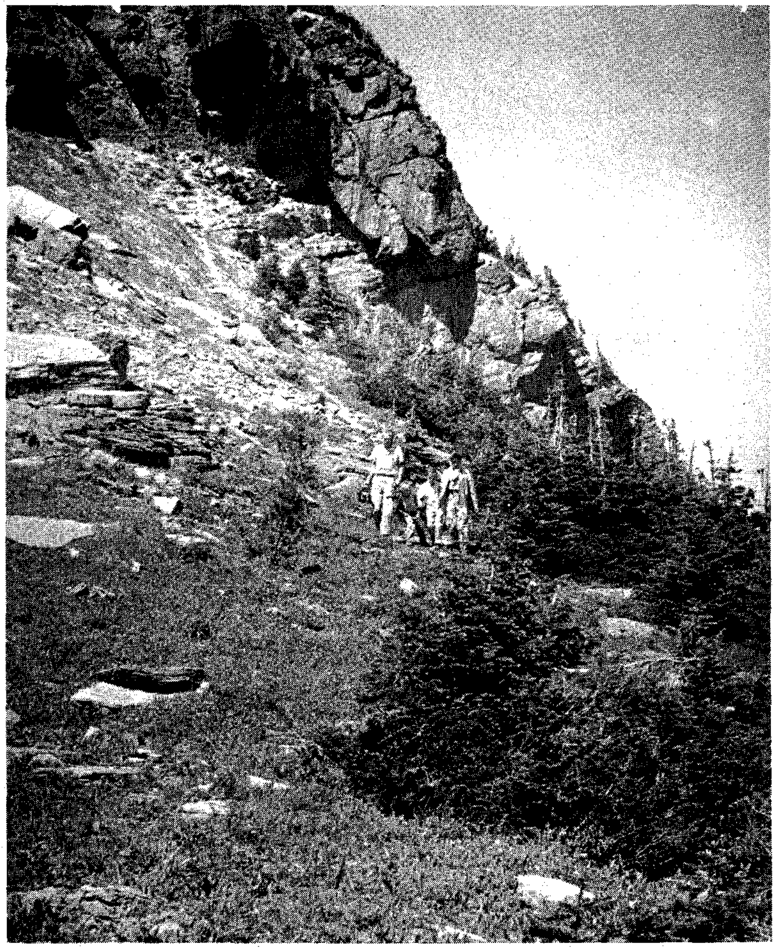
You may swear you will never ride
  again,
And know you will not fail,
  Till you hear a *caballada*
Come a-jingling down the trail.
Then you pack your soogans,
  And prepare to pull your freight,
For you know you're just a cowboy
And your head ain't screwed on
  straight.

WHITE MAN'S FORBIDDEN GROUND

Nothing can more effectively enforce an ancient taboo than a very modern bullet!

By "KICKIN'" BOB KENNON
as told to
FLORENCE B. FRANKLIN

Photo Courtesy Author



Along the trail to the Indian burial caves on Square Butte, near Zortman, Montana

OFTEN while out riding for strays, we cowboys would come upon some very interesting and exciting things—such as skeletons.

One day we noticed horses away up in the rimrocks, so I said I would ride up there and haze them down. There seemed to be quite a band and we felt sure that there were mares with colts, and a stallion. As it turned out, there were many more than we thought and, as various ranchers had lost stock, it was a good find. I recognized many familiar brands as they were herded toward the fellows below.

Suddenly, I noticed what seemed to be a human skeleton, and it appeared to have been dragged out of a cave nearby. I got off my horse and examined the area and found that many skeletons had been dragged about, as well as their arrows and ornaments. I had seen a few Indian burial places before, so I realized I had found the Pikuni burial caves of the Granite Rimrocks. Evidently wild animals had done the damage.

War arrowheads which had been the prized possessions of Indians who had been brave in battle were lying everywhere. There is quite a difference in arrowheads used for war and those used for hunting. These and the skeletons were all that remained, and they made a gruesome sight. I did not touch a thing or go into any of the nearby caves, for they were dangerous for many reasons (besides being the living quarters of skunks and such).

The Indians of the Plains usually buried their dead in trees but the Pikunis seemed to prefer caves, up in the rocky areas off the beaten paths of other human beings. And they guarded their sacred dead. I got out of there as fast as possible after I determined just what all the skeletons were.

When I rode down to the rest of the fellows, one of them said, "Hell, I hope no Injuns were watching you up there, Bob!"

THE MILWAUKEE RAILROAD follows the old Indian trail pretty closely but, of course, long ago all signs of it were plowed grass side down. Farmers have plowed up everything for wheat, and a lot of grand old landmarks were carelessly destroyed for no good reson. Some dry-lander would do this and never care at all for the Montana history he was destroying, especially if he had come up from Iowa or the Dakotas.

One can still see from these railroad tracks, the Granite Rimrocks on the long Square Butte, but few people would dare go into the caves or prowl among the remains of Indian dead. It was because of one of these foolish "few," however, that I lost a lot of sleep.

Many times farmers in that area would ask me, "Bob, I'd like to know where the place is that was once known as 'Hell's Half Acre.'" I would show them the old freighters' road between Square Butte and the Geraldine townsite, but it too, is all plowed grass side down, for the dust-bowl wheat farmers have ruined it. However, I can always tell where it was once from the Indian marks on the Granite Rimrocks above us. This old freighters' road was rough, all right, as it was virtually bottomless in muddy weather. Drivers of jerk line outfits would swear a blue streak as they tried to pull their heavy loads out of the deep ruts.

One evening I stayed to eat a late supper over at the ranch of a good friend of mine. As I had noticed that someone had made a camp not far from the house, I asked him, "Who's camping here on the ranch?" He said that a geologist-engineer and his wife, and parties from time to time with them, were exploring.

Soon they all came up to the house in their jeep and I met them. The young woman seemed nice, and she and her husband were very interested in everything I could tell them about this area so familiar to me. I regretted afterwards that I had spoken of the skeletons on Square Butte, for before I knew it, she was dead set to have me take them up to the cave area the very next day. She even offered to pay me daily wages to help them with their project.

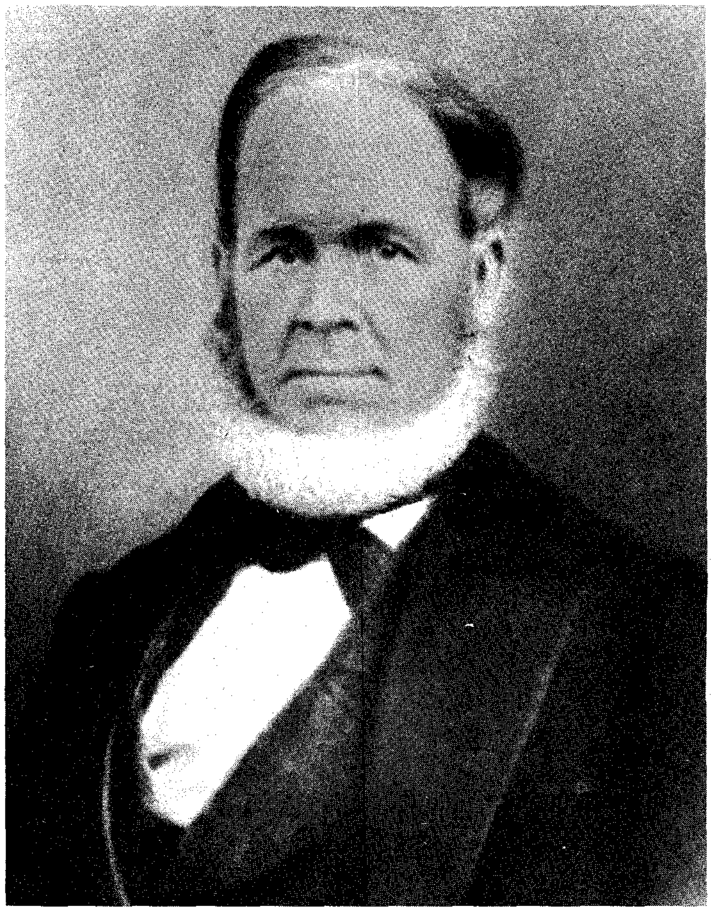
She had a big collection of arrowheads but none from this area; she was especially determined to get some war arrowheads. Her husband was doing field work so he could get his papers from some big university. He was all for us going up the next morning and was terribly put

(Continued on page 52)

OREGON'S Johnny Appleseed

What's a little thing like starting across the Plains with a wagonload of fruit trees? Why get discouraged because your neighbors warn you that a green thumb will never take the place of brains?

By PATRICK A. HALL



Henderson Luelling

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

EVERY Salem, Iowa, 'backer chawin' old-timer who knew anything at all about the hazards to be encountered on the wagon road to Oregon Territory was more than happy to share his knowledge and wisdom with Henderson Luelling, whether he wanted it or not.

"You're crazier than a catnipped old tomcat if you think you can get them water lovin' trees through that desert country," they would insist. "And, even if you somehow did, there ain't an ox team in the country that could pull them Rocky and Blue Mountains with a wagon that heavy—'ceptin' maybe Paul Bunyan's team!"

But not only did Luelling refuse to take the good advice he was offered about giving the whole thing up, he talked about the venture so enthusiastically and convincingly that a couple of neighbors, the Fishers and the Hocketts, decided to make the trip with him and his beloved trees. What's more, as if to validate the advisory committee's sad diagnosis of his mental state, he calmly announced that, since none of the three family heads had ever been West before, the little group would rely on Joel Palmer's do-it-yourself booklet, *Guide to Crossing the Plains.*

And so, today, Oregon's massive fruit industry owes its existence to the persistence and downright dogged determination of one man—Henderson Luelling.

IT WAS 1843 when Henderson first looked west and began dreaming. That was the year the first great migration had set out across the wide Missouri and the Valley of the Platte. Nearly a thousand souls crossed the Plains that spring and summer. To the budding Oregon country it was a year never to be equaled in importance. In addition to finally opening the trail the expedition brought with it many young, aggressive and talented settlers so sorely needed for the staggering chore of hacking civilized, progressive communities out of the dark, forbidding forest lands. Spearheading the expedition was the Peter H. Burnett train with Jesse Lindsay and Charles Applegate as captains and James W. Nesmith, orderly sergeant. Burnett went on to become California's first governor. The Applegate brothers became prominent Oregon state and local government figures, while James Nesmith became a judge, superintendent of Indian affairs, senator from Oregon during Lincoln's tenure of office and representative in Congress from 1873-1875. It seems almost shameful that this great servant of the people now lies in a grave that's not only overgrown with heavy weeds and thick underbrush, but is also threatened each year by the flood waters of the historic Rickreall Creek.

From 1845 to 1847 the members of the Luelling train busied themselves making preparations for the 2,000-mile trip into the setting sun. The Fishers and Hocketts each built two wagons, while Luelling had to build three. The third wagon he designed specially for his cherished hybrid fruit stock.

Taking what he considered the most hardy specimens of apple, cherry, plum, pear, peach and all varieties of berry strains, totaling 700 plants, he placed them in two separate boxes filled with a mixture of charcoal and soil twelve inches deep. The plants measured twenty inches to four feet tall. Dividing the plants in this manner facilitated easy removal from the wagon bed in the event of wagon breakdown, or for purposes of fording rivers and streams. Henderson's teenage son, Alfred, was assigned the task of driving the big wagon and seeing that the plants were adequately watered.

Courtesy Fred Strickler

This 1909 apple harvest scene in the Wenatchee Valley is evidence that Luelling's efforts were successful. The orchard shown here was that of W. T. Clark, and is the present site of Wenatchee Valley College.

It was a beautiful Saturday morning, April 17, 1847, when the little nursery train set out from Iowa. The wagons creaked and rattled, and the oxen grunted and snorted under the strain as they moved slowly across the rolling hills of Iowa and grassy prairie lands of Nebraska. The prophets of doom proved right in one respect. The wagon full of soil and plants was indeed heavy, and would require slow and measured travel. But Luelling reasoned it would be much easier for animals, women and children as well as the plants to take the trip slowly.

WHAT WAS probably the smallest wagontrain to ever assemble for the long, historic trek to and beyond the great mountains puffed its way to the top of a high and sandy hill a few days after the unique journey began. On top of the hill they stood for a moment, awestruck, as they looked down upon three huge circles made up of prairie schooners sprawled out in the valley below. Smoke from innumerable campfires billowed lazily upward, cutting a straight path to the cloudless blue sky. White canvas glittered in the bright afternoon sunlight. In the distance the sound of cattle bawling, horses nickering, and the laughter of children playing tag among the great wagons could be heard. It was the gigantic Lot Whitcomb train, largest ever to cross the Plains. Enough people were congregated there on the prairie to populate a small city.

After discussing the matter for a short time, Lot Whitcomb, Dr. Elizah White and all of the captains of the big train agreed it would be safer for all concerned if the little Luelling train were to attach itself to the larger one. In event of an Indian attack a train could not be too large, they reasoned. It was almost certain the little train would never make it to the Rocky Mountains without being wiped out by marauding Cheyennes or Oglallas. Any other thought was impertinence. On the other hand there was no band of Indians on the Plains crazy enough to attack a wagontrain 154 wagons strong.

All was not to be peaches and cream, however. Problems soon began to arise. Pasturage and water were not always adequate for such a throng of animals and humanity. Dr. White devised a solution.

The train would be divided into three segments. There would be fifty wagons in the first segment, fifty in the second, and fifty-four in the third. The first segment would be sent ahead, followed by the others at such intervals as would allow for adequate grass growth between camping sites. The third group would take the extra four wagons and be led by Captain Peter Bonser. Bonser was experienced. He would be assisted by Dr. White who was also experienced. In addition White was a medical doctor, a decided asset in the event of illness or Indian attack. These factors would more than offset any burden the extra four wagons might be.

Everything went well until, sometime prior to crossing the Platte River about where Kearney, Nebraska now stands, John Fisher fell ill with a critical fever. He suffered intensely and when he expired, Dr. White confessed he was unable to diagnose the illness. Then, shortly after crossing the Platte, Mrs. Fisher and her infant son came down with what appeared to be the same fever. The die was cast. Whispered fears of an epidemic were impossible to squelch. And that crazy wagon load of trees was slowing everybody down! When Mrs. Fisher and her baby died before reaching Chimney Rock, immediate action was demanded of Bonser and White.

No one really thought Luelling would get his precious cargo any farther than the Rocky Mountains; therefore, the chore that befell the two leaders was not difficult. They simply stated facts as they saw them, insisting the big, bulky tree wagon would have to be given up in order for the caravan to make up time lost caring for the Fishers. In addition, since Mrs. Luelling had nursed Mrs. Fisher and her baby, it might be best if they traveled behind the others for a few days to prevent further spreading of the mysterious fever.

ONCE AGAIN the determined soul of Henderson Luelling stirred. He emphatically refused to give up the wagon with the announcement that he, his wife and his eight children would not only drop behind, they would continue on alone to Oregon Territory. The Hocketts, when the chips were down, faithfully stood by the devoted nurseryman and said they would continue as they had begun, even if it took until Christmas next year to complete the trip to the promised land. The little group broke off. Now, only five wagons strong, there would be little protection from any sort of attack.

The five wagons plodded along. Up over Robideaux Pass they rolled, setting their sights on Independence Rock. The remainder of the journey was made without incident. There were a few Indian scares and many an anxious moment over their need for water, but Joel Palmer always came through, providing help whenever it was needed most.

Arriving only a short time after Captain Bonser's group, the nursery party pulled in the gates of the Wailatpu Mission amid a frenzy of anxious talk about an Indian uprising. With the advance wagons had come the measles. Having no tolerance or resistance to the disease, the Indians were succumbing in frightening numbers. In addition, Jo Lewis, a half-breed, still bitter about being fired from the Mission's employ, was spreading a rumor among the superstitious Cayuse Indians that Dr. Whitman was poisoning them in order to get more land for his many white friends coming across the mountains. Shortly after Luelling's wagons left, violent emotions erupted into a full scale massacre of Whitman, his wife and ten others.

When the Luellings arrived in the Willamette Valley, it had been their intention to open a small dry goods store to tide them over until the trees began to produce. But the long, weary journey had required the use of nearly all the merchandise they had brought for that purpose. Enough remained, however, to enable Henderson to strike up a handsome trade for A. E. Wilson's land claim at the mouth of Johnson Creek on the Willamette River.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY plants survived the ravages of desert heat, mountain chill and a tumbling, tossing ride down the Columbia River aboard a raft. They had been growing in the wagon bed for seven months when they were removed and planted in rich Oregon soil.

The word that an Iowa nurseryman with a wagonload of young fruit trees had arrived with the latest emigration spread like a wheat stubble fire. "Impossible!" scoffed the old-timers. "Nobody could bring trees across that trail!"

Luelling's place soon looked like a widow's auction. From all over the countryside farmers came to make offers. They pleaded for everything or anything. One farmer offered $3.00 per plant for the entire lot. After patiently listening to all bids, Luelling announced: "Gentlemen, I'm sorry you came so far for nothing. I won't have anything for sale for at least three years. Then I'll be selling grafting shoots and you can have your own fruit trees. But until then, nothing. My mind's made up!"

Luelling had never planned on cornering the fruit market. His dream was to see his trees growing all over the new land. Three years and a new partner later, the doors of Luelling and Meek Nursery were opened for business. Much like Johnny Appleseed the two men set

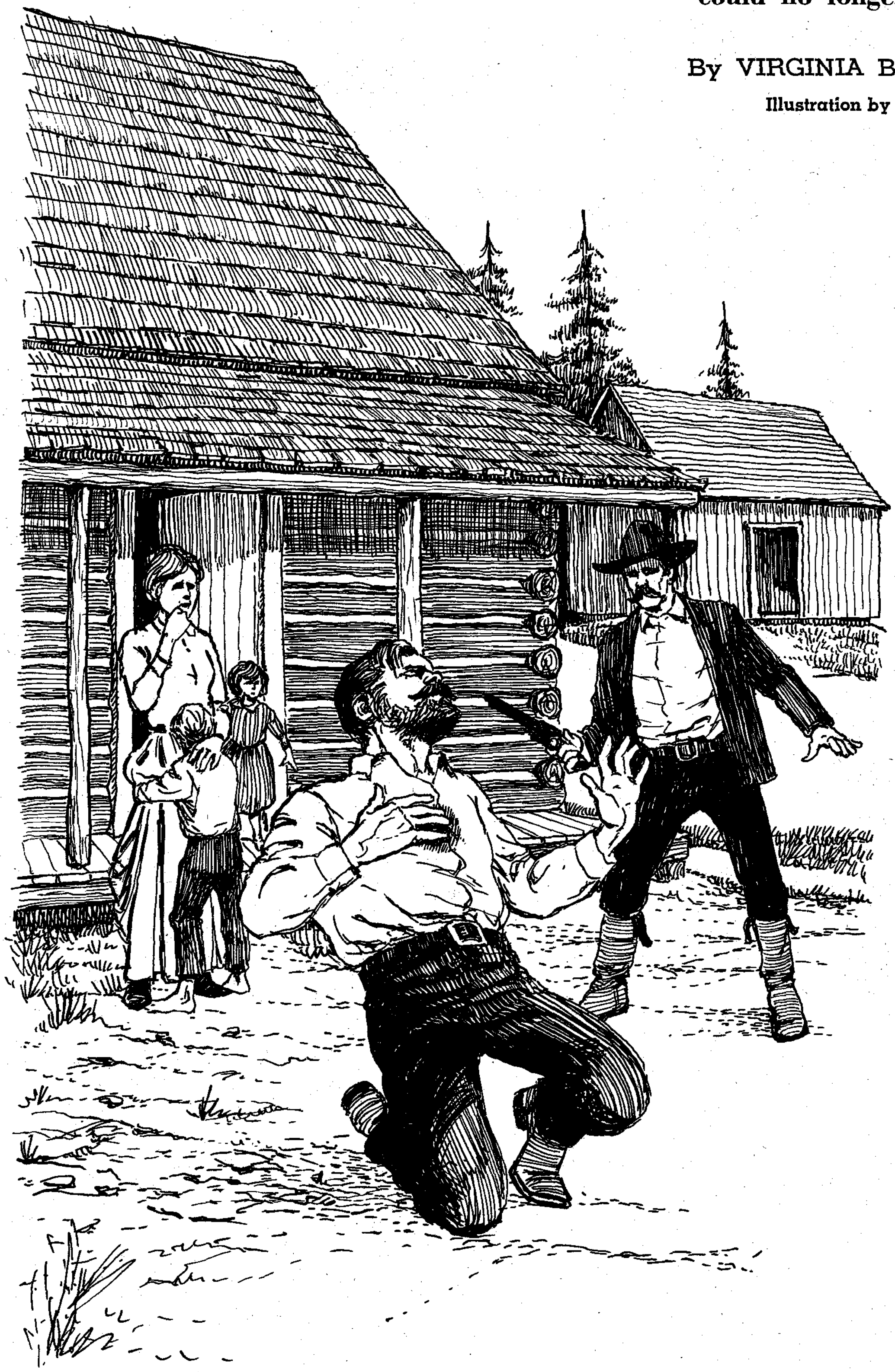
(Continued on page 52)

The MASON-HENRY GANG

Up and down San Joaquin Valley they plundered and killed—and the man who had put the guns in their hands could no longer control them

By VIRGINIA BARTHOLOMEW

Illustration by Paul Hudgins



GEORGE BELT hated the North and all Northerners. A rich and prosperous man with vast holdings of land, sheep and cattle, he had served as Alcalde in Stockton until 1848 when California was admitted to the Union. But now, as the tide of war began to turn in favor of the North, he could no longer hide his anger and resentment. He had to act.

Why not wage guerilla warfare on all Northern sympathizers and scare them back East from whence they had come? Then a Pacific Republic could be formed, with wealth enough to amply repay his followers for the sacrifices, both moral and material, that they would be expected to make.

There were many discontented men who were in total agreement with the idea and were willing to back any army that could be organized, so Belt collected a gang of desperadoes at his ranch where he outfitted them with his best horses and the best side arms that could be had in those days. Thus began the notorious Mason-Henry Gang.

Mason, a large, dark and heavily built man, was chosen as the leader and Henry, a less imposing figure, became first-in-command under Mason. These two cutthroats had worked together as small time crooks and murderers in San Benito County, under the guise of being ex-Confederates sent to harass Northerners in California for the "cause" of the South. Belt's plan clothed their operations with a mantle of respectability far beyond their dreams.

They opened the campaign by killing and robbing an old inoffensive German who lived in the northern part of the San Joaquin Valley. It was rumored that the man had a small fortune buried somewhere near his home. They then proceeded south through the San Joaquin Valley making contacts where they could expect aid and assistance if such became necessary.

Their southern boundary was the Tehachapi Range, on land which now belongs to the Tejon Cattle Company. Here they maintained a hideout in Tejon Canyon, about nine miles southwest of the town of Tehachapi. The trail between Tehachapi and the hideout was extremely dangerous since it ran down a long, sharp ridge with a bluff many hundreds of feet high on the west side, and the east was so steep and full of brush it was impossible to get a horse down to the canyon floor. The trail was about five feet wide and in one place, around a big boulder, just three feet. Of course, there were easier but longer trails over the mountain if a man weren't in a hurry. (According to my grandfather, somewhere near the bottom of the trail Mason hid his saddle bags and money belt, which were stuffed with cash and jewelry from a robbery in Tehachapi. This on the day that he was killed.)

AFTER establishing a camp in the Tejon and getting their equipment in order while Mason visited a lady friend living nearby, the gang started back up the San Joaquin Valley on a bloody rampage which was to last for several years and bring fear to every honest and decent person living in that part of the state.

A school election had been held at Kingston on the lower Kings River at which a man named Robinson had expressed his views about the South. His remarks were anything but complimentary and had he been sober he probably would have kept his mouth shut. When Mason and his gang of cutthroats stopped at Kingston for a little refreshment and rest, Robinson's invective against the Confederates was the main topic of conversation.

On leaving Kingston, the gang took a few bottles along to tide them over till they could reach Elkhorn, some twenty miles to the west where Robinson made his home. They reached Elkhorn about sunset. After calling Robinson out of the house, they forced him to get down on his knees and abused him in the vilest language before shooting him in the presence of his frightened wife and little children.

By this time they were getting hungry so they stopped at the Joseph Hawthorne place which was eight miles beyond Elkhorn. Hawthorne had not been in the area long enough to build a house but had become well known for his openhandedness and kindness to everyone who came by his simple home—a tent. From the evidence strewn about his camp, it was deduced that he evidently cooked supper for the gang before being shot and robbed of his watch and the little money he had on his person. They turned the camp upside down searching for other valuables which he might have hidden among his meager belongings. They then went up the valley to their headquarters on the Belt Ranch at the junction of the Tuolumne and the San Joaquin Rivers.

On one of their trips down through the mountains to the east of San Joaquin Valley, after visiting the various mining camps scattered about, they stopped at the McFarlane House which was situated in the pass just beyond Linns Valley. There they put up their horses and ordered supper of a Mr. Wyckoff who was in charge in the absence of the McFarlane brothers. Mason asked for the McFarlane "boys" who were known to be on the side of the North, but was told that they were away on business.

After eating and drinking, they demanded all the cash in the house and told Wyckoff to tell the McFarlanes to "charge it to the Mason-Henry Gang." Fortunately, Thomas McFarlane, returning unexpectedly, recognized their horses and hid out till they left. This was in August, 1865 and a reward of $2,500 had been offered for the guerillas, dead or alive. Wyckoff did not dare try his luck at collecting and considered himself fortunate that he was not molested.

IN JULY of that same year the gang had stopped on Greenhorn Mountain and robbed Eugene Calliand, who kept a store on the high mountain pass for the benefit of scattered settlers and miners in the area. He also kept a considerable amount of cash buried near his store as he frequently made loans to trusted people in the neighborhood. His stock consisted of the usual staples, a small stock

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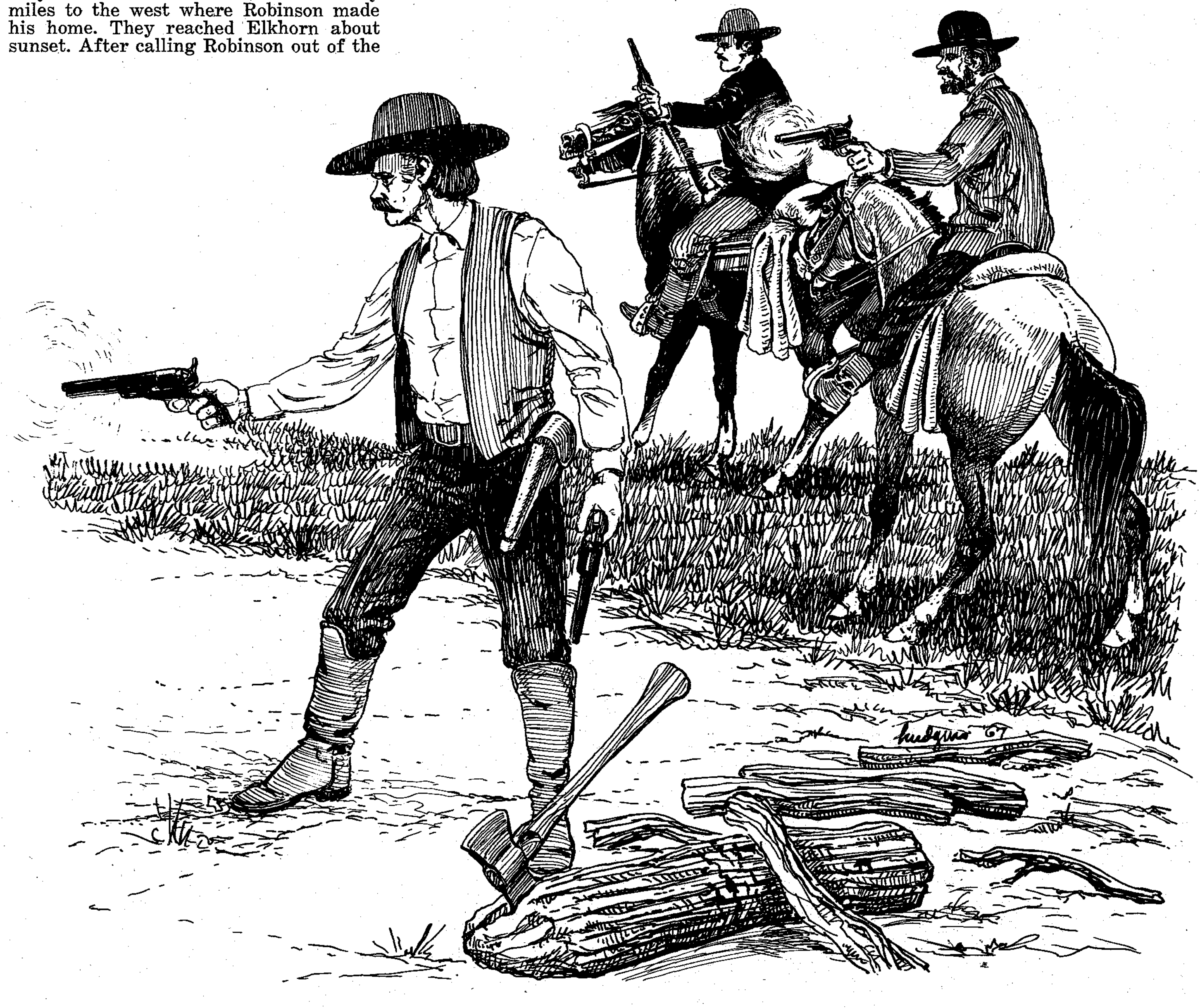


FIVE MONTHS

Running off the teacher was the bounden duty of the biggest boy in class. If he couldn't do it, he called in his married brother or his old man!

By H. L. SOMERVILLE

Photos Courtesy Author

RAIN BEAT steadily on the faces of the two men staggering toward the south bank of Red River. A flash of lightning split the darkness of early morning, showing that rain also pelted on the body they carried, washing the blood in thin trickles from the dead man's chambray shirt.

The two men stumbled doggedly onward, cursing now and then as though to an accompaniment of the thunder of the summer storm.

They kept listening to the roar of the river, getting their bearings by instinct and lightning flashes as they slipped and slid in the red Texas clay of the narrow trail.

"We're here," the bigger man panted, stopping when the roar of the river became almost deafening. He waited until lightning made the earth visible, showing the drop-off to the roiling water ten feet below. On the cliff-like drop, red-brown water twisted, rushing, rising, lashing out in its fury, carrying large trees and seeming to reach for the body of the dead man and anything else it could devour.

The smaller man shuddered.

"All right, start swinging," the big man commanded.

He held the corpse by its hands while his companion grabbed the feet.

"At the count of three," the big man commanded again, "throw him in the water. Throw just as far as you can."

They swung the body in a heavy arc.

"One! Two!"

"Wait a minute, fellow!" the small man called above the noise of wind and water. "You got a silver dollar in your pocket?"

The big man put down the body, stared disgustedly at the darkness, waiting for another flash of lightning. "What do you want with a silver dollar at a time like this?"

"Well," the small man insisted, shaking his head in determination, "we just can't send this poor guy to hell without a silver dollar in his pocket, can we? It wouldn't be kindly."

The larger man hesitated. "No, it sho' wouldn't," he agreed. "We gotta be mannerly about this, all right."

So the body was thrown in Red River, a silver dollar in its pocket. It was found downstream a couple of days later, having hung on a tree which had washed ashore. The two men were convicted of killing their victim during a gambling and drinking spree. They were sentenced to five years in Huntsville, the state penitentiary.

The jury laughed at the story of the silver dollar, and that act of "chivalry" probably saved them from getting a longer sentence.

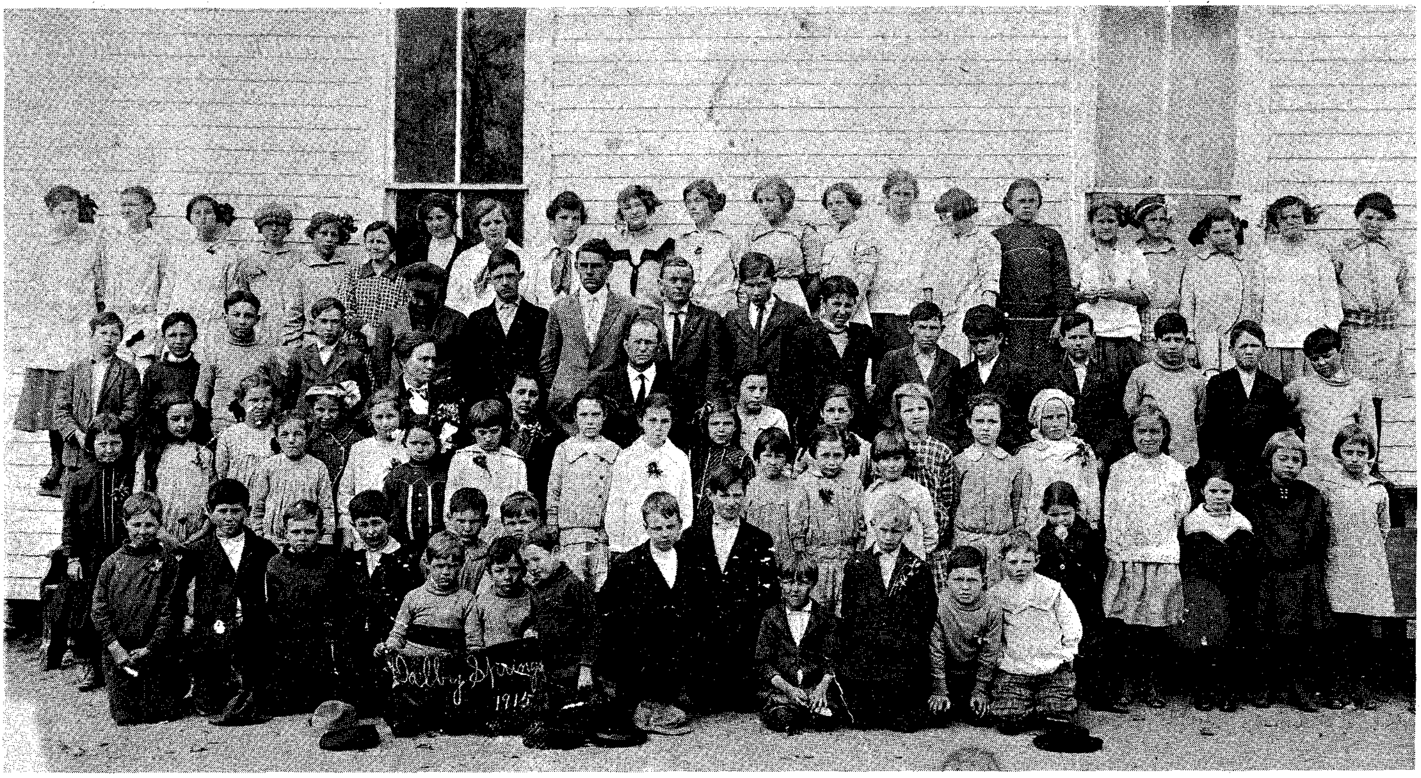
This happened in Red River County, and it is typical of that rural country when my father and other relatives taught school there years ago. Things hadn't changed much, either, when I taught a two-teacher school deep in the piney woods near the river we call Big Red.

RED RIVER COUNTY is in the northeast corner of Texas. It is close to Arkansas, and separated from Oklahoma only by the river.

Red River County, still one of the most colorful parts of the nation, is in the Pine Belt. Timber and cattle are listed officially as the main sources of income. Those of us who have lived there know that trapping furs and making moonshine whiskey were important income sources, too.

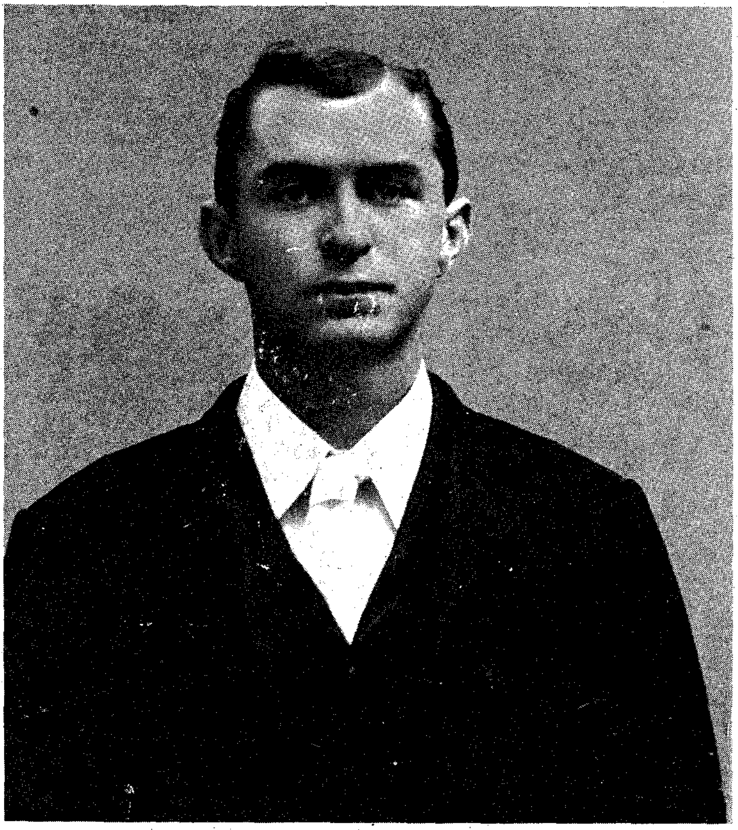
John Nance Garner, Vice President of the United States under Franklin Roosevelt, was born in this county. Newspaper reporters, in covering the Four States Fox Hunters' Convention at Negley several years ago, spoke of it as "unspoiled paradise, with thousands of acres of virgin pine." Most of the pine is about as virgin as a sawmill divorcee, but it's still a pretty country.

Lots of people on the owl-hoot from Tennessee and other states hid there in the early days, reluctant to leave the pine-clad shores and cane-brake swamps of Big Red.



Dalby Springs School in 1915. Henry C. Somerville, father of the author, is in center of photograph.

TERM IN THE PINEY WOODS



Henry C. Somerville, late 1890s

As late as the 1940s, an elderly, highly respected community leader north of Bagwell indulged in a deathbed scene, right out of the past. As his children and grandchildren gathered around, he rallied his strength.

"Got something to tell you," he panted, trying to raise his head. "This name I go by—it isn't really my name. Nor yours, either."

They waited respectfully, wiping away the tears that fell silently down their leathery cheeks.

The old man raised a hand. "Got in trouble in Alabama," he said unsteadily. "I better tell you your real name."

He became silent for a while, as though thinking. One of the younger sons made the mistake of being impatient.

"What is our name, Papa?" he asked with trembling lips.

"Damned if I'll tell you!" the old man snapped stubbornly. "Best not to trust anybody." He turned his face away and died some hours later, still suspicious and silent. He was one of the finest men I ever knew.

There were other unconventional leave-takings. One that occurred outside of Red River County happened when my mother was teaching near Daingerfield or Hughes Springs—I've forgotten which. One old fellow was about to die a natural death, which was surprising in his case. He asked to be buried standing up with a fully loaded shotgun on each side of his body and a cartridge belt around his waist.

"I'll go through hell a-popping," he promised weakly, trying to laugh. "By damn, everybody down there will know it's me!"

"THERE'S GOOD people here," my Great-uncle David Chambers used to say when talking about his teaching and banking days starting with the 1880s. "Good people. They'll do anything for you if they like you and 'most anything to you if they don't.

"They nearly aways tempered killings with mercy and a sense of humor," he said once, speaking of the early days and stories he'd heard. When Deputy U. S. Marshal D. E. Booker brought back three bank robbers—dead, of course—the people of Clarksville gave them a decent burial. They wouldn't bury them in the graveyard with honorable people, but they didn't want them to be too lonesome. So the outlaws were buried just outside the cemetery.

Then the people of Clarksville showed mercy to the poor men. Most graves in the South and Southwest are dug due east and west. A law-abiding, God-fearing man is buried with his head to the west and feet to the east so he can rise facing the Resurrection. Or at least it's that way in Red River County.

Being sportsmen, the citizens of Clarksville reversed that and buried the outlaws with their heads to the east and feet to the west.

"That was so the outlaws could get a good running start away from the Resurrection on Judgment Day," my father, Henry Chambers Somerville, used to explain, laughing. "The bank at Jefferson was the one that got robbed, so the people at Clarksville weren't mad at the robbers. They figured this would give them a better chance to out-run the devil."

Marshal Booker's account of his bringing these men in sounds totally unlike "gun battles" as we think of them today.

The outlaws had been trailed across the Big Red into what is now Oklahoma but was then Indian Territory. Here they had captured a boy and his horse-drawn hack. The roads forked, and the pursuing lawmen didn't know which of the two trails was the right one.

Booker took the left road and quickly overtook the only hack on that road. It was occupied by an innocent Indian family. Knowing the country well, he cut through the woods to the next road. The dust there was well settled and there were no wheel tracks. He was ahead of the outlaws.

The marshal dismounted and waited behind a big tree in a spot where the brush furnished added cover for him. His problem now was to get the men without hurting the boy or letting them use the boy as a shield. He knew the men had also picked up three women from a house near Red River. Booker had never shot a woman, even accidentally. He purposely waited until the hack was almost abreast of him, then shouted for the men to surrender.

They began firing and shouting at the horses. As he had hoped they would, they stood up as they fired, trying to see him. The boy and the women dropped to the floor of the hack.

That was the break Booker needed. In a matter of seconds, the outlaws were dead.

The Marshal wasn't using a pistol, incidently. He was behind a darned good tree with a darned good rifle. The boy and the women were unhurt.

My father said that Marshal Booker was retired when he knew him. Booker visited often at the house of his son-in-law, Judge Sutton Chambers, one of my great-uncles. Papa described Booker as a very courtly man, well educated and quite gentlemanly. He was fastidious in his dress and manners.

"This soft-spoken, extremely well mannered old gentleman was one of the toughest gunfighters in Texas history," Papa used to say. "He killed a great many men, methodically and without fear or hesitation. He was good at law enforcement, but he would have been good at any business. He looked like a schoolteacher or a minister."

I think Papa must have been thinking about a teacher in a city school. In those days, it helped if a teacher in a rural school looked fairly tough.

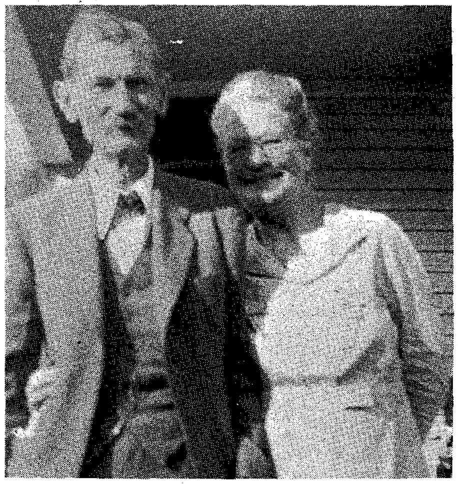
DAVID Ayres Chambers was a peaceful man until the going got rough. He got his first teaching job in the 1880s. He had about half a handful of small children the first week of school and they were all well mannered.

Then one day a new and unwelcome student walked in. He was a teen-ager, half a head taller than Uncle David and well built.

"I come to get some l'arning," he announced loudly. Then he sat down and waited.

"He had no intention of studying," Uncle David would say, chuckling and pulling at his gray-brown mustache. "In those days, whipping the teacher was an established tradition. Some of the kids who didn't want to go to school would talk their big brothers or a neighbor boy into enrolling and whipping the teacher. If a teacher couldn't whip all the kids, he lost his job.

"In some parts of the state, the community would see that this didn't happen. Or they'd see that trouble-makers were expelled. But in the piney woods of Red



Mr. and Mrs. David Chambers in the 1930s

River County, a teacher was on his own. It was sort of an unwritten law.

"I knew the boy would act so badly I'd have to try to control him. Well, that's what happened. When I picked up a paddle and started for him, he hit me with his fist."

"We went at it, hot and heavy. He had the advantage of being bigger and I had the advantage of being a couple of years older. Besides, I wanted to keep that job. Finally, I got him bent over a desk and when I did, I hit him as hard as I could across the seat with that paddle."

"He squalled and then I really let him have it. When I let up, he almost ran out of the school, cussing a blue streak."

The remainder of the day was uneventful, though Uncle David kept watching the door of the schoolhouse. There was just one door.

He let out school early, hoping one of the nearby families would come to his aid as soon as the children told what had happened.

Just as he banked the fire in the iron stove, a bearded man rode up on a mule.

"You the teacher what whupped my boy?" he almost shouted, stopping just outside the door. He let fly a big splat of homemade chewing tobacco as he waited for Uncle David's reply, streaking the outside of the door jamb.

"The only thing I could do was face him and try a bluff," Uncle David told me years later. "I put my right hand in my coat pocket, trying to form the outline of a small hand gun. Then I turned toward him, careful not to bat an eye.

"His eyes bugged out like turkey eggs as he kept staring at my coat pocket. The light wasn't good and he apparently couldn't be sure if I did have a gun. I moved quickly so that the door jamb hid my right side."

"He must have decided I was bluffing, because he started laughing. 'By gosh,' he said, only those weren't his exact words, 'you're spunky, Teacher. I'll tell you what. I'll pay for my boy to come to school to you, and if he gives any more trouble, I'll whup him myself. By gosh, that'll l'arn him!"

THE FIRST SCHOOL Papa taught was of the same type. It was isolated, in a community where some parents wanted a school and some parents encouraged "whipping the teacher."

The two previous teachers had been run off. Papa decided he'd take a crack at it when he learned the salary was a guaranteed $30 a month.

"College students wore mustaches then," Papa would say. "One of the first things I had done when I went to Sam Houston Normal at Huntsville was to start growing a mustache. I was in my second year of school by this time and the mustache was big and black, and turned up like handlebars when I waxed it."

Another Red River County student at Sam Houston, four years Papa's senior, heard about the school first. He applied for the job and was turned down as being too young.

Papa had a naturally heavy five o'clock shadow, his black bristles contrasting with the ruddiness of his Scotch-Irish complexion. When his friend told him what had happened, they decided to trust the inadequate lighting of most pioneer houses in those days.

They added mustache wax to the handlebars and shaved Papa's hair in a V-shape away from his forehead.

"I rode a train to Clarksville, going from the depot to Judge Sutton Chamber's house," he recalled. "Aunt Gyp kept fussing at me, telling me I needed to shave again before I left on horseback to ride into the pines after that job. I didn't tell her what I was trying to do."

In the dim light of a coal oil lamp, his newly shaved "bald spots" shining, he talked with school trustees and got the job. Not once did they ask his age.

"We had a young fellow come down from Sam Houston last week," one of them said as Papa forked his horse for the ride back to Clarksville. "We liked him, but we wanted an older man like you."

"I thought if I got the jump on the students who had run the other teachers off, I might be able to stay," Papa used to reminiscence. "So that fall, before school opened, I cut some hickories about the size of my thumb and placed them on my desk. I found out which boys were ring leaders and got ready for them.

"Several days of school went by and there was no trouble. We took solid rubber balls and covered them with string, putting in plenty of stitching so the ball wouldn't unravel. Each fellow whittled out a bat or two from saplings or whatever lumber was handy. I thought maybe if I got those boys interested in playing ball, they might want school to last all of the five months' term."

Papa went armed. As he walked up and down between the desks in this one-room schoolhouse, he would carry a short hickory, using it as a pointer for blackboard work.

After about three weeks, one of the ring leaders gave him some back talk.

"I moved as fast as I could, knowing it was now or never," Papa used to chuckle. "I yanked him out of his desk and bent him over another one, whopping him a few with that hickory. It happened so suddenly the other boys didn't have time to get organized. I never had any more trouble. We kept on playing ball and the term went the full five months."

FOR A WHILE, Papa boarded with a family who made him agree that he would buy his own coal oil and lamp if he wanted to read after dark. The family had one lamp, but it was used only in emergencies. Coal oil cost a nickel a gallon.

Board was seven dollars a month. Papa had the upstairs room in this slab house.

Being used to a good bed at home, he rolled and tossed most of the first night on a skimpy mattress. Long before daylight, when the smell of breakfast bacon caused him to quit trying to sleep, he lighted his coal oil lamp.

The youngest boy of the family, a freckled-faced, shaggy-haired towhead of about ten, climbed the ladder to Papa's room.

"Well, Professor," he greeted, smiling as though from a big joke, "how did you sleep last night?"

"Oh, all right," Papa lied, trying to keep peace with the landlord's family.

"You're a damned liar," the urchin said cheerfully, shifting his wad of homegrown to another cheek. "But it ain't Ma's fault. She tried. Uncle Bud promised he'd bring more hay for your mattress, and he didn't."

This urchin was bright in other ways, too.

"After dark, the family just naturally gathered in front of the fireplace," Papa would say. "They didn't light that one lamp, not even for washing dishes. If more light was needed, someone would throw another pine knot in the fireplace.

"We'd sit in front of the fire, talking now and then, waiting for the head of the family to come in from his whiskey still up the creek a ways.

"There was no prohibition in 1902, but there were plenty of stills in the piney woods of Red River County even then. Moonshiners didn't pay taxes and could produce panther juice cheaper than distributors could sell legitimate stuff.

"About a couple of hours after dark, the crowd at the still would start home," Papa went on. "Usually they'd be fairly well 'likkered up' from drinking their own product. Sometimes they would put their horses into a hard run after they reached the dirt road and start shooting and hollering as they came in.

"This ten-year-old knew each man by the sound of his pistol as well as by the sounds of his horse's hoofs. 'Pow!' somebody would shoot at the moon. 'That's Uncle Gance,' he'd say. 'Blam! Blam!' would go another pistol. 'That's Old Sam,' he'd laugh. And so on, calling off the name of each man as he fired."

Papa had been at this house a month when the landlord got into trouble with the law and left out in the dead of night. His family followed the next day, headed west.

AT THIS TIME, a school trustee volunteered to board the young teacher. This man didn't need the seven dollars a month; he opened up his home out of kindness. This was a family who was financially well off, living in a big home with a lamp in each room and a well-stocked bookcase near the big rock fireplace of the living room.

Papa finished the school year happily and had enough money to enroll at the University of Texas. Pay was small in those days, but so were expenses. I forgot to mention that laundry was included with the seven dollars a month board.

A Paris, Texas, newspaperman, A. W. Neville, mentioned school expenses in his book, *The Red River Valley Then and Now.* He said that in the 1800s, board, which included washing, candles and fuel, cost $8 per month at McKenzie College at Clarksville.

Board was usually good. Even much later, when I taught school at Negley in 1939 and 1940, breakfast would consist of lots of hot biscuits, sausage, gravy, eggs and unlimited amounts of peach preserves, jellies and syrups.

My mother wasn't always so fortunate.

(Continued on page 62)

SWIFT "JUSTICE" ON CHILKOOT PASS

A cache thief in the North Country had to be insane, starving to death, or just plain stupid to steal another man's supplies

By DICK NORTH

Photo Courtesy Alaska Travel Division

ANYONE who ever carried as much as one pound over the rugged Chilkoot Pass trail on the way to the Klondike during the great gold rush of 1897-98 was touchy about his supplies. And if those supplies happened to be stolen—after a prospector had wrestled with them up the Dyea Canyon to Sheep Camp—woe to the thief if he were caught.

A man named Hansen was flogged on Chilkoot Pass, and his partner, William Wellington, committed suicide—or was Wellington gunned down? They were nabbed in February, 1898, by a group of miners and charged with theft from a cache at Finnigan's Point on the trail near Sheep Camp.

Both men were transients on the trail with little to identify them other than their names—which even the Skagway *News* failed to complete in the case of Hansen.

A man called Dean was also arrested with ne'er-do-wells Wellington and Hansen but was acquitted in the miners' trial which followed.

The trial was merely a meeting of a group of men selected to hear evidence and make the final sentence. Time was of the essence during the gold rush and miners weren't prone to tarry over legal technicalities.

Wellington's turn came up after Dean's and he wasn't so lucky. When he saw that he would assuredly be found guilty, he bolted from the miners and ran down the Chilkoot trail.

The Skagway *News* printed what followed as they heard it. It was straightforward reporting without editorializing, but what was left unsaid points to the probability that the miners murdered Wellington on the trail and covered it up with a story that would hardly be acceptable today.

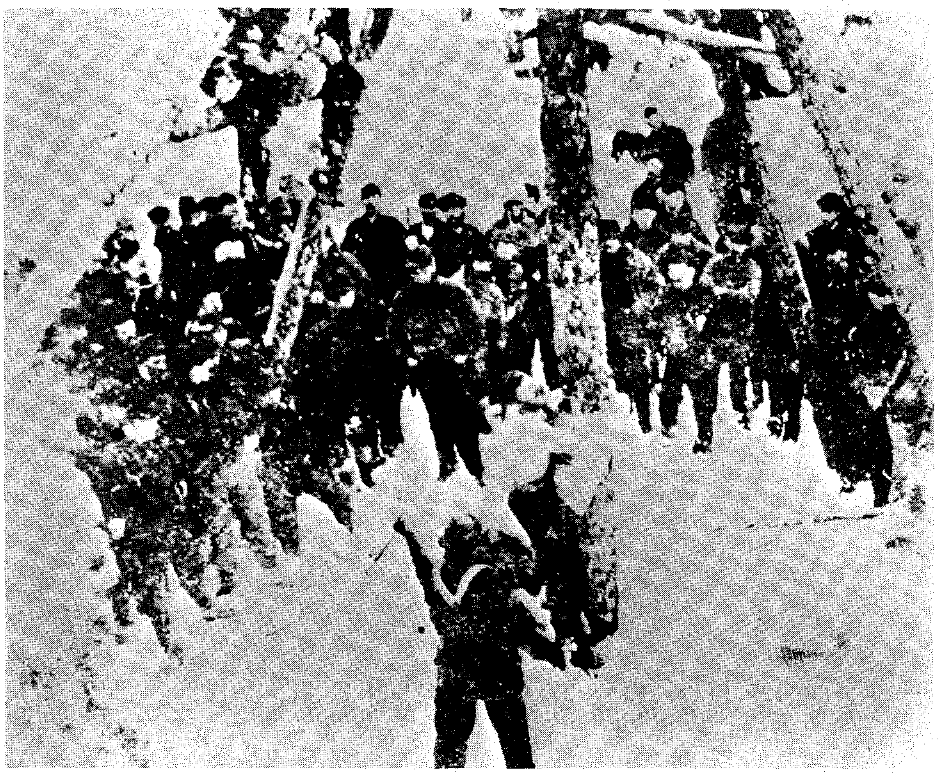
The miners stated that they were completely surprised by Wellington's dash for freedom and that for an instant not a shot was fired in his direction. Finally someone recovered enough to fire a shot over his head.

Wellington turned around and fired back at the miners who dropped to the snow "to escape his leaden missiles." (Skagway *News*, February 18, 1898.)

Wellington started to run again, the miners reported, but before he had gone many yards he put his revolver to his forehead and killed himself. "He dropped in his tracks, stone dead," according to the paper.

Which leads one to wonder—if Wellington had been captured and given a trial, why was he allowed to retain his gun? Of if he had a good start running down the trail, why did he suddenly turn around and shoot himself?

It may have been, of course, because he was afraid of the punishment he was sure to receive, or it might have been that Wellington never ran anywhere—but was shot right on the spot by the miners. Any news given for outside consumption was subject to "censorship" by the miners themselves. More than likely in this case, they killed Wellington and did not want to get into an argument with federal authorities over the legality of the matter. Events which happened later tend to substantiate this theory.



A vigilante committee displays, in this faded photo, the brand of justice awaiting any other stampeder suffering from sticky fingers.

WITH Wellington out of the way, the miners turned to the hapless Hansen. They were all set to swing Hansen from one of the poles of the aerial tramway, which had been built to haul supplies to the top of the pass, when someone suggested that it might be better to flog the man.

"This," one miner said, "should set an example for any other sneaks who attempt to do the same thing."

The miners agreed to set 12:00 noon the next day for the flogging. Hansen's victim was offered the whip but declined the invitation to administer punishment. Another, more bloodthirsty, miner accepted the job, but wore a mask to maintain his anonymity.

The whip wielder was not shy about his job. The *News* stated: "The cords swung into the air and then fell like lightning on Hansen's back. Swifter and more furious they came, each stroke bringing out into bold relief great welts, from which the blood began to trickle slowly at first, and then faster, until the man's back looked like a big piece of raw flesh."

Hansen never emitted a sound. After fifteen lashes had been given, a doctor checked Hansen's pulse and nodded that the whipping could continue.

Four more times the double rope descended, drawing eight bloody streaks across Hansen's back. Hansen still remained mute, though froth oozed from his mouth.

At this point Hansen was untied and fed a hearty meal. Two placards were

(Continued on page 67)

The FIRST COOLING OFF PERIOD

Some miners—snowed in and restless—decided to fight the Civil War until the first thaw. To keep them from breaking each other's heads (or worse) two men came up with a clever plan

By SUZANNE DABNEY TAYLOR

Photos Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Charles Ostner

IN THE ROTUNDA of the capitol at Boise, Idaho, stands one of the most unusual examples of folk art in the United States. It is a life size equestrian statue of George Washington carved by Charles Ostner from the bole of an enormous pine. This work took four years to accomplish, from 1865 to 1869, but its original concept occurred in the rough mining camp of Florence, Idaho, during the gold rush days of 1862.

In 1860 hundreds of prospectors, many of whom had failed to make a stake in the California diggings, swarmed into north Idaho, reckless of Indian attacks. Though bitterly resentful of white men entering their country and mining their ground, the Indians found it impossible to stem the tide.

Within two years the more easily accessible metals had been extracted from the deposits at Pierce and the restless and aggressive gold seekers were scouting the country for new workings. Adjacent to Slate Creek one of the group found a bonanza in a rich deposit they called Florence.

At this time, Lewiston was an important outfitting center for miners and packers and it was from there that Charles L. Ostner, a member of an Austrian family long noted for its artistic skill and wood carving, started out with a party for Florence. The October weather was unusually severe.

Ostner, far from being a seasoned woodsman, became separated from his companions and wandered about completely lost for over a month without even a match to build a fire or a gun to kill game. To keep from starving he killed "fool hens" with a club, and stripped berries from the bushes of the forest. At the end of forty days Ostner was found unconscious by old Packer John, a famous pioneer, who took him to Florence. There, rough, but kindly, nurses brought him through a long convalescence. Ostner never really recovered from this terrible ordeal.

The winter of 1862 in Idaho was unparalleled for fierce and bitter cold. While Ostner slowly regained his strength, the storms made it impossible for the miners to work their claims. Only the richest deposits were kept thawed by huge fires constantly burning on the surface; the rest closed down.

The old adage that "Satan always finds something for idle hands to do" was never more clearly demonstrated than in the Florence camp. Some three hundred vigorous men had nothing to do except sit around in their cabins or in the saloons and wait for the spring thaws. Naturally, an endless source of dispute and speculation was the Civil War being fought hundreds of miles away. With little or no news reaching the isolated camp, personal opinion was the barometer which veered north or south according to which side the uncompromising partisans owed their allegiance.

Then a new source of controversy came up with the approach of Washington's birthday. Each faction considered that it and it alone should put on the celebration; the South because Washington was from Virginia and the North because he was the first president and thus belonged to everyone.

LLOYD FENN, who was in camp at this time, had served in the Idaho Territorial Legislature. He was a calm and reasonable man and an acknowledged leader. Feeling a responsibility to keep down trouble, Fenn paid a call one day on his friend, Ostner. For a long time these men of good will talked together.

That night a meeting was called, and Fenn told the miners that Ostner had planned a particular surprise for Washington's birthday and that their part in it was to roll snow to an enclosure back of the local stable. He said that Ostner would hang tarpaulins to mask the enterprise until the morning of the great occasion.

Bored and ready for any sort of diversion, the miners busied themselves piling up huge snow mounds and betting each other about what the surprise would be.

Meanwhile it was getting colder and colder. No record of the temperature could be kept because the thermometer froze. The men kept adding to the snow pile, and Ostner and his helpers kept dousing it with buckets of water until it assumed the appearance of a small iceberg. Finally Ostner decided that he could go to work. With the exception of Fenn, all the men were ordered out of the enclosure, the canvas was pulled close, and Ostner disappeared into his frigid atelier.

As the days dragged by, speculation reached an all-time high. The town topic had become not who was in the right, the North or the South, but "what the heck Charlie Ostner is doin' with that hunk of ice."

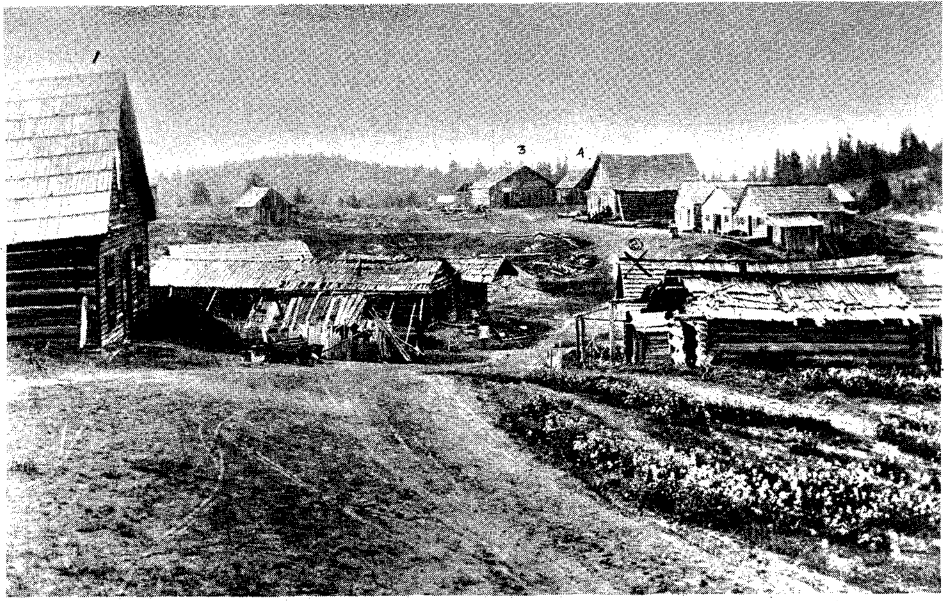
Then, bright, clear and cold, came the dawn of February 22. The moment had come to unveil the great surprise, and the patriots of Florence rushed to the arena.

As the men gathered around the enclosure, the canvas walls were rolled back and there, glistening like a frozen rainbow, stood a statue of George Washington mounted on a prancing charger.

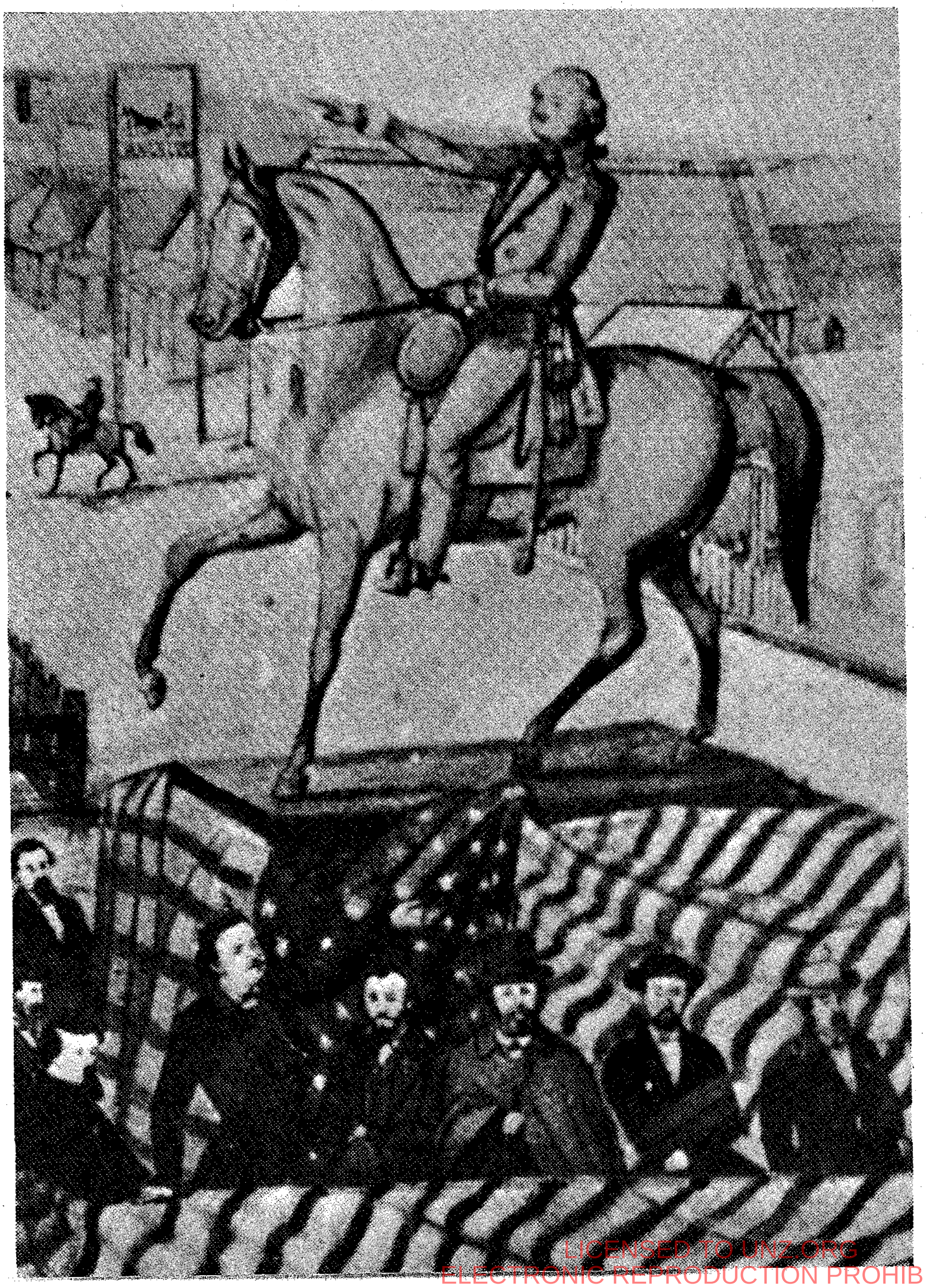
The unusual achievement in ice art was cheered to the limit and Ostner was carried on the shoulders of his admirers to each saloon along the local Mason-Dixon line. The first "cooling off period" in the annals of the United States had been a complete success all due to a block of ice and a miner's pick in the hands of a gifted and imaginative man.

SPRING came reluctantly to the upland country and it was the middle of May before extensive mining activity was resumed. By this time the trails were open and Ostner left Florence to return to San Francisco where his wife and children awaited him. In 1863 he took them to Garden Valley on the east fork of the Payette River where he had bought a farm.

Ostner had met his wife when she was a girl of sixteen living with her half-sisters in New Orleans. Her parents had had their property confiscated after the Napoleonic wars and had emigrated to the United States. She had been gently reared but faced life in the raw and brutal West with a steadfast heart. Indeed, she was the better pioneer of the two, for Charles Ostner found it difficult to face up to the demands of pioneer life.



Old Florence, Idaho, in 1896, long after the town had been abandoned. The early print below depicts the dedication ceremony of Ostner's statue of Washington. Ostner is at right, Governor D. W. Ballard is in center (with stovepipe hat), and the speaker is Frank Ganahl.



Soon after settling in Garden Valley, Ostner determined to try his hand at carving a statue of Washington from wood. He had made a model of butter, to the delight of his family and friends, and was confident that he was ready to carve his hero from a more enduring substance. It took some time to locate a suitable pine for the work and when it was found it had to be felled, stripped of branches and hauled through snow to the Ostner farm by sled.

Ostner worked on his project for four years. More often than not the work took place after the chores were finished for the day, with his son Albert patiently holding a pine torch for light. When Albert tired, his sister Julia relieved him. (Julia Ostner Adelmann, this same small girl, lived most of her life in Boise, Idaho. Her sons owned the famous old Adelmann assay and motor supply business at Seventh and Idaho Streets in that city.)

The statue was at last completed, the head being modeled from the two-cent postage stamp and brought to near perfection with such rough tools as a common chopping axe, a handsaw, a chisel and a gouge. The last touch was applying gold leaf which had been brought from San Francisco at great expense. The final task was to get the statue to Boise. The General and his horse were hauled on hand sleds from the ranch to the road, then freighted out over the almost impassable ruts and rocks.

On January 8, 1869, a formal acceptance of the work was arranged with full pomp and ceremony. Even though the weather was anything but pleasant (a seeming fate of the sculptor was to display his efforts in snow and gale), a procession was formed with Governor D. W. Ballard, the presiding officers of both Houses, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Masonic fraternity, Colonel St. Clair's command, and other dignitaries present.

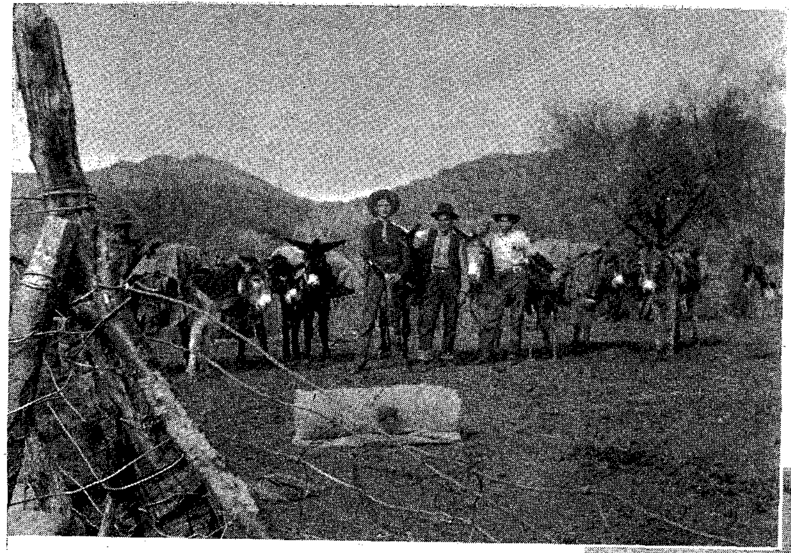
The Hon. J. R. McBride, after reviewing Ostner's achievement, added that Idaho could lay claim to the distinction of being the only U.S. Territory to have a work of art of such distinction.

Ostner later painted a number of scenes of Idaho pioneer life, some of which are in the Idaho Historic Museum in Boise. Headstones wrought by his chisel stand in the old Boise Pioneer Cemetery at State and Main Streets.

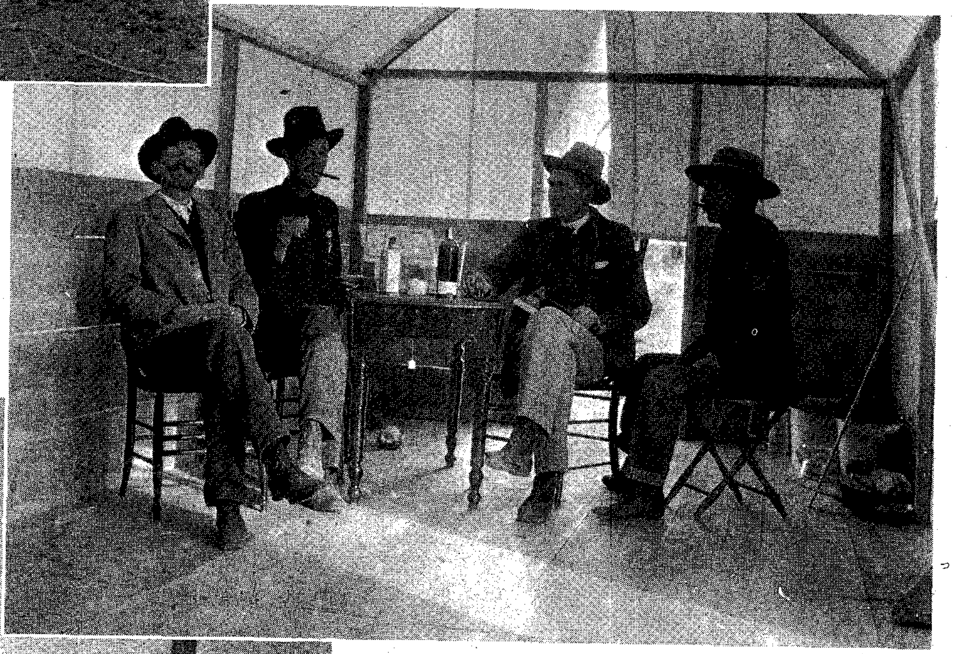
After a remarkably exciting and creative life Charles Ostner died in Boise on December 6, 1913, at the age of eighty-five.

GOOD GUYS

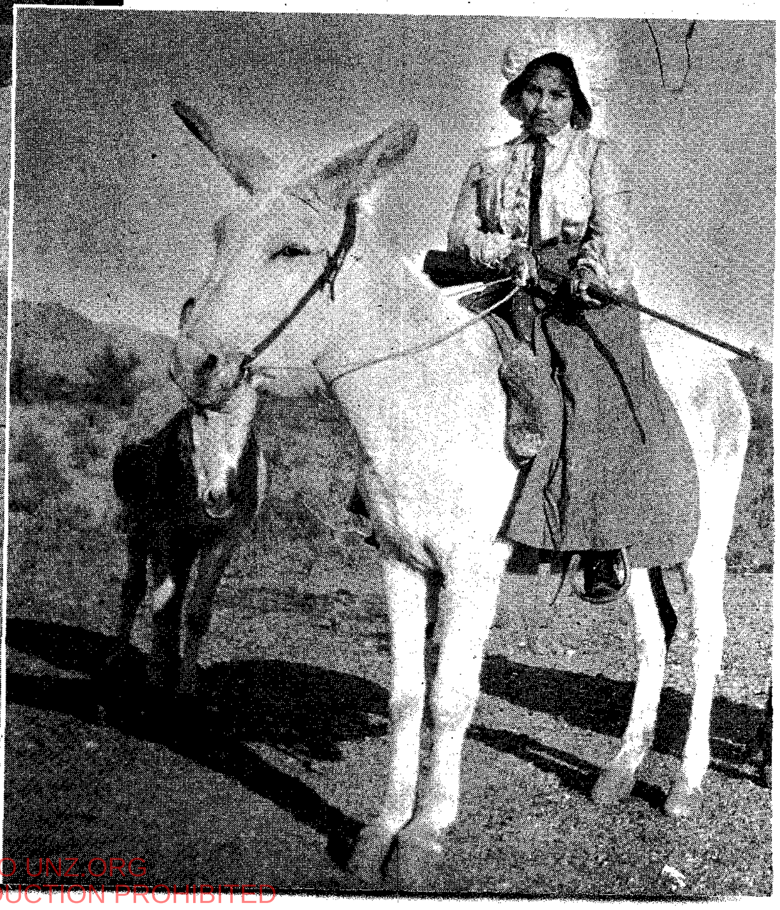
A FOUR-PAGE PORTFOLIO



A burro train, above, was a link to the outside world. The group at right enjoys a smoke, a drink, and a chat. A neighbor, below, helps with the sheep dipping.



It took a good shot to bring home jackrabbits, a staple in most pioneers' diet.



# of the WEST

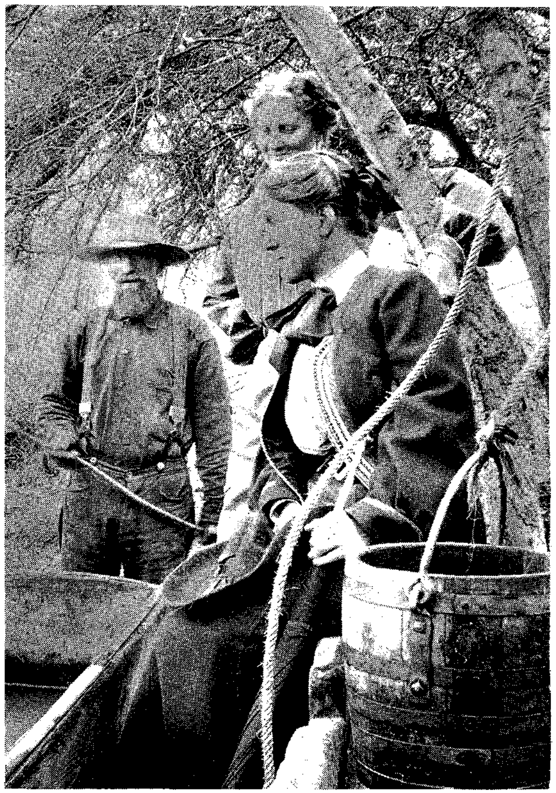
By ETHEL BANGERT

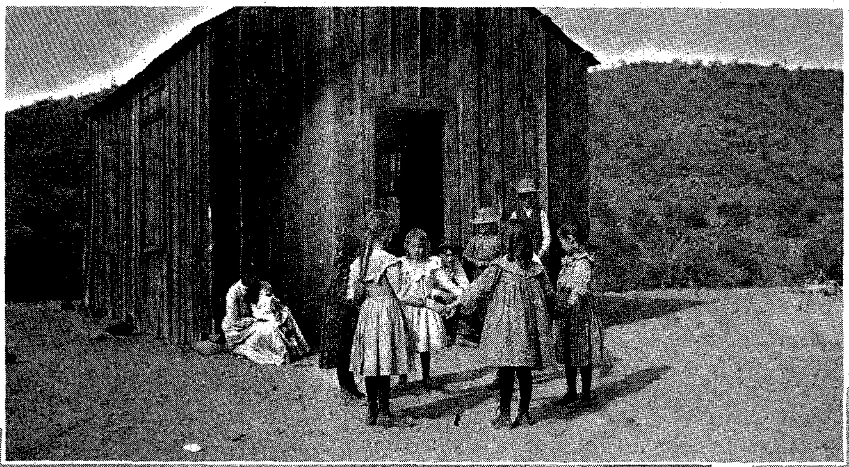
Photos Courtesy Author

ONE DAY I went to an auction and fell in love with some old photographs of people whose names I probably will never know. The families lived at Cavecreek, Arizona, around the turn of the century.

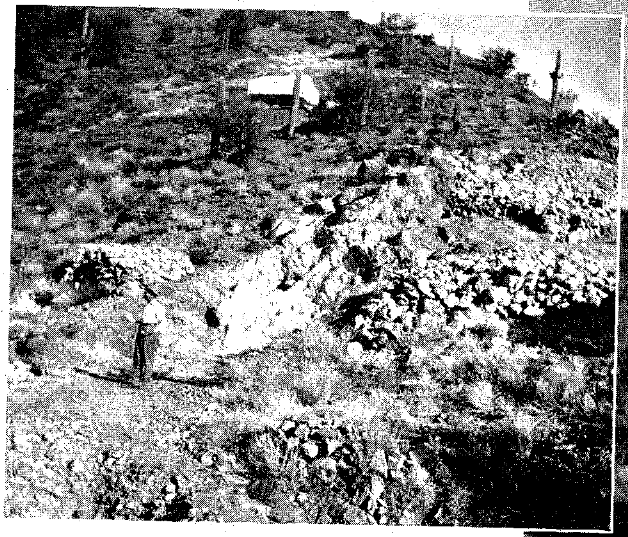
I believe the pictures point up something we often forget in reading the stories of the wild ones of the West—that is, that there were hundreds of of folks who lived quiet and worthwhile—even happy—lives under conditions that today would seem intolerable. For instance, when the family who lived in the tent so long "graduated" to the wooden home pictured here, their pride must have been beyond telling. Today such a home would be considered in the "slum" class. And so it goes.

I am fascinated with who these people might have been and what might have been their ultimate fate, but maybe it's enough to know that—at the time the photographs were taken—they found their lot in life rich and satisfying.

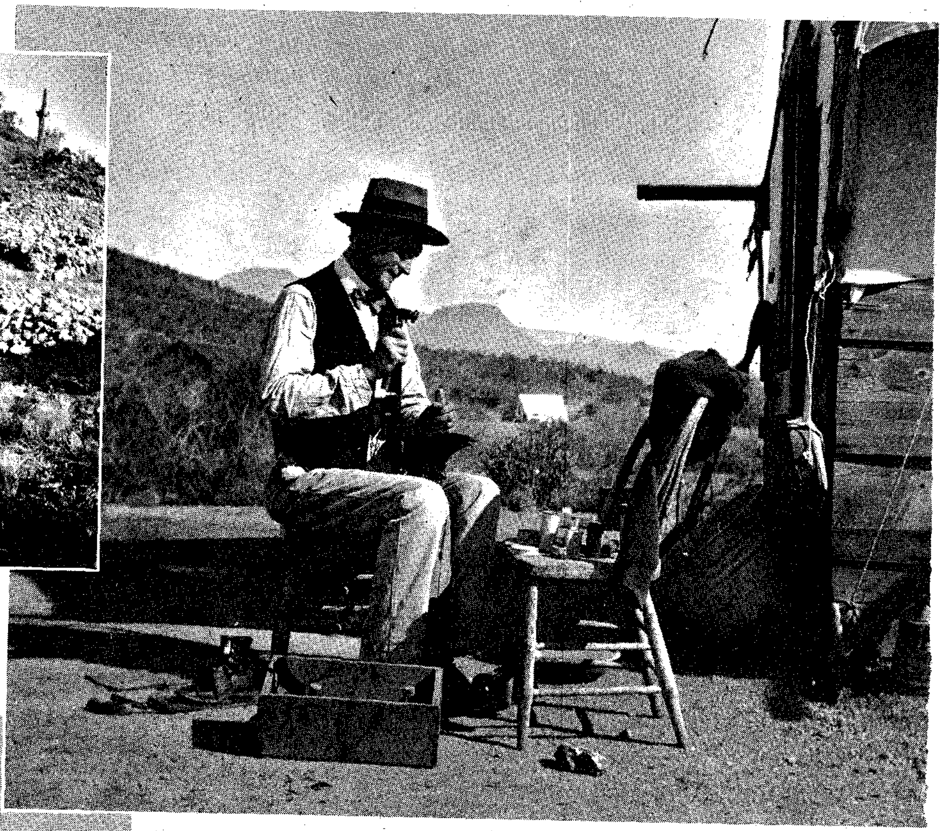




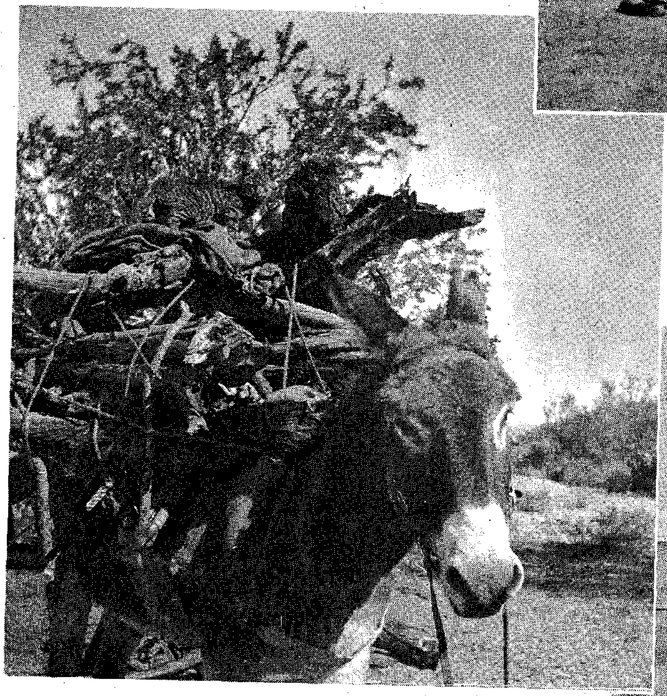
Above, everyone shared the water. School, left, was the center of a small child's life. Below, no one wins, but all have a good time.

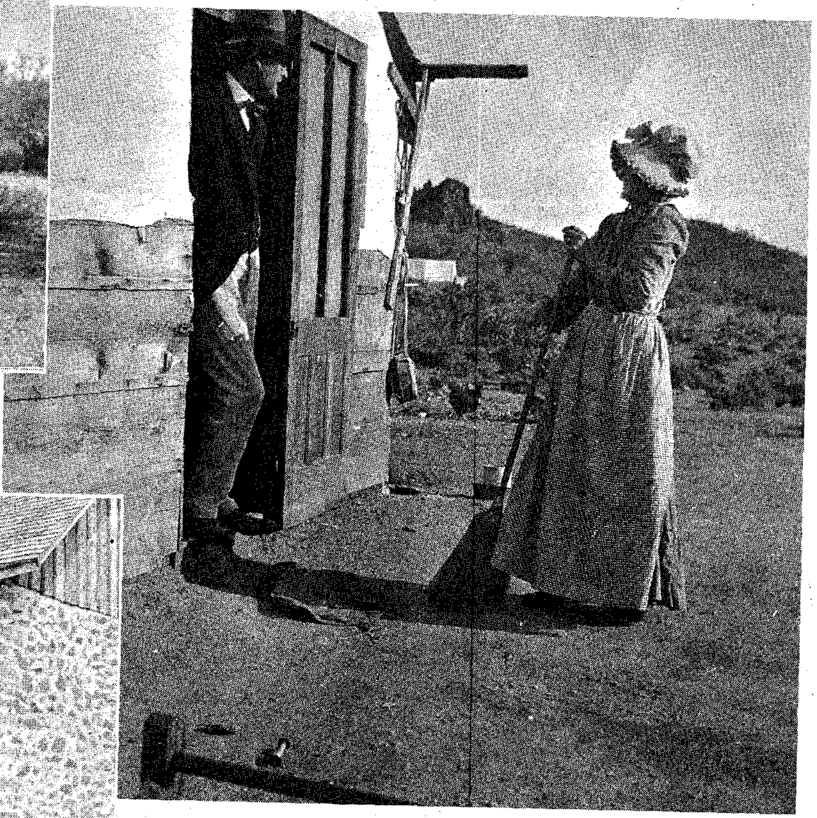


Home might be a tent on a cactus-covered hillside.

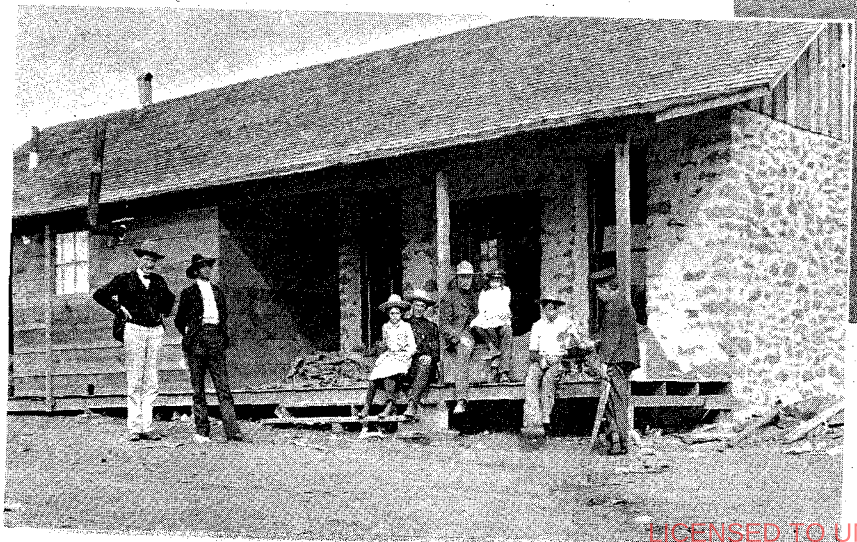


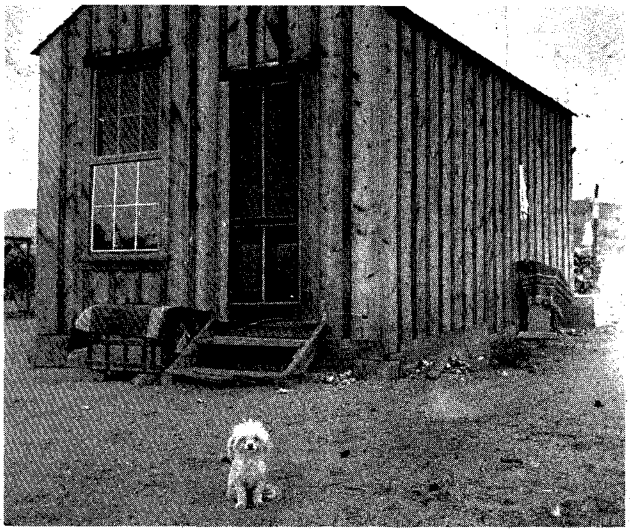
Above, if shoes were worn, the fathers replaced them. Left, *a burro always carried the wood.* Below, a broom and a bonnet were musts in early-day *housekeeping.*



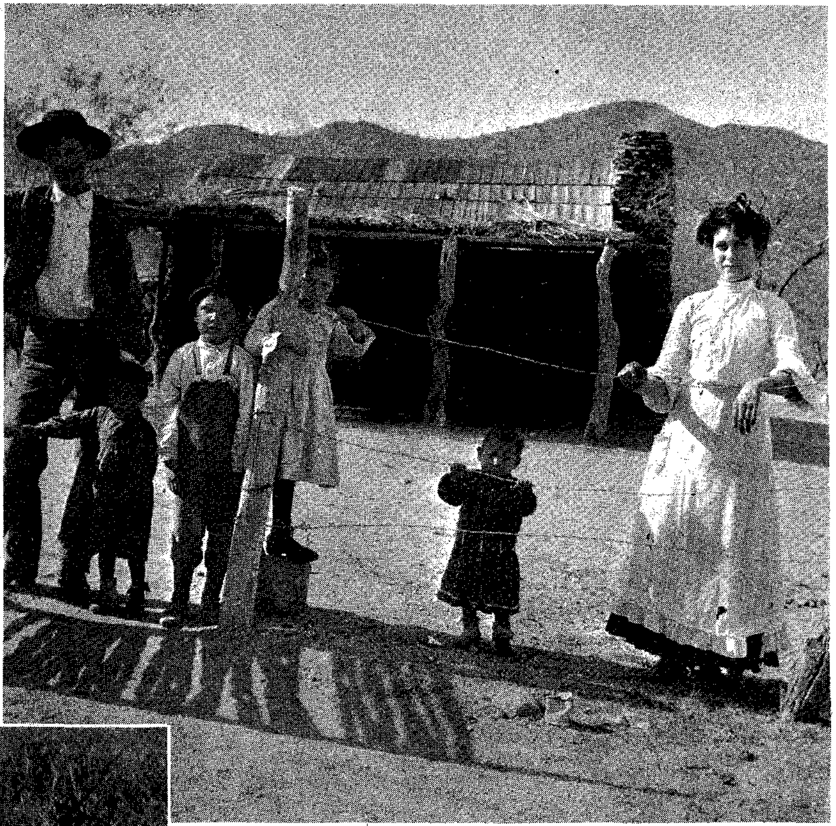


A store's opening is a great day!

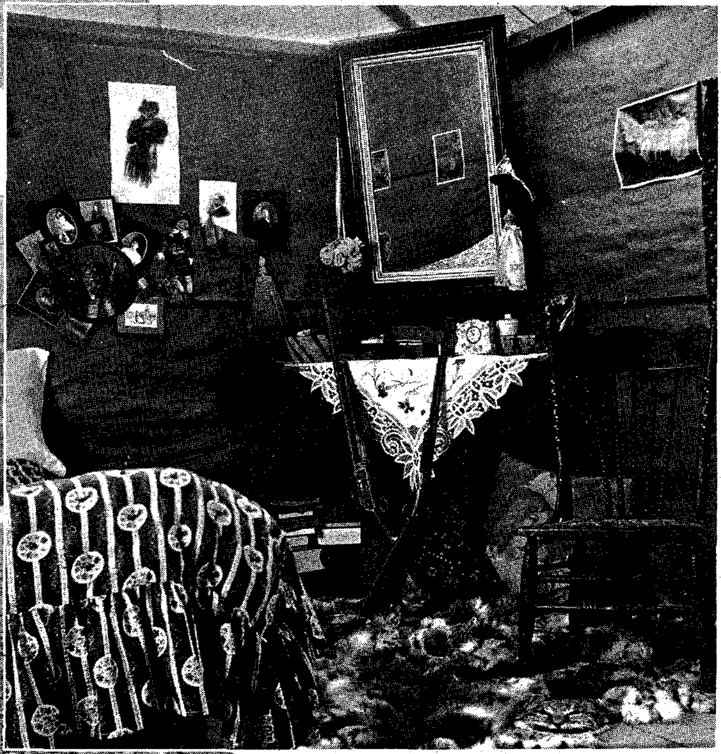




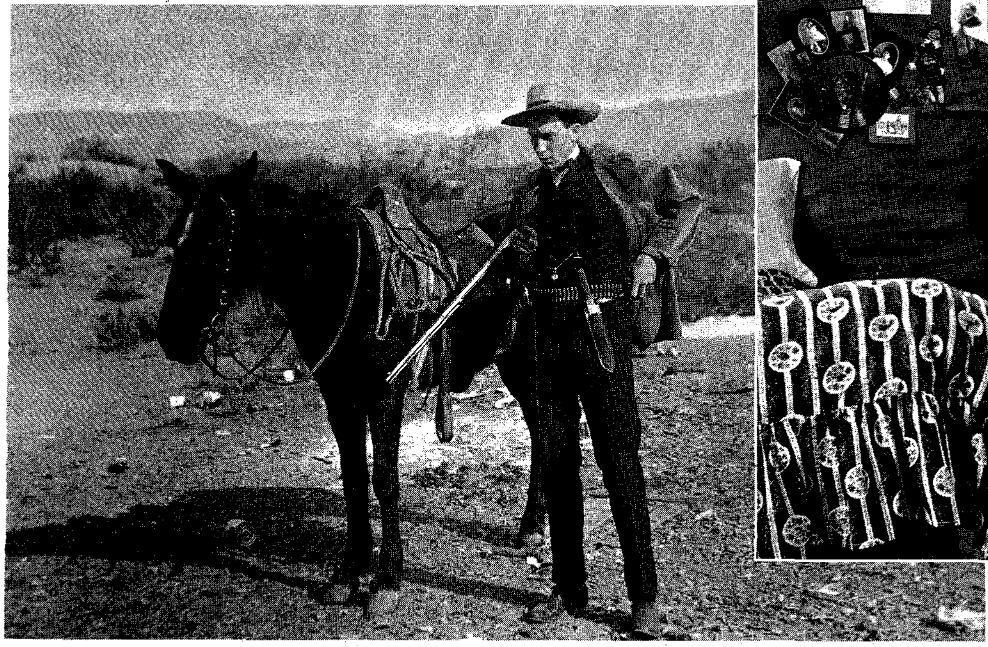
A house like this was a step "up" from the tent.



Above, good neighbors, the Mexican family. The stage to Cavecreek, left, didn't run *often*, so it was *always* a welcome sight. Below, home might be a tent, but it could be attractive.



Well-armed, this fellow is ready for a long trip.



NUGGETS

THE GREAT RED RIVER RAFT

By Al Eason

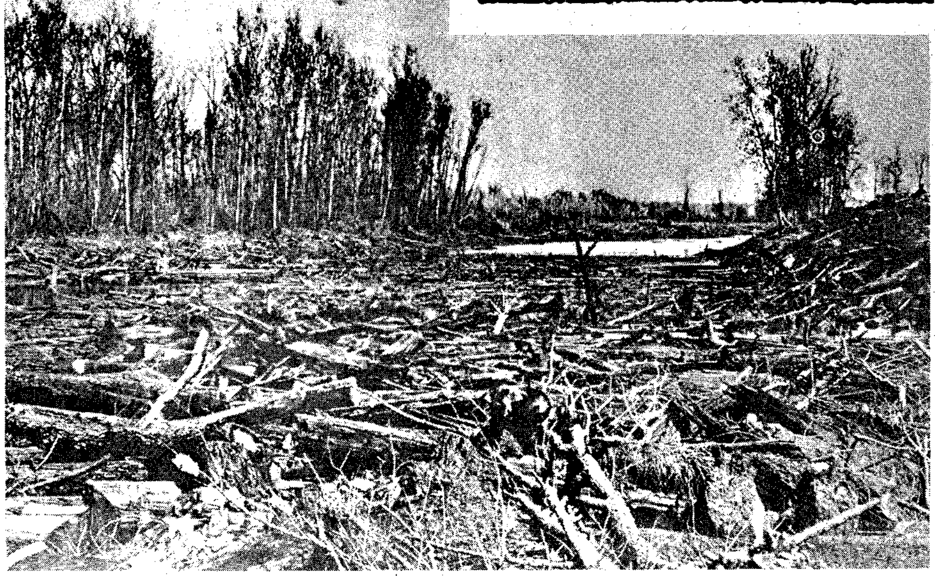
THE CADDO INDIANS said the Great Raft had been there forever, and no white man, seeing the great mass of jumbled logs for the first time, had reason to doubt the statement. Stretching for 160 unbelievable miles and filling the riverbed from shore to shore, the Great Raft on the Red River of North Louisiana was probably the biggest woodpile ever to exist on the face of the earth.

No one knows the extent of the raft in 1690 when Domingo Terán de los Rios and his followers are believed to have seen the raft on their swing through Northeast Texas, but a report in 1722 places the foot of the raft near Alexandria, Louisiana. Then, in 1805, Dr. Sibley places the lower end of the rotting raft near the present site of Campti, Louisiana.

Although the main channel of the Red was blocked by the raft, steamboats found little difficulty navigating the series of flooded lakes and bayous along each side of the river. When the raft had formed, forcing the natural flow of the river from the channel and into a series of low places and bayous alongside the west and east sides of the river, it created shallow lakes and connecting bayous which were navigable to shallow-draft river steamers.

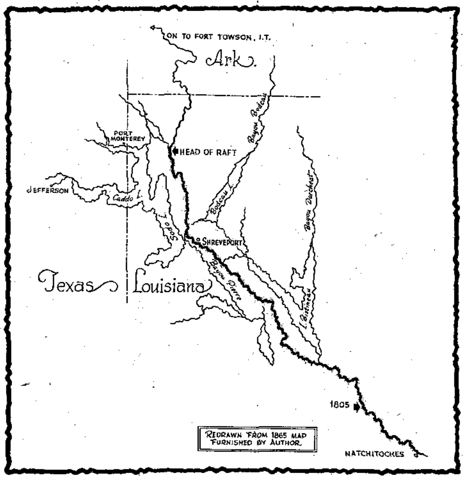
Map at right shows the length of the raft in 1805. Below is a part of the raft a few miles north of Shreveport in 1873.

Courtesy Al Eason



A channel was maintained on the west side through Bayou Pierre from the mouth near Grand Ecore to Shreveport. Then the steamers entered Twelve Mile Bayou, on through Soda (Soto) and Caddo Lakes to either the port of Jefferson (Texas)—or if the cargo was intended for the upper reaches of the Red—through Jeem's Bayou to Port Monterey and thence through Black Bayou and into the Red above the Great Raft.

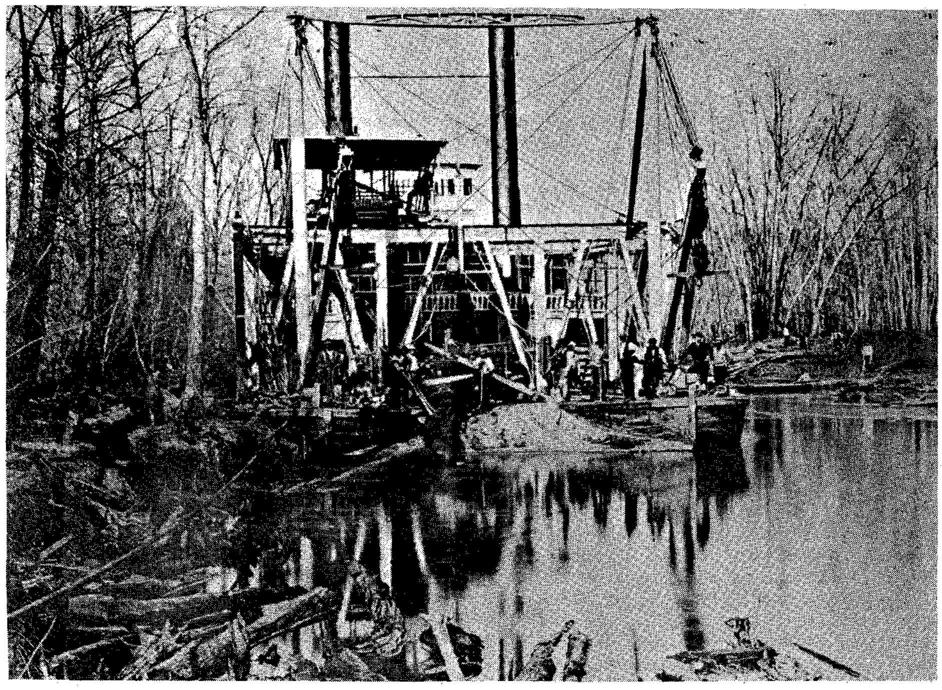
The eastern route was through Lake Bistineau into either Dorcheat or Bodcau Bayous. Depending upon water levels, these two bayous were navigable as far north as Arkansas. Steamers using the western channel carried supplies as far upriver as Fort Towson in Indian Territory, thus providing cheap transportation to this government post. It is probably for this reason the government sent Capt. Henry Miller Shreve to remove the raft and provide a shorter, less intricate route for steamboat passage on Red River.



CAPT. SHREVE had established himself as a river man before he tackled the immense task of removing the great raft. Originally a keelboat operator on the Ohio River, Shreve had witnessed the failure of the *Orleans*, a steamer built for navigation on the Mississippi River. The *Orleans* was built in the manner of ocean-going steamships—narrow beam and deep draft. Shreve realized such a ship would never be feasible for river traffic. With this in mind, he built the *Washington*, a shallow-draft, broad-beamed craft which was successfully launched in June, 1817. One of the *Washington's* boilers exploded on the maiden voyage, killing eight people and slightly wounding Shreve, but after repairs were made, the craft proved to be uniquely adapted to river navigation. After Shreve's design proved successful, all later builders of river steamboats used the construction employed in the *Washington* as a general guide. Shreve had conquered the mighty Mississippi!

The U. S. Government commissioned Shreve as Superintendent of Western River Impoundments and he was sent to clear the Great Raft on Red River. He arrived at the foot of the raft near Loggy Bayou on April 11, 1833 and immediately set to work. Shreve had three government steamers—*Souvenir*, *Java*, *Pearl*—and a snag-boat of his own invention—the *Archimedes*—at his disposal. He had a working crew of 159 men. Because of the rotted condition of the lower end of the raft, he cleared five miles of river the first day.

As the crew progressed upriver, they found the task of removing the raft to be increasingly difficult. The lower reaches were soft and rotted, but the logs were sounder in the newer sections and had to be sawed and pulled from the river bed, greatly slowing the progress. The raft was cleared by 1835, but the river



Courtesy Al Eason

Shagboat *Aid*, north of Shreveport, cleaning up remnants of the great raft in 1873

formed the raft again by 1856, blocking the channel from Shreveport upriver to Hurricane Bend—a distance of thirty miles.

THE U.S. CORPS of Engineers then sent Lieutenant Woodruff to clear the channel of this latest accumulation of logs. Woodruff instituted the use of nitro-glycerine to blow loose great sections of the raft. These were then broken up and dragged into the openings of the many bayous by the snag-boats, a device which had been used by Shreve earlier. As a result of this policy of storing logs in the bayous, many well-preserved logs are still found by present-day construction crews when excavating along the stretch of river which contained the Great Raft.

By 1873, Lieutenant Woodruff and his crews were fast approaching their goal of clearing the river when yellow fever struck the camp. Lieutenant Woodruff, working day and night, devoted himself to the care of the sick, and himself contracted the dread disease and soon died. His men finished clearing the river shortly after his death. At last the river was open to unobstructed navigation.

It required forty-one years of intermittent work and untold thousands of dollars to open the river. Less than thirty-seven years later the shifting, treacherous Red had undone this gigantic work and once again closed the riverbed to navigation—this time with sand!

The question will ever be moot—but would it have been more desirable to have allowed the river to remain in its natural state? Removal of the raft required years of arduous labor—cost untold thousands of dollars—drained numerous lakes and ruined the ports of Jefferson and the Caddo Lake country.

Shreveport benefitted when the raft was removed, becoming the chief port of the area after the decline of Jefferson. Also, removal of the raft made possible the later construction of a levee system to control the seasonal floods. Once the river was confined within the levees, the land was cleared and cotton plantations came into being on the rich alluvial soil.

Was this the greatest boondoggle ever engaged in by the Corps of Engineers—or a boon to mankind? They and other agencies have since built dams to re-form Caddo, Bistineau, Bodcau, Wallace, and Cross Lakes—all lakes which were drained by removal of the raft. And as this is written a plan is underway to open the Red to navigation again—the U. S. Corps of Engineers will do the job!

NELSON BUCK'S SURVEYING PARTY

A LITTLE-KNOWN frontier tragedy resulted in the death of an entire party of surveyors in Nebraska.

In 1867 Nelson Buck made an application to survey the area from Red Willow and Frontier Counties west to the Colorado line. He was told by the officials that an attempt to survey the area at that time would be very dangerous on account of the hostility of the Indians.

Mr. Buck wrote again in February, 1868 stating that his surveying party would be large enough to protect themselves from the Indians and he called attention to his long record as a surveyor. On June 29, 1869, the Plattsmouth newspaper stated that Mr. Buck had received the surveying contract. At about that time he arrived in Plattsmouth, bringing with him five or more young men from Pontiac, Michigan. At Plattsmouth he hired two men with teams and wagons and may have hired others. He bought provisions and apparently rifles and ammunition.

The last word received from Nelson Buck was a letter from Fort Kearney written July 21, 1869. He said that he had not secured the arms and ammunition at the Fort that he had wished and that the reports of Indian hostility had discouraged some of his party. It is known that before he went to Red Willow County to begin work at least two of his party had left him and taken other employment. He seems to have had only eight men when he was ready to start his survey.

On the second of October it was discovered that Mr. Buck had not located a corner nor run a line. Signs of his camp were found on Beaver Creek; an empty water jug and a wagon backed into the creek. An Indian woman captured by the cavalry related what had happened.

About August 20, when the wild cherries were ripe, Pawnee Killer and Whistler with their band of Sioux were crossing from the Republican to Beaver Creek. Four young braves were far ahead. One returned and said that some white civilians had shot the other three. He said they killed one white man. When the Sioux heard this, the women and children hid in the bushes and the men went toward Beaver Creek. They returned about dark and said they had killed five white men and that two others had hidden in the bushes. They destroyed the wagons and took the horses.

General C. C. Augur sent out the cavalry to make a search. The camp and camping equipment were found, two tripods, part of a wagon, canned goods and a silver spoon with the name James Jackson engraved on it. No bodies were found. The campsite was about four miles southwest of Danbury and less than a half mile north of the Kansas line. Mr. Buck's son came from Illinois to hunt for his father. A party of cavalry went with him to the campsite and papers were found which he said belonged to his father, as well as a letter addressed to one of the victims.

Members of Pawnee Killer's band, then at the Sioux Agency, were questioned by army officers. One woman said she saw the white men killed. She said the white-haired man was very brave and fought like a tiger. —*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society.*

RED TAPE

By Jerry Haynes

THE SWEATY CAVALRYMAN fighting that war known to history as the "Red River War of 1874-75" was not too concerned with winning great fame. He was more interested in getting paid every once in a while and surviving the constant clashes with Indians on the Staked Plains of west Texas.

It will probably never be known which enemy these overworked and underpaid horse soldiers hated the most—the red man, the boredom, the constant homesickness, the bad food, or the U.S. Army itself.

One enemy the cavalryman faced almost daily—officers and enlisted men alike—was red tape. Reports, requisitions and orders moved the Army. This unending stream of paper was the backbone of the military, and it was often carried to unbelievable extremes.

There exists in the National Archives a War Department file, W.D.A.G.O. 2815-1875, containing hundreds of reports, endorsements, and requisitions pertaining to the Indian campaign on the Staked Plains in the 1870s. In this file is a series of letters telling the story of six greatcoats, a dozen blankets and one poncho. This is the story of red tape as those men and officers saw it.

ON NOVEMBER 6, 1874, H Company of the crack 8th Cavalry were in the Texas Panhandle on a routine patrol near Adobe Walls. In the early afternoon, the twenty-eight-man detachment collided with about one hundred warriors looking for a fight. The resulting battle lasted until darkness forced the exhausted and battered unit to withdraw.

Under cover of night, H Company rode 45 miles back to camp.

One cavalryman was killed and five wounded. At least four Indians were killed and ten reported wounded.

During the running engagement, nine soldiers and a civilian guide lost the great coats, blankets and poncho. Because the winter promised to be both early and harsh, the commander of H Company, 1st Lt. H. J. Farnsworth, made an immediate request for the replacement of the lost articles.

Lt. Farnsworth's original request was made on November 27, 1874, and was quickly approved by the camp commander. The following is what happened to the requisition.

December 10: Approved by General Nelson A. Miles.

December 25: Approved by Headquarters, Department of the Missouri.

December 29: Approved by Headquarters, Military Division of the Missouri.

December 30: Approved by Headquarters of the Army and forwarded to the War Department.

January 5, 1875: Returned by the War Department to the Headquarters of the Army to "ascertain whether the losses in question came under the provisions of Section 55, Appendix B, Revised Army Regulations of 1863; and if so, to have the matter reported by a Board of Survey as required under said section."

Back the request went for endorsement by the Headquarters of the Army, Headquarters of the Military Division of the Missouri, and on to New Mexico where the 8th Cavalry had been sent.

February 4: Approved by the District of New Mexico and forwarded to Fort Selden, new home of the 8th Cavalry.

March 8: Board of Survey held and approved the losses.

April 3: Approved by Headquarters, Department of the Missouri.

April 6: Approved by Headquarters, Military Division of Missouri.

April 8: Approved by Headquarters of the Army.

April 13: Referred by the Adjutant General's office to the Quartermaster General.

April 27: Approved by the Quartermaster General.

The file was then sent to the Judge Advocate General's office for an opinion on supplying the civilian guide with the articles he reported lost.

May 3: Approved by the Judge Advocate General.

May 8: Approved by the Secretary of War.

After five and a half months and nineteen endorsements, in the heat of the New Mexico summer, the U. S. Army issued greatcoats, blankets and a poncho to the men of H Company, 8th Cavalry.

THE INDIANHEAD PENNY CASE

By Robert B. Murray

THE PEOPLE of the Old West took their law enforcement seriously. Possibly it was because it had taken them so long to obtain an effective police force and court system. Once obtained, however, citizens followed their activities closely. This attitude is typified by a case which arose in Colorado Territory in 1875.

That was the year Charley Ward was arrested in Denver. Charged with robbery, he was brought to trial in the First District Court of the Territory. Nearly everyone in town watched the trial. When the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," there was a lot of excited talk in the local bars that night. Many people felt that Charley had committed the crime.

The editor of *The Rocky Mountain News* was one of those who felt that way. When the newspaper appeared on the stands in Denver the next day, Mr. Byers, the editor, vehemently dissented from the jury's verdict.

"We are not a little surprised at Judge Wells' lenient charge in this case. We are still more so at the infamous verdict of this jury. We cannot express the contempt which should be felt for these twelve men, who have not only offended public opinion, but have done injustice to their own oaths."

ONE Mr. Martin had been on that jury. He considered the statement in the paper an affront to his personal integrity. He promptly sued editor Byers alleging that he had been libeled. The trial was held in the District Court of Arapahoe County. The court agreed with Martin that he had been libeled. But it was the job of the jury to ascertain just what the damages were to Martin.

Possibly thinking that Martin's honesty was not worth much, they assessed his damages at one cent—one Indianhead penny! Martin, of course, was disappointed. But editor Byers was angered beyond question. He even refused to pay the penny. Instead he appealed to the Supreme Court of the Territory. The case was heard in 1875 as *Byers v. Martin*, 2 Colo. 605.

There Mr. Byer's attorneys, in an able argument, carefully noted that the criticism levied by the newspaper was directed at the verdict of the jury. The verdict of the jury, the argument continued, "having no rights and owing no duties, is incapable of being libeled." Byers' attorneys also maintained that the jury was a body of people and therefore the words would not be directed at Mr. Martin individually.

Mr. Justice Brazee, who rendered the opinion of the court, disagreed. He held that the language directed to "these twelve men" picked out each member of the jury individually and held them before the public in "superlative contempt."

The Territorial Supreme Court held that editor Byers and *The Rocky Mountain News* had to pay the damages awarded to Martin by the First District Court of the Territory—one Indianhead penny!

JOE THE TURK SOLDIER FOR THE LORD

WHEN The Salvation Army stormed San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast in the early 1880s, they captured one of the most colorful figures on the West Coast—Joe the Turk, who became a legend in his own lifetime.

By 1887, Joe was a full-time officer for The Salvation Army. Six feet two inches, with a prizefighter's physique, flashing black eyes, and fierce mustachios, he was a striking figure in blazing crimson pantaloons, decorated tunic, and a Turkish fez. Armed with bugle and umbrella, he roved the country as an evangelist, was arrested fifty-seven times, and appealed every case until he won, establishing important precedents for religious liberty.

Actually, Joe was not a Turk, but an Armenian, Neshan Garabedean, born in Turkey. He was a heavy-drinking cobbler before he became a Salvationist. His shop at 48 Sacramento Street was next-door to Finnegan's saloon, and Joe was a prize customer. A steady conveyer belt of beer cans passed through a hole in the wall.

But all that changed after his conversion. He plugged up the hole with a Salvation Army book, painted his shoe shop the Army colors—bright yellow, red and blue; pounded brass nails on the sidewalk to read "Are you saved?"; flew a flag embroidered "San Francisco for Jesus!"; and put brass SSs on the soles of all the shoes he repaired. When customers asked what the letters stood for, he gave them four choices—"Saved from Sin", "Saved and Satisfied", "Salvation Soldier" or "Solid Soles."

Finally, he shut up shop to become a roving evangelist, making the most of every opportunity to attract attention to the Gospel he preached. Clad in his outlandish "uniform", he had only to walk down the street to create a stir. Besides, he blew a lusty brass cornet and carried a giant red, yellow and blue umbrella decorated with pictures of General William Booth, the Statue of Liberty and religious mottoes. He also had an ink pad and a stamp, "Jesus Saves", which he used everywhere, on walls, furniture and linen.

HIS first arrest—"for blowing a horn"—was in Los Angeles in 1887. When the case came to court, the sympathetic judge bawled out the cops and told Joe to "go out and blow your horn louder than ever to the glory of God."

Going wherever the fight was toughest and refusing to surrender an inch of principle, Joe landed in jail frequently, but he fought every case through the courts until he had won and, by the time he was through, the Army's right to hold parades and open air meetings was recognized everywhere.

In East Portland, Oregon, he was jailed with several other Salvationists and got an extra fifteen days for shouting "Praise the Lord!" when the sentence was passed. During the night, he converted his cellmate, a drunken painter who had his equipment with him. Fired with zeal, they proceeded to "paint the walls for God" in colorful letters a foot high. An astonished jailer discovered the wall covered with religious slogans and notified the judge. When the judge appeared and asked what it all meant, Joe pointed to the sign, "Jesus is the Drunkard's Friend," and said, "Judge, you're always drunk. He's the friend you need."

The judge was converted on the spot. For years, he protected the cell signs, which became such a tourist attraction that the local railroad allowed stopover tickets for viewing them.

In Green Bay, Wisconsin, Joe rescued the local Salvation Army officer from a vicious lynch mob. In Macomb, Illinois, he succeeded in driving out the mayor, a Texas desperado who had taken over the town, and became acting mayor himself, appointing the corps officer as chief of police. For six weeks Macomb was the only town in the world run by The Salvation Army.

It was not all a matter of gay eccentricity and dashing victory, though. Over the years, he was often beaten and stoned by mobs. Once his nose was broken and another time he was stabbed in the right eye with a sharp iron rod. But through it all, his enthusiasm and ingenuity never failed.

By the turn of the century, Joe the Turk was the most famous Salvation Army officer in the United States. And

(Continued on page 44)

The lonesome whistle of a train had a mighty appeal for outlaws. The railroads' answer was the

SPECIAL AGENT!

By GEORGE E. VIRGINES

Photos Courtesy Author

RAILROADS have always been a prime target for law-breakers. Throughout the frontier "Wanted" posters advertised such fabled outlaws as the James Gang, the Youngers, the Daltons, the notorious "Wild Bunch" and many others. Most of the hardy outlaw characters served their apprenticeship in cattle rustling, stagecoach and bank holdups, eventually progressing to train robbery.

As the railroads extended their lines across the West, towns and villages sprang up and flourished. Gold, silver, large sums of money and valuable mail were transferred back and forth across the country by the railroads and they became prime prey for the criminal element. It soon became apparent that rail lines had to stop these depredations or face financial ruin.

The answer was an organization called the Railway Special Service—or, as the men were more commonly known, Special Agents or Railroad Police. They have also been called by uncomplimentary names such as Railroad Bull, Cinder Dick, and others even less respectful.

The Railroad Police have been the unsung heroes of law enforcement. It took a great deal of trial and error with inexperienced investigators before individual railroad lines established their own police departments.

Even after 1895, railroads hired private detectives or agencies such as Pinkerton's, Burns, Fields, and others to protect their passengers, property, and freight.

In the early days the principal requirement for a Special Agent was to be adept at handling a six-shooter—fast on the draw. One old-timer said they usually carried 3 heavy revolvers and about 500 rounds of ammunition. He said he would rather have plenty of ammunition than food when hunting outlaws. Some of the Railroad Police were law enforcement officers, and some were just ordinary citizens, handy with a six-shooter, who craved excitement. Often a new inexperienced man was given a badge, a revolver, and a club—and the rest was up to him.

The dedicated Special Agents are like willow-of-the-wisps in railroad stories. Due to their occupation they shunned publicity. Although the names of many competent agents associated with combating crime against the railroads are listed in the records, very little is known about the individuals themselves. The exceptions are men who had already made a reputation. Bat Masterson, famed law officer of Dodge City, hired out to the Santa Fe Railroad for the purpose of settling a dispute with another railroad line over a right of way. Jeff Milton, known as a "handy man with a gun," worked as a Special Agent for the Southern Pacific at one time. The Union Pacific hired Deputy U. S. Marshal Joe Lefors because of his reputation as a manhunter.

Frederick Hans, chief of the North West Railroad's famed agents, is reputed to have shot more train robbers than any other man living in his time. William H. Reno of the Colorado & Southern Railroad was given much of the credit for running to earth the notorious outlaw leader, Black Jack Ketchum, and his gang.

THE UNION PACIFIC also had Special Agent Tim Keliker who distinguished himself as a courageous manhunter. He was a truly dedicated law official.

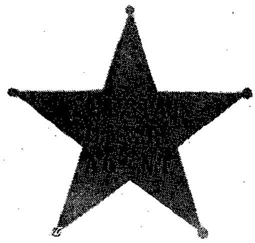
After several escapades in which the "Wild Bunch" was involved, the Union Pacific in August, 1900, reputedly on instructions from E. H. Harriman, took vigorous measures to prevent further depredations. Tim Keliker was appointed leader of a special "posse" of picked men who were organized to apprehend Butch Cassidy's gang. The Wild Bunch had fast horses to get away from the scene of a holdup, and they had the habit of giving pursuers the slip in the Hole-in-the-Wall country between the Wind River Mountains and Yellowstone Park.

Special Agent Keliker hand-picked his posse. He selected men of known courage and unusual skill with weapons. They were provided with heavy caliber service revolvers, and high powered rifles plus plenty of ammunition for a good-size battle. Their horses were chosen for speed and stamina; and a baggage car, fitted with stalls and a loading ramp, was held on orders to make a fast run on short notice to the scene of any holdup.

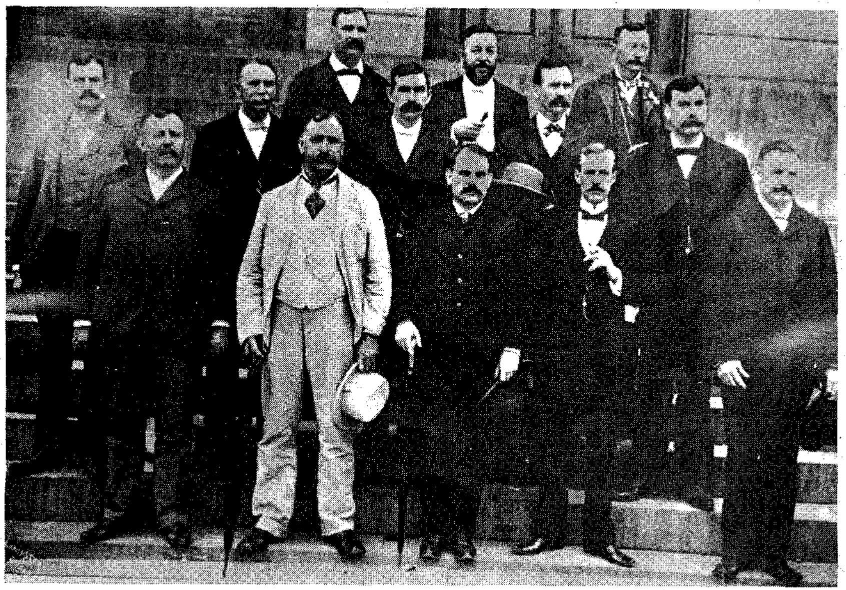
The five men in this picked group, in

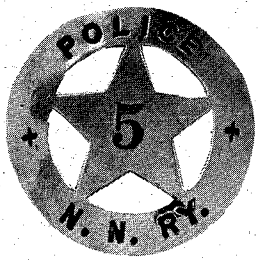
(Continued on page 53)

The group of Railway Special Agents shown below in Omaha, Nebraska, June 15, 1898, include: front row: Jno. J. Kinney, Jno. DeLong, W. S. Cain, Frank Mullady; second row: Thomas Gorman, W. T. Canada, W. F. Riley, C. H. Dawson, Jno. Tobin; back row: J. C. Vizzard, P. C. Holland, J. W. Penrose.



Central of Georgia Railway





Northern Nevada Railway

Nuggets

(Continued from page 42)

from the Army's founder, General William Booth, he won recognition as "one of the most courageous men in the organization."—*Courtesy Brigadier Andrew S. Miller, The Salvation Army.*

OLD KIRWIN TOWN

By J. C. McKinney

IF YOU had kept tabs on Will Kirwin in the summer and fall of 1885, you would have found yourself going upstream on Wood River, southwest from Meeteetse, Wyoming. Will Kirwin was looking for gold. In the process of panning the gravel in the bed of the stream, he traveled higher and higher into the southeastern portion of the Absaroka Range, known as the Shoshone Mountains.

Not content with the small amount of color found in the stream, Will, like all prospectors of his time, kept searching for the Mother Lode. Some thirty-eight miles southwest of Meeteetse, he found the area that he was sure would be the center of activities in the years to come.

Undoubtedly, weather conditions which prevail at these altitudes (9,500 feet), delayed work of any kind until the following spring. Kirwin filed his claim in February, 1886, so he would be ready to start work when the snows cleared away.

From 1886 considerable prospecting and development work was done, which was kept up intermittently until 1900. During this time, Kirwin's population grew to some 200.

In the early days of the town, transportation consisted of walking or riding a horse. The terrain made wagon hauling very difficult. In order to get in supplies, a road of sorts was built, and a sawmill was erected near the townsite to produce lumber.

Strangely enough, in this little mining town, there were no saloons. Two stopping places between Meeteetse and Kirwin served to satisfy the thirst of the miners.

From 1900 to 1907, Kirwin enjoyed prosperity. The Galena Ridge Mining Co. and the Sheshone Mountain Mining Co. commenced development work on a very extensive scale in 1904. Since 1907 very little work has been done on either of these properties.

Up until that year the cost of operation of various companies exceeded $1,000,000 on some 15,000 feet of tunnels and shafts which were opened, and 5,000 feet of cross tunnels. A very small percentage of return on the original investment forced all large-scale operation to cease.

In 1907 a snowslide swept away a number of cabins, the boarding house and store, and killed three people. Kirwin was abandoned soon afterward. Its residents left town with little other than the clothes on their backs. Fully furnished cabins remained to tell of their failures and disappointments.

SINCE its abandonment, Kirwin has had many visitors who came out of curiosity, looking for souvenirs to add to their collections.

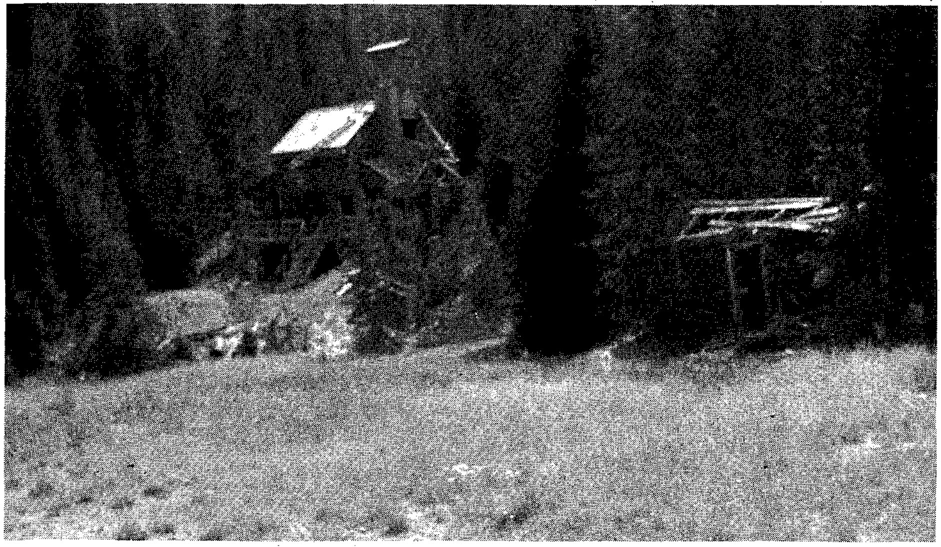
In the early 1930s Carl Dunrud of Meeteetse, Wyoming, obtained all of the area surrounding Kirwin. He operated a dude ranch some seven miles below the old townsite, and Kirwin was quite an attraction to those who vacationed at the ranch.

Amelia Earhart was one of the many of such patrons. She is pictured with Carl Dunrud at one of the remaining cabins at Kirwin. Not long after this picture was taken, she was lost somewhere over the Pacific.

Mr. Dunrud has never lost faith in the potential of Kirwin. There are many minerals other than the gold, copper, lead and silver of the early hopeful days of Kirwin which are in great demand today that the town may eventually get a "second look."

This log building in Kirwin, Wyoming, housed a mine shaft eighty feet deep, now full of water.

Courtesy J. C. McKinney



The Mason-Henry Gang

(Continued from page 29)

of cheap clothing and, of course, a supply of whiskey. Calliand was neutral as far as the war was concerned, but somehow he sensed that he was to be killed, so when the bandits were distracted for a moment he took a chance on getting away. Jumping for the back door and dodging around to the side of the house, he managed to escape to the brush without the bandits' scoring a hit although all were taking pot-shots at him.

After taking all the clothing they wanted, what gold dust and money they could find, and filling their canteens with whiskey, Mason and Tom Hawkins started on down the mountain toward Tejon. The trail brought them out at the crossing on the Rio Bravo (Kern River) near the Philo Jewett ranch.

Jewett was known as a Union man of strong convictions. He farmed the fertile land along the river and ran sheep in the foothills nearby. After crossing the river, Mason and Hawkins rode up to the house and asked for supper. Johnson, Jewett's cook, told them that his boss wasn't home but was expected soon and that he was sure it would be all right. Jewett was well known for his hospitality.

Jewett, when he arrived a few moments later, made them welcome and told them there was plenty of good grass nearer the river where they could stake their horses if they wished to spend the night. The pair informed him that their horses were accustomed to stand without being tied and that they intended to continue their journey as soon as they finished eating.

All during the meal Mason's companion remained silent but Mason was very talkative; his principal topic of conversation being guerilla warfare and what should be done to the North and all Northerners in general. He seemed to be trying to goad Jewett into a quarrel.

Jewett finally told him that since the war was over he didn't see how individual retribution would help the South and that he didn't think that such activities ever did any particular good anyway. Mason replied, "You will find that 'guerillaing' has just commenced in California."

This should have alerted Jewett as to the identity of his visitors. He had already noted that they each carried two six-shooters and a large knife stuck in his belt. After talking a few more minutes the visitors arose from the table and offered Johnson and Jewett a drink from their canteens by way of "thanks and farewell."

Just as Jewett was about to comment on the strangeness of the two men, Mason and Hawkins suddenly reappeared in the doorway with drawn guns. Jewett begged for his life and when Mason momentarily glanced aside toward Johnson, Jewett ran into the bedroom where a sick Mexican lay, dived out a window and escaped into the willows which grew by the river. Johnson was shot and then stabbed. The Mexican got away when the two murderers went outside to look for Jewett, the man that they had meant to kill in the first place.

Some Indians whom Jewett had hired to get in his winter hay were sleeping near the house and on hearing the shooting and seeing the Mexican fleeing for his life, jumped from their blankets and swam the river to the opposite side. The Mexican hid in the willows for a while until he saw the men ride away, then went up the river to the sheep camp, about a mile from the house, and told Jewett's faithful Yaqui Indian herder what had happened. He said that he was afraid Don Pablo (as the Mexicans called Jewett) had been killed by some *bandidos.*

The herder immediately left on foot for the store owned by the Jewetts near Bakersfield. Philo's brother, Solomon, ran the store and it happened that the deputy sheriff of Tulare County (which included all of what is now Kern County) was spending the night with Solomon. About three o'clock, as soon as they could organize a posse, Solomon, Deputy Chapman, E. H. Dumble, R. W. Withington and A. P. Stine, along with several other

(Continued on page 46)

By E. THENNIS

Photo Courtesy Author

LEGEND of SQUAW HILL

Squaw Hill, seen here beyond Six Mile Lake, lies between Britton and Sisseton, South Dakota.

A story of cruelty—the full circle of a monstrous deed followed by revenge without mercy

SURROUNDED by growing corn and waving wheat fields in the rich farming country of northeastern South Dakota, stands a tall, rounded hill. It was the site of an unspeakable tragedy. Undisturbed by time and man's cultivation, it remains as a silent sentinel to the past. The Dakota wind still rustles through the tall prairie grasses of its unbroken sod, and its rocks remain in their original places.

Squaw Hill stands along Highway 10 between Britton and Sisseton. The old Highway 10, now weed covered, formerly approached from the west directly to the base of Squaw Hill, made a sharp turn to the right and followed the base to continue its way toward Sisseton. The new road makes a wide sweep to the south of the hill and Six Mile Lake, making it much more difficult for those unfamiliar with the area to identify the hill and certainly more difficult to approach it closely.

All of the old-timers in the neighborhood know of the legend of Squaw Hill. A legend is usually a story which has been passed down through the generations with no positive basis of fact; Squaw Hill is referred to as a legend only because the exact dates of the incident which occurred there are unknown and the precise names of the persons involved are nowhere recorded.

We do know that historical records indicate the Chippewas pushed the Santees from their homeland in eastern Minnesota, across the Mississippi and eventually into eastern South Dakota sometime after 1735. The Sioux, strong fighters in their own right, were forced to migrate with their stone weapons and bows and arrows when the Chippewas were supplied with guns by the French. In their new home in the Coteau des Prairie, the Sisseton Indians (a branch of the Santee Sioux) roamed freely over the hills and among the many fresh water lakes.

The Squaw Hill tragedy occurred in the days in Dakota Territory when only a few traders had ventured up the James River to barter their trinkets, blankets and coarse cloth for hides.

Fall was coming on. A dry, hot day saw the usual strong wind pushing across the open Dakota prairie. Tall grass swayed in golden waves. Down on the flat bed of a coulee the Santee lodges were dotted among the trees along the creek, slow moving now in the late summer.

An old squaw, too aged to join the younger on the treks to gather wild berries and roots from the rolling hills beyond camp, stood stirring a form of stew as it simmered in a buffalo paunch bag over a small fire. She paused a moment as a pair of deep brown eyes stood watching her movements. Taking a piece of chokecherry twig she speared a portion of the stew meat and smilingly handed it over to her favorite grandson who grasped the twig in his little brown hands and gaily skipped off to rejoin his naked little playfellows.

A group of younger girls and squaws were congregating down by the first bend of the creek near a drying rack. Rolling their brightly quilled and painted parfleche bags and a few small hides into compact bundles and swinging their papooses snugly tied in their cradle boards upon their backs, they started to cross the creek with their younger children running and hopping alongside. Occasionally one of the squaws would stop to pull a little one out of the water and scold him about his clumsiness. As they climbed the far side of the coulee hill, they left the shelter of the trees behind. It was a long and tiring walk across the rocky hills to reach the one to the westward where the turnips always grew a little larger in the fertile sod on its crest.

AT THE TOP of the hill, those with papooses slung upon their backs removed them and laid them upon the ground in order to be able to work without the obstruction of the cradleboard. The smaller children who were able to toddle along on their own soon began to play among the grasses. The girls and women spread a few hides on the ground to place their pickings in the center, later to gather the corners together as a form of bag for carrying the wild turnips back to camp. Stooping at their work, they began digging, placing the roots in parfleche bags and the laps of their skin dresses. When they were filled they would empty them onto the hides.

The winters are long and severe in the heart of the Coteau des Prairie and much food had to be stored to last through the blizzard-filled winters when hunting became difficult in the deep snows.

For a couple of hours or more all that could be heard was children at play and the scatching sounds of the digging implements as the group of women worked steadily under the hot sun. So intently did they work that they were completely oblivious to a band of Chippewas slowly advancing toward them through a scattered tree area on the west side of the hill.

At the edge of the grove the men dismounted, leaving the horses in the care of some of the younger ones within the concealment of the brush, while the warriors climbed the hill afoot. The Santees' long-time enemy, the Chippewas, were able to reach a point just short of the crest without being detected by the laboring women.

At the rim of the mesa the Chippewas dropped down on all fours and crawled forward. Weapons in hand and knives untied and ready at their belts, they worked their way stealthily across the mesa.

One of the younger squaws glanced up in time to see one of the slim bodies slithering snake-fashion through the grass toward her, his face hideous with paint. She let the turnips spill from where she was gathering them in the lap of her dress and ran frantically toward the edge of Six Mile Lake at the base of the hill. The warrior sprang to his feet with a chilling yell and began to pursue her when his foot struck one of the turnips that had rolled about in the grass and he spun off balance, sprawling onto the ground. Before he

(Continued on page 53)

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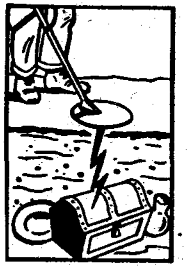

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The Mason-Henry Gang

(Continued from page 44)

men, started for the scene of the murder to bury the victims and to see what could be done about catching the murderers.

They arrived at the ranch about sunup and Philo, upon recognizing his brother, came out of hiding. By this time the posse was sure that the men being sought belonged to the Mason-Henry Gang. Philo's description made it fairly certain that the big man was Mason, the worst of the lot and by far the most dangerous.

After burying Johnson, the party enlisted the help of some Indian trackers and set out on the trail of the outlaws. The Indians easily followed the tracks to a canyon between Walkers Basin and Cottonwood Creek where the murderers were observed in a deep brushy canyon. Since night was coming on, the posse took possession of a pass where the culprits were expected to come out. When morning came, however, the bandits were gone and the chase was given up for the time being. Just a month later the gang made the unsuccessful try for the McFarlane brothers.

ON ANOTHER of their murderous trips through the San Joaquin the guerillas held up the stage at Willow Springs, killing the driver, hostlers and several passengers. After they had made sure that there were no witnesses, they took the horses, money and all other valuables they could find and continued on their way. This atrocity at Willow Springs became the basis for several ghost stories, making it almost impossible for the Butterfield Stage Company to keep hostlers at the station.

On one trip the gang stopped at Tailholt, a nickname for the small town of White River. They rode up to the store of Levi Mitchell who recognized them and, of course, was scared out of his wits. Mason told Mitchell that he had nothing to fear from them but that he must put them up for the night and feed both them and their horses.

After Mitchell had cooked their supper and they were ready for bed, Mason told him to call them at three o'clock in the morning as they wanted to get an early start. Mitchell stayed awake all night, partly out of fear and partly to get rid of them as soon as possible. He fully expected to be killed and robbed but they rode down the canyon the next morning without giving him any trouble.

Mitchell was an honest and friendly fellow and earlier had helped a man out of some trouble—Jack Gordon who ran hogs in partnership with a local resident named Groupie. Groupie later killed Gordon in a dispute over the division of their property, and although Groupie didn't know it at the time, he had killed one of the lesser members of the Mason-Henry Gang.

One of their more elaborate hideouts was on Grizzly Gulch a few miles from White River and strategically located near the rich mining camps in that part of the Greenhorn Mountains. Near the top of a ridge the gang had excavated a large room which would hold several horses and as many men. A hole was dug from the surface on the ridge to this room, which was used as a chimney.

When they were on the run the outlaws would hightail it for this brushy ridge and disappear, leaving no trace. No doubt no one tried very hard to follow them as the brush was thick and it would have been too easy to have ridden into an ambush—at which the gang was expert.

The wholesale killing and robbing was to go on for many long months before members of the gang were either slain or run out of the country by the U. S. Volunteers. Henry was said to have been killed in San Bernardino County. Hawkins was captured and hanged in Visalia. With the exception of Mason, the other regulars were either killed outright or decided that California was getting too unhealthy. Mason worked alone for a short while, recruiting a man (or men) in the various communities where and when he needed them.

Mason had always bragged that if he died before he left California, it would be with his boots on; that no man dared to face him in a gunfight and would have to shoot him in the back. But fate dictated otherwise. He died with his boots off and at the hands of a very timid man, the "extra" boyfriend of Mason's ladylove. She managed to get Mason drunk on elderberry wine, give him enough laudanum to immobilize him, and then talk Mayfield into killing him. This was done under the guise of self-defense and for the protection of the lady's "good name."

The saddlebags and money belt are still hidden where Mason put them before coming to the house. Normally the money belt was on his person, but not this day. Could he have been suspicious?

George Belt was killed by his brother-in-law, a Major Dennis, January 9, 1869 on Center Street in Stockton, California. Dennis and Belt had married sisters. Dennis was known to be a man of rigid integrity and a strong Union man. Prior to the Civil War the two had been partners in the cattle and sheep business. Dennis, on learning of Belt's plan for the take-over of California, had insisted on dissolving the partnership. In trying to make a final settlement, Dennis claimed that Belt had made away with a band of 12,000 sheep, half of which belonged to him. Finally, after many threats of violence had been made on both sides, they met on that fateful day and Dennis made his threat good. The bullet from Dennis' gun hit Belt behind the left ear, killing him instantly.

Although everyone knowing the circumstances behind the killing felt that it was justified, Major Dennis would make no defense at his trial. Nor would he allow his friends or his lawyers to make a plea of insanity, although it was the common belief that he had brooded so long over the wrongs of Belt that his mind had become unbalanced. He was sentenced to five years in San Quentin, but lived only about a year and during the time he was there was treated more like a guest than a prisoner.

I Helped Capture Cherokee Bill!

(Continued from page 21)

chance," Bud Ledbetter told me.

When I saw that $20 bill with the hole in it, I never let on but I made a point of showing Ike how I'd fixed a little block of wood to wedge in the safe so the lock would not snap each time I opened it during working hours. I told him at close of business I removed the block so the safe would lock while I was away.

When Cherokee Bill came to rob me the second time, I knew for sure he was in cahoots with Rogers when he never ordered me to open the safe. He just said, "Hand it over."

As soon as news of the holdup got around, Clint Scales and the Nowata deputy, George Lawson, came down to the depot and I took them in the back room telling them what I had done and how it looked to me. They agreed.

They then set up the thing about Maggie Glass meeting Cherokee Bill at the Rogers home and the whole world knows the result of that also.

After sitting up all night playing cards, while watching for a chance to capture Cherokee Bill, Ike Rogers after daylight sent his little boy outside to play, with the intention, of course, of getting him out of harm's range. And he sent Maggie Glass with a silver dollar over to a neighbor's to buy some frying chickens to cook for breakfast. He meant to make a try of some kind to get Cherokee for the reward offered.

The chance came finally when Cherokee stooped over to get a coal of fire from the fireplace to light his pipe. Rogers grabbed a stick of firewood and struck Cherokee with all his might across the back of the head. Cherokee fell, but came up fighting.

Clint Scales and Rogers both were trying to subdue the desperate man and get a pair of handcuffs on him. He fought like a wildcat and several times Clint said they thought he was going to get away from them.

After the handcuffs were on, Ike Rogers harnessed a team to a wagon and drove up to the door. Clint was at all times standing over the handcuffed man, holding his Winchester ready for action. It was a desperate and trying time getting the outlaw into the wagon while he struggled and cursed and spit directly into the face of the traitor, Ike Rogers, who perhaps was as bad as Bill himself, but lacked the courage of the killer.

At last it was over and Cherokee Bill was loaded into the back of the wagon for the trip to Nowata. Clint Scales drove the wagon while Ike Rogers rode horseback behind.

Just after the wagon came up out of the old ford at Coody's Bluff, Cherokee broke his handcuffs and made a lunge for Scales' Winchester. Rogers yelled at Scales who threw himself out of the wagon, carrying his Winchester with him. So close was Cherokee Bill that the butt of the Winchester slipped through his grasping fingers as Scales fell.

Rogers had a double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot and, with both hammers eared back and the barrel only a few feet from his body, Cherokee Bill was forced to give up. From there on to Nowata, a distance of about three miles, the desperado cursed and reviled Ike Rogers for the thief and traitor he was.

In Nowata, Cherokee was turned over to George Lawson and Deputy U. S. Marshal Smith who lost no time in getting the dangerous outlaw in leg irons and strong handcuffs.

A small round hole in a $20 bill set the wheels in motion which swung Cherokee Bill from the scaffold at Fort Smith at 2:30 p.m. on March 17, 1896.

Will and Charlie

(Continued from page 9)

lies." Will was in the "Follies" for six of the next ten years.

Now Charlie, like Will, was trying to keep up with the demands on him. He worked in Montana and, when Nancy brought him and his oil paintings, water colors, sketches and sculptures to New York, he worked there. But the only thing Charlie liked about New York was getting together with Will, Ed Borein

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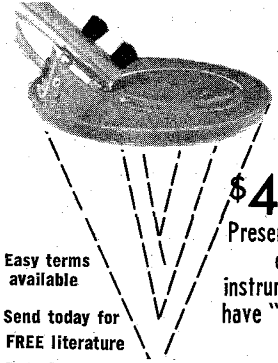

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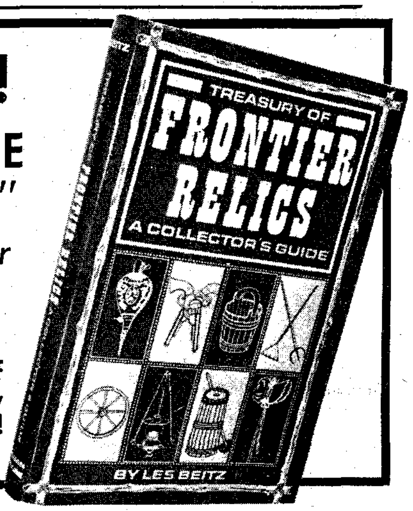

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and those others who knew and understood the West.

When he went back to Montana, he wrote to Ed Borein, ". . . is Rogers still heeling fillyes at the follies—does he still leap up to your camp quirting himself down the hind leg with a paper if he keeps that up hel get to be a ring tail."

And he also wrote to Will in New York:

> "Friend Bill:
>
> I am sending you the long promised sketch. It represents an old time cow dog mounted on a bronk.
>
> In this day of fancy roaping the trick hes turning aint so much. but I remember when a hand that could do this from the top of a stiff necked bronk was not classed with punkin rollers.
>
> My wife got a letter from your best half asking us to come and camp with you all we both thank you very much but we wont worke your range this year wev got a six months old boy at our camp and we think hes a little young for trail work so we are going to close herd him for a while The stork dident bring him he had been on earth about three moons when he was thrown in my cut but hes waring my Iron now and I hope nobody ever vents it
>
> now Bill if you ore your folks ever drift this way dont forgit my camp theres grub and blankets for you and yors aney time with best wishes to you all from us both
>
> your friend
> C M Russell"

WILL had his hands full in New York. Now that he was a star in the "Follies," publishers were pursuing him to write books; newspapers were after him for features, charities, for benefits. Political and society bigwigs clamored for his services as a banquet speaker, and Sam Goldwyn was romancing him for motion pictures.

Yet Will remained unchanged, and often yearned for some of the solitude he had known in the West.

"I am just an old country boy in a big town, trying to get along. I have been eating purty regular and the reason I have is that I have stayed an old country boy."

Whenever he could, he slipped away to look up old friends. He liked to mosey in on Jimmy Swinnerton's studio up near Times Square.

Jimmy, a cartoonist for a newspaper syndicate, was an admirer of both Will Rogers and Charlie Russell, and was one of that widening circle of western buffs who understood and loved the Old West. Jimmy knew Will Rogers well and when Will showed up, required no explanation on why he had come. He had a couch there in his studio, and he did little more than greet Will before Will lay down and snoozed.

The pressure was on Will and, while still playing in the "Follies," he made his first motion picture, "Laughing Bill Hyde," in the studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey. The picture was another turning point in his life. Will was off in a new direction. At the close of that Broadway season, Will moved to Hollywood, bag and baggage. He made pictures, one after another, silent films, when ironically he had won his fame by talking.

With Will and his family in Hollywood, Charlie and Nancy started coming to Southern California for their winters. Charlie wrote to Ed Borein, "I have seen Bill Rogers quite often met Dug Fairbanks, Neal Hart, Buck Connors and several other moovie folks."

Many of their mutual friends were in California; Fred Stone and his family, William S. Hart, Harry Carey, Joe De Yong, Irvin S. Cobb, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Charlie Lummis and others.

When Charlie went back to Montana, he kept in touch. He wrote to Charlie Lummis, "I suppose by this time Chewing Gum Rodgers is back among the moovies."

Will was, indeed, but he said, "I'm not a real movie star. I still got the wife I started with."

Will and Betty bought a house in Beverly Hills, the first they had ever owned. Will liked to have his friends around. Charlie and Nancy were often there. Will always had ropes lying about, and often he got up and did fancy rope tricks or roped the stuffed calf that was always there, mounted on casters. But when Charlie was talking, Will sat quiet.

Wherever they were together, whether it was at Charlie Lummis' Saturday Nights, or out at William S. Hart's ranch at Newhall, the important thing to Will was that Charlie Russell was there. And once a month, Charlie and Will got together at the University Club in Los Angeles with a couple of their mutual friends.

Will Rogers, as he appeared when in the Ziegfeld Follies

ONE BEAUTIFUL spring day in 1923, Charlie and Nancy and the whole Rogers family and Fred Stone and his family spent the day with Harry and Ollie Carey at the 3,700-acre Carey ranch near Saugus, California. Charlie Aldrich was there, and so was Theda Blake, Betty's sister, who was called Aunt Dick.

Will wore Levis, a rough shirt and that old crushed hat; Charlie, as always, was dressed with his rings, tight pants, bright sash and that broad, flat-rimmed, low-crowned hat; but Fred Stone wore a suit, a tweed city suit. He took off his coat but, wearing collar, tie, vest and a bloke cap, spun a rope as he had in the Broadway show. That started Will, and they both stood there spinning ropes and shooting the breeze with Charlie.

Will suggested they go for a ride. Nancy was not sure Charlie was up to it. He had been under the weather. But they went up to the stable and Harry Carey saddled some of his ponies. Will mounted, but Charlie could not quite make it. It would be a while yet. Dorothy Stone, Fred's talented daughter who had already made a name for herself on Broadway, wanted to go.

So they rode out, and those left behind gathered around to listen to Charlie. He held them enchanted—Betty Rogers, the three Rogers children (Will, Jr., Jimmy and Mary), little Dobie Carey and all the others.

When Will and Dorothy got back, the barbecue was ready and everyone was hungry. Laughing and eating, they listened to Charlie Russell's stories of Montana and the time he went to Canada and lived with the Bloods. And when all had settled into that mood of satisfaction and well-being that comes of good food and good company, Charlie gave them an experience they never forgot. He "told" them a story in Indian sign language.

Charlie's deft and beautiful hands played out the story and Nancy related it. Charlie's face was impassive.

Will sat there watching, completely absorbed, a faint expression of joy on his face. That picnic was to remain a delight to Will to his last day.

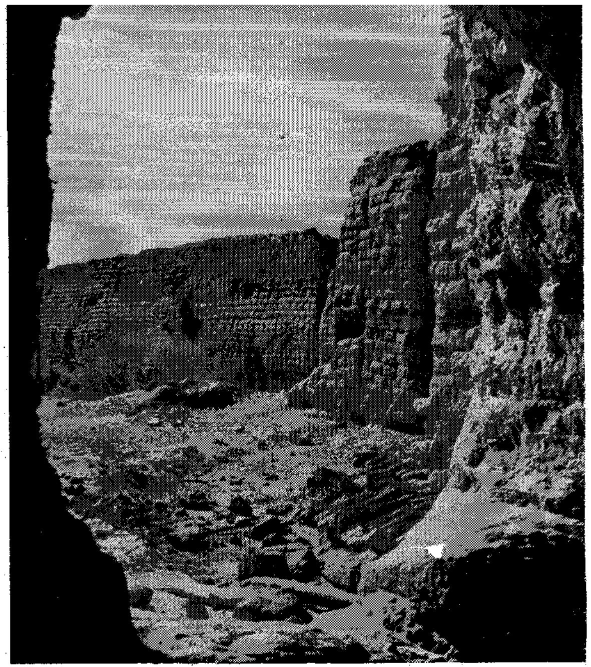
In the next couple of years Will was to be swallowed up again in the "Follies," in traveling the world over, writing books and newspaper features, in speaking tours. Yet Will always kept in touch with Charlie.

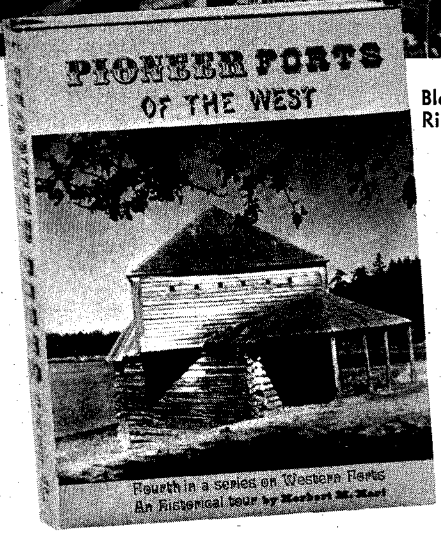
Of Charlie, Will said, "I never met a person yet that ever heard him that didn't say he was the greatest story teller they ever listened to. If he could have just sat on the stage and told his stories, most of his own experiences up in Montana in the days gone by, he would have been as big a success as he was an artist. Charlie would have been a great man if he couldn't paint a fence post."

Will's last year in the "Follies" was 1925. The next year he went to Europe to write a series of magazine articles, "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President" for the *Saturday Evening Post.*

It was 1926—Charlie's twilight year. Charlie said, "The old pump's about to quit." That October, it did.

Many say that Will's foreword to Charlie's book, *Trails Plowed Under*, is the finest writing Will ever did. But this much is sure, it reflected the love of one man for another that can scarcely be expressed in any words.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GUNMAN AND GAMBLER

The appearance of Lauran Paine's *Texas Ben Thompson* (Westernlore, $6.95) so soon after that of *King Fisher, His Life and Times* (Norman, 1966) by O. C. Fisher is unusual indeed—Ben Thompson and King Fisher died together in a San Antonio vaudeville-gambling house ambush in March, 1884. As did Streeter in his *Ben Thompson, Man with a Gun* (New York, 1957) it must be presumed that author Paine leaned heavily on the first book about Ben, W. M. Walton's *Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson, the Famous Texan* (Austin, 1884). Walton was Ben's lawyer and he interviewed many of the Austin friends, acquaintances and enemies of the late city marshal in compiling his biography. Streeter's research in the files of the Kansas newspaper enabled him to supplement Walton's account of Ben's and Billy's (Ben's younger brother) escapades in the Kansas cowtowns. The author does not provide a bibliography but here again it must be presumed that he took advantage of Streeter's labors in preparing his chapters on Ben (and Billy) in Kansas. Paine is an experienced and vivid writer and he has turned out an entertaining book. The incident of the fight between Captain Edward Burleson's Texas Rangers and the Comanches (chapter 14) is dated in the eighties by Paine. If Ben and Buckskin Sam (Samuel Stone Hall) had that running fight with the Comanches as first told by Walton it was between 1858 and 1860, not in the eighties. To be sure, Ben was only a lad of sixteen and small for his age in 1858 and there seems to be no record of his service with the Rangers before they became CSA State troops in 1861. Walton probably accepted as fact a yarn that Ben spun to emphasize his friendship with Buckskin Sam, one of the nation's most prolific and popular dime novel writers of the period 1877-1886. Ben and Sam did serve together on the frontier in the early days of the Confederacy and Ben was a character, along with brother Billy, in at least three of Buckskin Sam's dime novels. Author Paine repeats the error of other Thompson biographers in stating that King Fisher was a Kentuckian by birth. King was born in what is now Collin County, Texas. There are some differences in the Fisher and Paine accounts of the slaying of Thompson and Fisher for the buffs to appraise. There is a frontispiece portrait of Ben and an index—and Paul Bailey scores again with a fine job of book making.

FIRE!

Historic Fires of the West, 1865-1915 (Superior, $12.95) by Ralph W. Andrews is another in the series of great pictorial histories coming from this press. There are pictures of fire houses, fire fighting equipment, fire companies and of course, fires. Only the last few pictures were made after fire trucks became standard equipment—this was the age of hand and horse. Most of the first pictured occurred on the Pacific coast from Alaska to San Francisco with an important segment devoted to those of British Columbia. Colorado, Nevada and Utah are also represented. There is a chapter (and pictures always) of fire company races and contests and another on life in fire houses after the professional fire fighters took over in the larger cities. A remarkably good selection of pictures.

NEW MEXICO IN 1618-26

Relaciones (Horn & Wallace, $6.00) was written about 1627 by Father Zarate Salmeron, the Franciscan who built Jemez Mission while in residency there from 1618 to 1626. This is its first book appearance in English and the translation by Alicia Ronstadt Milich just had to be a labor of love. In her introduction Mrs. Milich points out the two central themes of this very early and important chronicle—first, the stimulation of missionary activity and second, the potential riches of northern New Spain to impress the king. The author also gives the publishing history of *Relaciones*, and all previous editions are in Spanish. Mrs. Milich was a particularly fortunate choice as translator—she was born in a bilingual Arizona family, lived in Spain for many years and taught Spanish in high schools and at UCLA. She spent a year in New Mexico and visited many of the places mentioned by Salmeron—her notes greatly supplement the text. There is a foreword by Dr. Donald C. Cutter of the University of New Mexico plus drawings by Arthur Lites, Albuquerque artist. This is an important contribution to early Southwestern history.

HORSE FOLKLORE

They Sang for Horses (The University of Arizona Press, $12.00) is a study of the impact of the horse on Navajo and Apache folklore by La Verne Harrell Clark. This is a tremendous book—and here we are not speaking of the size, although it is a big volume. The evidence of dedicated scholarship and fine interpretations is apparent in the sparkling, almost poetic, prose of the text. This reviewer confesses to being more than slightly allergic to footnotes yet has to admit that the size of the page permits the admirable handling of the marginal references essential to documenting the text. Mrs. Clark digs deep into the previous accounts of the acquisition of the horse by the Navajoes and the Apaches. Her conclusions that they did not possess horses until the seventeenth century, and in the case of the Navajo until after 1680, certainly seem valid. To be sure some of these Indians saw the horses of the Spanish conquerors long before they owned any and fear had to give away to desire for ownership before they became horsemen. Perhaps the introduction of the horse into the myths occurred before the tribes actually owned horses but it does not seem likely. The details of horse culture are so clearly set forth in the legends that it is apparent that they were based on intimate knowledge—possible only with ownership. The similarities and the differences of the tales as told by the various bands of Apaches and their cousins, the Navajoes, are examined with care by the author. The book is enhanced by an extensive bibliography, an index, maps and with numerous illustrations including a frontispiece in color by the great Arizona artist, Ted De Grazia. In addition, there are six color plates by some of the best of our Indian artists—Dodge, Tsinajinie, Begay and Yazz. A must for horse, folklore and Indian buffs—strongly recommended.

VIGNETTES OF HISTORY

At $1.00 each the four recent issues of The Press of the Territorian (Box 1847, Santa Fe, N. M. 87501), have to be among the best of bargains in this day of high priced books. *Doc Middleton, the Unwickedest Outlaw* (No. 9) is by John Carson. Doc was a "livestock dealer" (hoss thief) who operated in the Nebraska-Wyoming-Dakota country for a number of years. A quite entertaining account. No. 10 is *Legal Hanging* by Peter Hertzog and illustrated with drawings by Storm D. Townsend. The legal hangings described in this booklet were in New Mexico, 1861-1923, and are highlighted by the account of the hanging of an Angel (Paula), the only woman to be so treated in New Mexico, and that of Black Jack Ketchum. It also contains the famous sentencing speech that the noted Judge Kirby Benedict delivered after the jury found Jose Maria Martin guilty of murder at Taos in 1864. *The Lynching of Elizabeth Taylor* (No. 11) by Jean Williams tells the story of an illegal hanging in Clay County, Nebraska in 1885. Mrs. Williams has done a fine job of reconstructing the events that led to the lynching of Mrs. Taylor by her neighbors—was it justified? Weigh the evidence and reach a decision. No. 12 is *Frontier Humor* or *A Few Belly Laughs from the Territorial Press* compiled from the 1847-1887 files of New Mexico papers by Peter Hertzog. For a change of pace—recommended, especially the old cowman's prayer for rain.

A FRENCH VISITOR

Sketches of Early Texas and Louisiana (The University of Texas Press, $5.00) is a translation from the French by Dr. James L. Sheppard of Baylor University. Frederic Gaillardet wrote the sketches in the late 1830s and early '40s and they were published in newspapers in France and in his own French-language paper issued in New York. So far as is known, none of the material has appeared previously in a book in English. Gaillardet visited Texas in 1839—he interviewed Sam Houston and President Lamar, saw the site of the old French colony, Champ d'Asile, and gathered material about the Texas Revolution for a series of letters to his newspaper. He was ever after, as he wrote President Lamar, "Texian in the heart"—his letters to the French newspapers are credited with an assist in earning his country's recognition of the Republic of Texas—the first of the big Europian powers to do so. Gaillardet was a friend of Pierre Soulé—U.S. Senator from Louisiana—he deserves to be better known. There is a bibliography plus an index and the book is illustrated with old prints. Dr. Sheppard and the Press deserve our thanks for this one!

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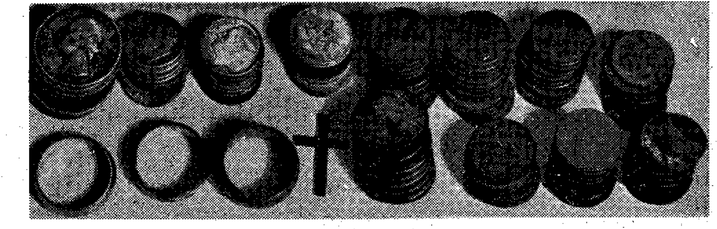

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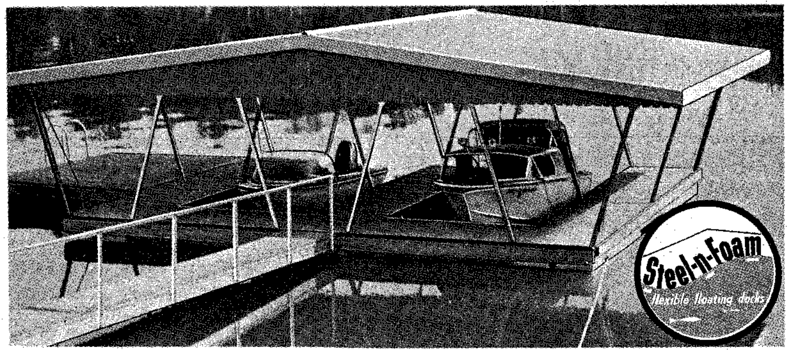

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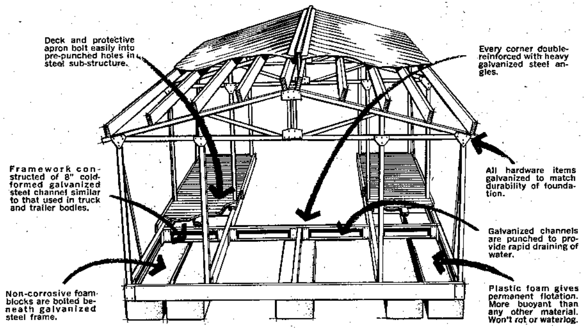

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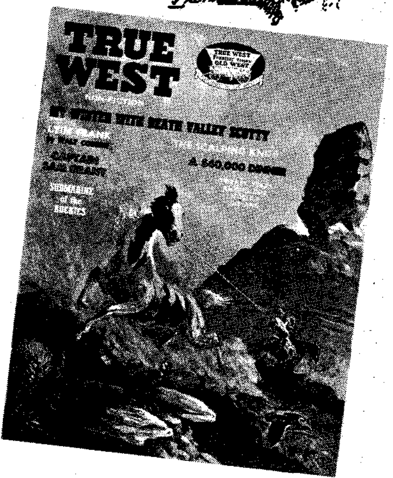
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White Man's Forbidden Ground

(Continued from page 25)

out when I refused to consent to it. I told them it wouldn't be healthy for any of us to go up there and do any prowling around.

They had rifles and side arms, cameras and equipment of all kinds at their camp. I tried scaring them a little by saying the Indians might have died from smallpox, but even this didn't help as the couple declared they had been vaccinated for this disease as well as many others.

Just to keep them from going up there alone, I said that I would bring back an Indian friend from Square Butte who would help us, and for them to wait a day and I'd be back. This they agreed to do.

I lost no time going over to see Jack Guardipee, of the Pikunis, to ask his advice. He had not yet gone to bed and we sat out in the warm darkness and talked about the burial caves on the Rimrocks. He was not very eager to even meet these people, but I urged, "You've got to help me, Jack. These fools are going to get in a lot of trouble and we both know they shouldn't go up there among the dead."

I PUT IN a restless night, and we lit out early next morning for this fellow's camp, but when we reached there, we learned from a hay crew that the couple had gone on a fossil digging trip. Right after I had left the night before, a party had arrived who wanted them to examine some giant fossils near the town of Stanford. I was relieved to hear this as I thought they might lose interest in the arrowheads at the burial caves, and perhaps move their camp nearer Stanford.

Jack was familiar with the caves in the Granite Rimrocks but no one on earth could persuade him to enter the place. He refused to leave the road and so we stayed below and looked across at the secret Indian burial markings, which he could see and which he pointed out to me so I would always know afterward just where the caves were. That was so I could avoid going up there or letting anyone else go there.

All the way home, Jack was very quiet but he promised he would talk to the people when they returned to camp, which was supposed to be in about ten days.

When we got back to town, we noticed that it was lively with lots of people at the bar and store, and going in and out of homes. We learned that a crew was being gathered up for a fire-fighting job in the mountains, and some more for hay crews, so we met about all the breed and Indians boys we knew. They were drinking, too, as it was to be their last night in town for awhile and they were celebrating. We did not mention where we had been or what we had been doing.

Jack decided to leave for Zortman to visit some of his kin. Some people were visiting in town from there, and it was a chance for him to get a ride down. I told him he should sure go. I figured I'd handle the geologist people even if I had to get the help of the sheriff's office to keep them in line.

It was a couple of days afterward when my rancher friend drove into my place and I tell you, he was hog-wild mad. He called me outside and growled, "Have you heard the news? Bob, I wish I'd never let those idiots camp on the ranch! There's hell to pay now." Then he told me what had happened.

The man and his wife had returned from the Stanford trip and decided to go up to the burial caves in the Rimrocks very early the next morning, and alone. Just as they were leaving with their stolen loot, a big gunny sack of Indian bones and another of arrowheads, they were fired upon by someone with a rifle.

The husband was hit in the arm, and both of them were frightened almost to death. They dropped their hoard of burial stuff, and lost no time in getting down to their jeep. The woman drove as fast as she could into Fort Benton where the doctor dressed the man's arm; luckily it turned out not to be serious. She told the doctor that her husband had had an accident with a gun, so no questions were asked and they drove back to camp where they packed up their belongings in a hurry. In nothing flat, they were ready to move out. Both of their vehicles were heavily loaded. Before the couple left, however, the rancher and his folks asked why they were leaving so suddenly, and the woman very cautiously said it was time to go on. I tell you they really kept a closed mouth on what actually took place.

The rancher, however, knew that breeds and Injuns were connected with their departure as he had seen a number of them searching around where their camp had been. We found out afterwards from the doctor in Fort Benton about the shooting.

The couple had left, not mentioning their future destination, but you can bet it was a good distance from Square Butte. They must have warned all other such parties who were digging there that summer, for we never again heard of any other geologist or rockhound approaching the Granite Rimrocks.

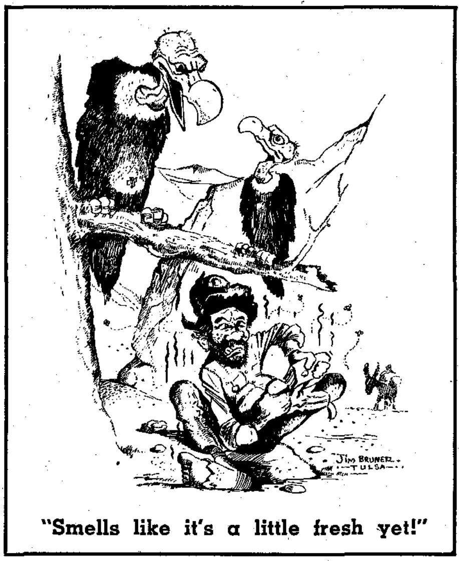
Oregon's Johnny Appleseed

(Continued from page 27)

off in different directions on a "grafting tour." Many old ledgers and family records dated as far back as 1850 show entries for money paid to the "Luelling Travelling Nursery" for "grafting services." For many years the Travelling Nursery was in great demand all over the territory—which then consisted of the entire states of Washington and Oregon combined.

In 1852 Seth Luelling, Henderson's brother, came to Oregon by way of California. Although Seth was a fine bootmaker and mechanic, he soon found himself in the nursery business with his brother.

For many years prior to the turn of the century, there was considerable con-



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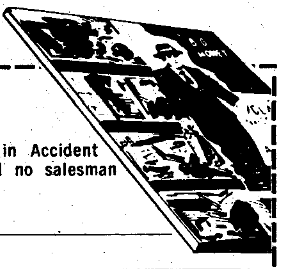

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troversy in both Oregon and Washington about who, indeed, founded the Luelling fruit business, Seth or Henderson. In 1905 George Himes, noted historian, wrote a letter to *The Oregonian* in an attempt to clear up the matter.

He stated: "Every little while an item appears in the papers, and is widely copied, to the effect that Seth Luelling, or Luelling Brothers, brought the first grafted fruit to Oregon. In the interest of accurate statement, it should be stated that Henderson Luelling, of Salem, Henry County, Iowa, conceived the idea in 1845 that it would be a fine thing for a new country like Oregon to have a supply of the best kinds of fruit, and at once began to work with that end in view. When the spring of 1847 came he was ready to remove to Oregon."

In 1854 Henderson looked at the Oregon Territory countryside and saw that his work was good. Almost anywhere he went in the territory he could see Luelling trees. The Pacific Coast had proven to be wonderful country for fruit. But, alas, his work was done. It was then he was struck with another dream. "Why shouldn't there be Luelling trees all along the Pacific Coast?" he thought. With that, he packed up, leaving Seth to care for his Oregon interests, and pulled out lock, stock and fruit trees for California.

In 1878, this stubborn and courageous man died. If one knows his story, it's impossible to see a grove hanging heavy with fruit without hearing the voices of the old-timers offering their wisdom as he prepared for the long trip to California: "Henderson Luelling, you're crazier than a Cayuse if you think you can get that heavy wagon over them Siskiyou Mountains!"

Special Agent!

(Continued from page 43)

addition to Tim Keliker, were George Hiatt, Si Funk, H. Davis, Jeff Carr, and Joe Lefors. They convinced the Wild Bunch that any further attempts to rob Union Pacific trains would be unprofitable and extremely risky. No further holdups by Butch Cassidy's gang occurred after that time.

W. F. Riley, John J. Kinney, Doc Dawson, D. C. Scott—the list could go on and on of men who devoted their lives to Railroad Police work and finally were instrumental in forming the Railway Association of Special Agents and Police of the United States and Canada. The birth of this organization was in 1897. The title has since changed but it is still very active.

The Association's record of achievement in solving cases is excelled by no other investigating agency. Although at the beginning the service was hampered by many untrained personnel, the railroads were assisted by well seasoned lawmen, sheriffs, Wells Fargo agents, U. S. marshals, and the Rangers of Texas, Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico.

Today railroad police are officers of the highest calibre. They are experts in all modern methods of crime detection. One thing remains unchanged, however. The Special Agent is still sometimes confronted with situations in which his life or the lives of others depends on how he uses his revolver. Individual instruction and training in the proper and proficient use of firearms is given to all Special Agents. In frontier days their main weapons were the Colt six-shooter and the Winchester carbine. Today riot guns, shotguns and submachine guns are available for use in emergencies and for protection of particularly valuable shipments. As in any type of police work a Special Agent is constantly risking his life.

A symbolic memento, testifying to their hazardous duties, can be found in glass-covered cases hanging in many Special Agents' offices. Enclosed in these cases are the badges, stars and shields of men who have been killed in the line of duty protecting the railroads' property.

Perhaps one of the most significant one-of-a-kind collections of such badges is owned by H. W. Hawley of Oregon. He is a claims agent for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. This unique collection of badges worn by Railroad Police, Special Agents and Officers, dating from the 1860s, numbers over 250 and represents more than 131 railroads.

Today, the Railroad Special Agents have achieved the record of being one of the finest, most coordinated, and closely knit law enforcement agencies in the land. And they still serve quietly and without fanfare.

Legend of Squaw Hill

(Continued from page 45)

could regain his stance she had reached the edge of the lake, thrown herself into the water and was hidden among the cattails and growth along the edge.

The remainder of the warriors had jumped to their feet for the attack and she could hear the shrieks and cries of the other women as the Chippewas made their attack, swinging their weapons to left and to right, bashing in heads with their blows and slicing bodies to shreds with their knives. The women were powerless and unarmed against the marauders. She could hear the cries of the babies in the cradleboards and the splintering of wood as they were dashed against the ground, the sounds of the weapons silencing their wails. The screams of the younger girls reached her ears as they were grabbed by rough hands and forced up on the horses which had been brought up after the attack began, and were held there as captives to be taken to the Chippewas' camp in far eastern Minnesota. The attack was over as fast as it had begun.

Parting the brush with her hands just enough to allow her a view, she watched the warriors mount their horses with their struggling captives, gallop down the side of the hill, and off across the open prairie around the west side of the lake. She waited until the sounds of their horses' beating hoofs faded into the distance before she rose from her hiding place in the water to ascend the hill. When she reached the top, she was met by a shocking view of twisted, mutilated bodies.

THE INDIAN GIRL walked among the battered forms of her friends and relatives looking for a sign of life remaining, but to no avail. The Chippewas had been thorough in their slaughter. She found her two children; one only two years old, had been trampled by the hoofs of a Chippewa horse, and her baby in the cradleboard had its head crushed from a swinging blow. All about her was death.

The young squaw had no time to mourn or cry for her people, lest the Chippewas should return. Taking one last look across the mesa she began running down the side of the hill and across the open prairie for help. She continued for several miles, half running, half walking, toward a small creek bed where she knew some of the men of her camp had gone on a hunting trip early that morning. One of the Santees saw her stumbling along and rode out to meet her. He carried her to the bed of the stream to join the others. She was exhausted and frightened but managed to relate to the men what had happened to the women atop the hill.

The braves organized quickly and, taking the squaw with them, proceeded to pick up the trail of the Chippewas across the hilly region of the Coteau des Prairie. It led them through the lake region for several miles, winding among the Buffalo Lakes and down past the east side of Pickerel Lake. Upon leaving the shores of Pickerel Lake the trail became fresher and they pushed their ponies on until they could see the sunlight glinting from the ripples of another lake. Advancing cautiously on the fresh signs, the angered Santees caught sight of the Chippewas where they had camped on the shore to rest their horses.

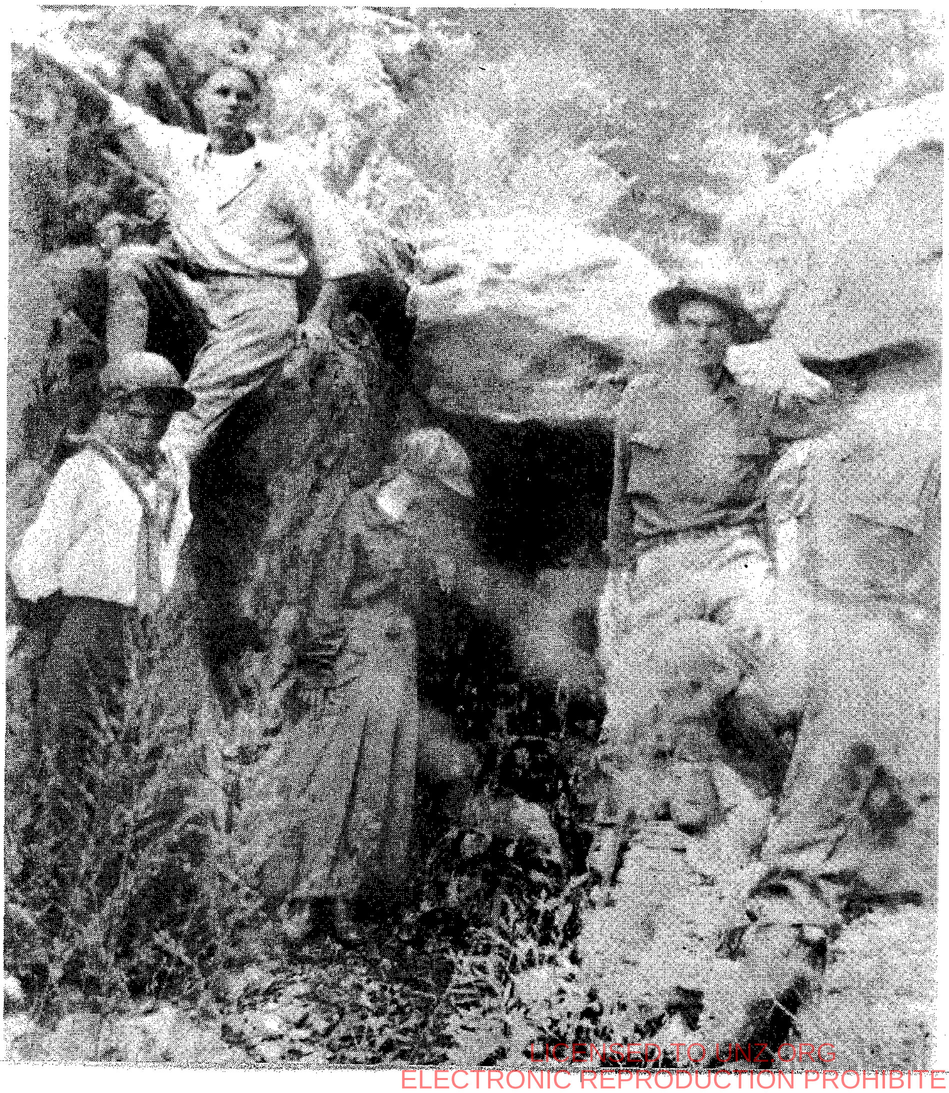
The Santees dispersed quietly to slip around the shores of the lake and with a pre-arranged sign, pushed their ponies from their hiding places, whooping and shrieking down upon the enemy. Caught by surprise, the Chippewas plunged into the waters of the lake in a vain attempt to escape. As the Chippewas swam across the arm of the lake, they were met by another group of Santees emerging from the underbrush all around the shore. They were trapped.

The Santee-Sioux pushed their ponies forward, splashing into the water's edge to meet the floundering Chippewas, clubbing them to the same death they had brought to the women on the hill. Only one Chippewa warrior was spared. He was pulled from the water and told to return to his people, tell them what had happened, and warn them to stay out of Sioux territory. They handed him his pony and he was motioned to leave. The Santees stood stolidly along the shore as they watched him flee.

When the Chippewa warrior was out of sight the Santees mounted and began the trek back to the hill to claim their murdered women and children. Contrary to the customary method of Sioux burial, it was decided to bury the victims on the crest of the hill where they had fallen.

The mesa where the slaughter occurred has ever since been known as Squaw Hill, and the lake where the enemy swam to their deaths is called Lake Enemy Swim. The hill rises to the sky like a giant tombstone to the past and Lake Enemy Swim has for many years been a fisherman's retreat. If anyone visiting either place thinks for a moment he has heard a moan or a wailing sound, he attributes it to his imagination or blames it on the unceasing wind.

Gathered at the entrance of a mine tunnel on Mount Franklin are (left to right) Loula Graves, Finis Graves (perched on rock), the author, Horace Graves, Bill Potts.



Mount Franklin's Lost Treasure

(Continued from page 19)

one else come up with an answer and take over the treasure. From then on, when I spoke to Horace about the mission cache, he just evaded my questions.

Then Henry was drafted in World War I and never came home to El Paso. My brother became weaker as the months rolled on and one day he called me to his bedside. He told me that they had found the treasure. This was before we learned that Henry was a casualty.

"I'm going to draw you a map of the mine shaft," Horace promised, "and if something does happen to Henry, you are to get the treasure out and divide it three ways—one share to his mother, one share for Mary Ann, and one share for yourself. You'll have to find a way to beat those snakes though," he smiled. "I still get a laugh when I remember how Henry looked that day he crawled up that rope. He was really scared."

Horace—only thirty-four—died a few days after we had our talk. His wife and I searched in every place we thought he might have put the map, and many places that were far too obvious for a hiding place. We did not find anything. Perhaps, remembering his promise to his friend, he changed his mind about drawing it.

I've searched dozens of times for the mine shaft. I've gone to the old church belfry at many different hours, using, as they did, good, strong field glasses. I've never seen so much as a shadow on the mountainside that I thought could be a mine opening. My children have gone with me over miles of rocky, cacti-covered terrain—friends have gone with me, too, but we have never found the cache.

Several years ago a beautiful cathedral was built beside the old Juarez Mission of Guadalupe. This building cuts off all view of Franklin Mountain from the belfry of the ancient church.

Every once in a while, when I feel real spry, I drive out on the Mesa road and search around that area in which the mine just has to be. The view from the west side of the mountain is still beautiful. It's always worth the climb.

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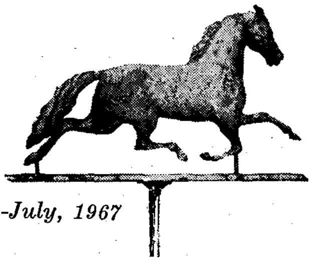

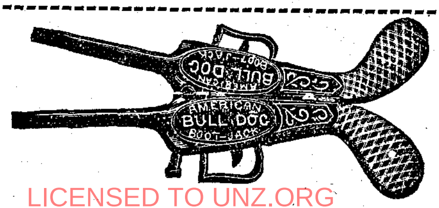

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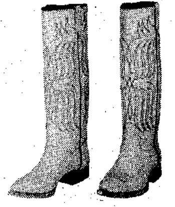

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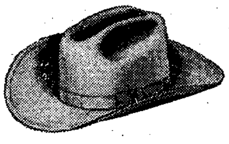

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"God and the Apaches"

(Continued from page 12)

prison-fort. This base camp Commissioner Bartlett named Cantonment Dawson. The party experienced much trouble with Mangas and his warriors, a condition that was already causing the War Department a great deal of concern.

A few miles south of Santa Rita the southern immigrant trail to the California gold fields passed through a particularly rough four-mile stretch of foothills west of Cook's Spring that became a favorite spot for ambush by the Apaches, a stretch that in later years local legend accredited with 400 white victims of that lusty Apache sport.

A garrison to restrain these children of nature was felt necessary. In fact the War Department had, the year before, contemplated sending an expedition against them to teach them a few manners. Early in 1850 Major Enoch Steen, 1st Dragoons, then stationed at Dona Ana, had been sent to scout out the country and to report on what could be done. His report was that the Coppermines, with its buildings, suitable with a few repairs to house at least three companies of troops, an abundance of water and grass and plenty of timber nearby, was the best location anywhere in the country to establish a post. In addition, said Steen, "If the troops at this post (Dona Ana) were sent to the mines immediately, the necessity of a combined expedition would be obviated entirely, and in less than two months we could have peace with those Indians without resorting to that last of extremes, the shedding of blood." As a clincher, he added that the proposed location would bring about a savings of $15,000 a year over Dona Ana for forage for their mounts; then the anticlimax, that the morals of the troops would be much improved by removing them from the temptations of the debased population where they then were.

So on January 23, 1852, Company K, 3rd Infantry, commanded by Major Gouverneur Morris, established a post at the Coppermines, named Fort Webster, in honor of Danial Webster, then a U.S. Senator from Massachusetts. A company of 2nd Dragoons was soon added to the command. Mangas and his warriors, however, refused to observe the rules of the game and soon after the post was established they rolled out the welcome wagon by killing a sergeant and four privates of the garrison and wounding several others.

For some reason this site, too, like Fort Conrad, was found wanting, probably because of its remoteness from cultivable land for farms and gardens. So, on September 9, 1852, the post was moved to a point about eight miles north and east from Santa Rita, in the fertile valley of the Mimbres.

ABOUT THIS TIME, William Carr Lane, newly appointed governor of the Territory of New Mexico, believing that it was cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them, attempted to establish Mangas' tribesmen on farms under the surveillance of the troops at the new site. His plan is said to have shown some promise but was defeated by the refusal of Congress to appropriate funds necessary for its operation. Disgusted, Mangas and his men returned to the warpath, if they had ever left it, for means of subsistence.

Like the first site, the second one was found wanting and in December, 1853, the garrison and stores were moved to the vicinity of present-day Hatch, New Mexico, where Fort Thorn, named in honor of Captain Herman Thorn, 2nd Infantry was established. Captain Thorn served with honor in the Mexican War with the 3rd Dragoons and was drowned in the Colorado River in 1849 while leading troops to California. Purpose of this location was the protection from Indians of trains and wagons on the lower extremity of the Jornado del Muerto; Cook's Canyon and the immigrant road through southwestern New Mexico seems to have been left to God and the Apaches.

Fort Thorn was also abandoned after only a short existence; reason for abandonment is somewhat hazy but a sanitary report made by Assistant Surgeon T. Charleton Henry in September, 1856, may give the key to the question. Surgeon Henry recommended moving the post back to the site of Fort Webster, or at least to higher ground west of the Rio Grande and its suspected "miasmas, where two-thirds of the command (are) perfectly unable to do service nearly one-half of every year." Malaria, imperfectly understood then, was the hidden culprit.

The Indian problem in New Mexico was always three or four jumps ahead of the army, or more properly, Congress, who consistently failed to appropriate money enough to maintain troops sufficient to control the savages. Belatedly, Fort Stanton was officially established April 11, 1855, when Secretary of War Jefferson Davis approved the election of the site made by Brevet Brigadier-General John Garland. Fort Stanton was located on Rio Bonito, eight miles west of present-day Lincoln, New Mexico, the village made world-famous by Billy the Kid's spectacular jail break there more than twenty years later. This was the homeland of another branch of the Apache nation—the Mescaleros, who had for some time been giving trouble and needed watching.

Just three months before the establishment of the post Captain Henry Whiting Stanton, a promising officer of the 1st Dragoons, was killed in action by Mescalero Apaches in the Sacramento Mountains near present-day Mayhill, and the new post has honored his memory for more than 100 years.

Fort Stanton played an important part in the Apache wars, was abandoned in 1861 because of the Confederate advance, was reoccupied by them for a short while, abandoned again and once more reoccupied by Union troops when the California Volunteers took over the policing of the Territory in 1862. Final abandonment by the army was in 1896 and it has since served as a hospital for various government services.

NEXT IN LINE, chronologically, is Gila Depot, on the Gila River, just downstream from present-day Cliff, New Mexico. With the abandonment of the second Fort Webster in late 1853 Congress seems to have ignored the Apaches. Mistake—never ignore an Apache! Troubles mounted on troubles around the Coppermines, Cook's Canyon and on northwest about San Vicente Spring, now Silver City, and up the Gila River toward the wilderness of the upper Gila and Mogollon Mountains. This region is still known today as the Gila Wilderness and is rough country in any man's language.

History has a way of mixing up its characters—the good, the bad, the indifferent, the competent who build empires and volumes of history, and those who seem to have gone along just for the ride; and then every so often a crack opens up and out pops a character, who through flamboyancy, visions of grandeur, and sometimes blind fate, captures the interest and imagination of the public and takes his place, or supercedes his rightful place, historically, in the public picture. Such was Colonel Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, 3rd Infantry, French-born graduate of West Point. He seems to have been enamored with the life of the western Indians and of the mountain men, fur traders and trappers.

In 1831 he obtained a leave of absence from the army and entered the fur trade. This venture, although unsuccessful financially, kept him in the Northwest for several years and caused him to be dropped from army rolls. Reinstated in 1836, he resumed his military career. Early in 1857 he was directed to command an expedition to put the fear of the white man into the Apaches of southwest New Mexico and eastern Arizona—the so-called Gilas, Mogollones and Coyoteros.

Bonneville selected a site for a supply depot on a bluff on the east bank of the Gila River a short distance below the site of Cliff, New Mexico. Rations, clothing and camp equipage was hauled in by wagons, over 115 miles of trackless desert and mountains from Fort Thorn. With this wagontrain, the Colonel arrived on the Gila on May 11, 1857 and immediately set about prosecuting his war against the Indians.

A southern column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dixon Stansbury Miles, 3rd Infantry, composed of units of the Mounted Rifles, 3rd and 8th Infantry, guides, interpreters and Mexican packers, marched from Fort Thorn on May 1. A northern column, under Colonel William Wing Loring, commanding the Mounted Rifles, marched from Albuquerque on the same date. A third force, under Major Steen, who had urged the establishment of a post at the Coppermines, marched from Tucson, Arizona. All converged on and set up camp at the depot. For three months these forces, officered by some of the best professional military men of the pre-Civil War frontier, scoured the country included in the Burro, Pinos Altos, Santa Rita and Mogollon Mountains of New Mexico and their neighboring Mimbres and Sapillo Valleys, the Gila Wilderness and west into the White Mountains of Arizona as far as Mount Graham, near present-day Safford.

The Indians countered with a scorched earth policy, setting fire to the lush natural grasses that clothed the mesa and valleys everywhere; then they faded away silently before the advancing troops. A large flock of sheep was stolen and their trail was picked up and followed to a point ten miles east of the upper Mimbres. A battle of sorts took place, a few Indians were killed, more taken prisoners and the sheep recovered.

THE NORTHERN column, with Bonneville along, mounted an extended scout west from the depot that culminated in a fight near Mount Graham, Arizona. Again a few Indians were killed, more taken prisoners and corn fields and acequias destroyed, before the weary troops made their painful way back to Gila Depot, too fagged out to execute orders awaiting them to march immediately to Fort Defiance, where the Navajos were causing trouble.

On July 12, Bonneville, who had been the instigator of the entire movement, recommended that Gila Depot be discontinued and the stores returned to Fort

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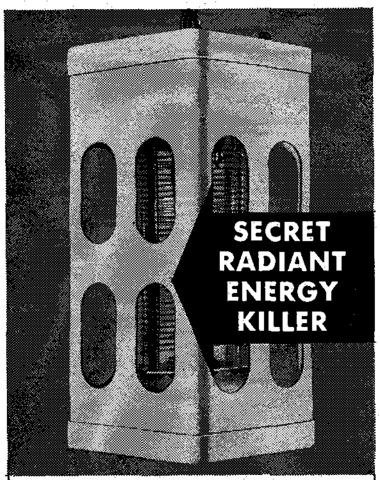

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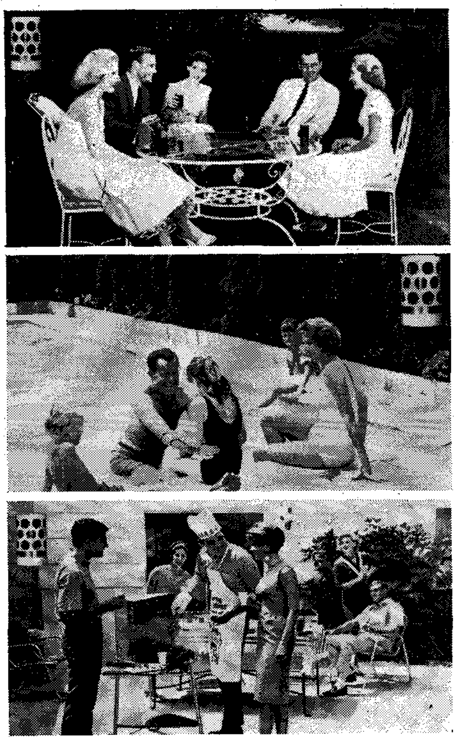

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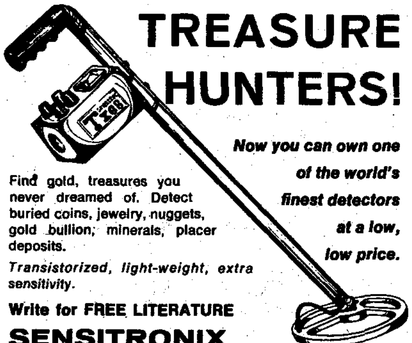

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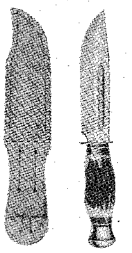

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Apacheland was now allowed another comparative rest until the 9th of October, 1860, when Major Issac Lynde, 7th Infantry, established what is now commonly referred to as Fort McLane, at Apache Tejo, fifteen miles south of the Santa Rita Coppermines and twenty miles southeast of the Pinos Altos gold mines. This site is today occupied by the horse corral of the 2C Cattle Company and is four miles south of Hurley, New Mexico.

Major Lynde recommended that this post be named Fort Webster, honoring the two earlier sites at Santa Rita and on the Mimbres. Colonel Thomas Turner Fauntleroy, 1st Dragoons, commanding the department, proposed the name of Fort Floyd, in honor of then Secretary of War John Buchanan Floyd, which was done. Then when the Civil War erupted in 1861 and Floyd defected to the Confederacy the name was hurriedly changed to Fort McLane, in honor of Captain George McLane, Mounted Rifles, who was killed in action with the Navajos on October 13, 1860.

Because of the approaching Civil War Fort McLane was never more than a temporary post consisting of a cluster of log buildings. It attained a small degree of historic prominence by including among the various officers stationed there, 2nd Lieutenant John Sapington Marmaduke, 7th Infantry. Marmaduke resigned his commission to enter the Confederate army and later to follow an interesting career in Missouri politics, including the office of governor. On the 29th of June, 1861, Headquarters, Staff and Band of the 7th Infantry, garrisoning Fort McLane, was ordered to Fort Fillmore to counter the threatened invasion of New Mexico by Sibley's Texas Brigade. Lynde, now commander of Fort Fillmore, gained the reputation, deserved or not, of a Judas by abandoning the post in violation of orders. A few hours later he added to his infamy by surrendering his command, without a contest, to the pursuing Texans while attempting to march to Fort Stanton.

Fort McLane's greatest bid to fame however, is that here occurred one of the most controversial events of the Apache wars—the killing of Mangas Colorado, chief par excellence of the Coppermine Apaches.

THE CIVIL WAR had erupted in full fury. Union army forces were sadly inadequate and sorely pressed. To help meet this most serious condition the western posts were either abandoned or their garrisons depleted of regular army troops. The Apaches and Navajos interpreted these moves as evidence of victory over the white invaders and redoubled their savage attacks on the frontier. Then came the Confederate invasion of New Mexico, the battle of Valverde at Fort Craig and the ominous advance toward Fort Union and control of the Southwest. The picture was very dismal and discouraging. But desperate as the situation was, the Southwest had not been abandoned.

California, not much past territorial stage, was called upon by President Lincoln to furnish a substantial force of volunteers to stem an expected invasion of the Southwest by way of northern Mexico. That state responded spontaneously and her quotas were filled almost overnight. A large force, almost an army by eastern standards, commanded by Brigadier-General James Henry Carleton, a hard-case Dragoon officer with previous service in New Mexico, marched east after the threatened invasion through Mexico had proved abortive. This force has since been known as the California Volunteers. As such they wrote one of the most impressive chapters of New Mexico history, one that is far too little known today.

The California army arrived on the Rio Grande, at now abandoned Fort Thorn, and at Mesilla, just as the dust of the retreating Texans settled. As soon as extended scouts into West Texas established the fact that no further immediate danger threatened from that quarter, Carleton proceeded to carry out his orders to make New Mexico secure from further Indian attacks and to punish those Indians for their past aggressions. Abandoned posts were reoccupied and new ones established.

Gold had recently been discovered at Pinos Altos and Mangas Colorado and his merry men were making a shambles of the region. A force of California Volunteers was dispatched northward from Mesilla with two objects paramount: to establish a post to furnish protection to Pinos Altos and to put an end to Mangas Colorado's depredations. This last was summarily done when Captain Edmund D. Shirland, commanding Company C, 1st Cavalry, California Volunteers, made the Chief prisoner near Pinos Altos, January 13, 1863, and took him to abandoned Fort McLane where he was shot to death by his guards during the early hours of the 19th, allegedly while attempting to escape. The military was subsequently severely criticized, accused of deliberately murdering him. Be that as it may, Mangas, the great Apache warrior chief, no longer led his men on their bloody raids. Whether his death lessened the intensity of their marauding is questionable. It was twenty years and many lives later before that nation was finally brought to heel by banishment from their desert homeland.

The establishment to protect the Pinos Altos miners was accomplished, or believed accomplished, on the 14th of February, 1863, when Companies A, 1st Cavalry and D, 1st Infantry, California Volunteers, established the post of Fort West on a high bluff on the east bank of the Gila River a short distance southeast of present-day Cliff and about a mile north of Bonneville's old Gila Depot. On the 19th of January, preceding, Company A, 5th Infantry of the Volunteers, established a temporary camp at Pinos Altos as an outpost of Fort West which was soon discontinued in favor of a smaller detachment.

Fort West was named for Brigadier-General Joseph Rodman West, 1st Infantry, California Volunteers, who commanded the District of Arizona and under whom the order for the establishment of the post was relayed from General Carleton, by then commanding the Department of New Mexico.

THE COUNTRY surrounding Fort West was decidedly Apache. The troops soon learned, to their sorrow, that they must sleep with one eye open. Several attempts were made to run off the post horses and beef herds, efforts that succeeded on March 22, 1863, when a large party of Indians stampeded the best of the post's mounts.

Captain William McCleave, the ranking captain of all California Volunteers and another most unusual soldier, although sick in bed, mounted a pursuing party on inferior mounts, the remnants of the herd. Days later and many miles west, in Arizona, McCleave and his fagged-out pursuers overtook the thieves, charged them in a surprise early morning attack, killed a number, recovered what was left of their horses and destroyed the hostiles' camp and supplies. Making their way back to Fort West, their leader was so sick and exhausted that he had to be lifted from his horse upon arrival.

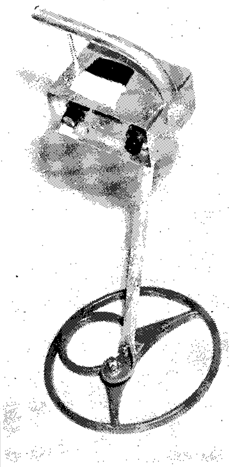
But Fort West, like Conrad and Webster, did not serve its intended purpose. New placer deposits of gold had been discovered near present-day Prescott, Arizona, and many of the Pinos Altos miners left for the new Golconda. The post was too far removed to properly protect those remaining at the older mines, so the detachment of troops left there was recalled and on January 8, 1864, Fort West was evacuated. The garrison, commanded now by Captain James H. Whitlock, 5th Infantry, California Volunteers, marched southeast to the crossing of the Mimbres River west of Cook's Canyon, and there assumed command of "Camp on Rio Mimbres," relieving Captain Chauncey R. Wellman, Company E, 1st California Volunteers. This post had been established on the 10th of August, 1863, by Captain McCleave, with Companies A and C, 1st Cavalry, E and F, 5th Infantry, and forty men of Companies B and D, 1st Infantry, all California Volunteers.

Twenty miles east, at Cook's Spring, the eastern entrance to bloody Cook's Canyon, Fort Cummings had been established on October 2, 1863, by Captain Valentine Dresher and his Company B, 1st Infantry, California Volunteers. Fort Cummings, named for Major Joseph Cummings, 1st New Mexico Cavalry, killed by Navajo Indians near Bonito Canyon, New Mexico, August 18, 1863 was intended to protect Cook's Canyon from Apache attacks.

Camp Mimbres was established primarily as a base for mounted vedettes whose duty it was to control the busy immigrant road running west to Arizona and the West Coast. These duties, however, were only a small part of the job allotted to the men and officers stationed at these two lonely outposts of civilization. Both were harassed constantly by the wily, skulking foe and both were constantly ordered to send detachments, large and small, out to scout for and fight the savages. Then there were escort parties to be sent out to guard wagon-trains, visiting brass and civilian administrative officers and an occasional party of settlers. All this while, lest time hang heavy on their hands, there were the multitudinous duties of post maintenance, housekeeping and administration chores, wood and hay cutting details, herd guards and the hauling of garrison supplies of all descriptions from the various supply centers.

Lumber, for construction needs, was hauled from Pinos Altos, where it was sawed by hand by the soldiers until a civilian mill was established. Charcoal, for the post blacksmith's forge, was wagoned in from the Coppermines; quartermaster and subsistence stores, even fresh vegetables, were hauled in from Las Cruces and Mesilla with armed escorts accompanying every wagon, and still some writers have declared that life was dull and time heavy at such frontier posts! These conditions and activities were repeated at every one of the frontier posts in the Southwest during those trying times.

(Continued on next page)



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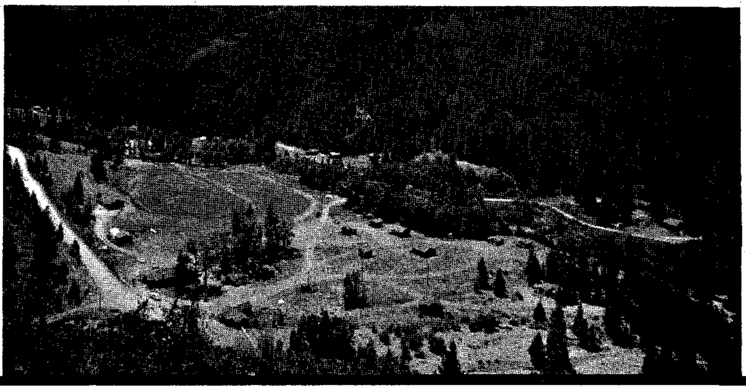

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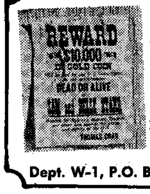

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THE DISTRICT OF ARIZONA, supervising southwestern New Mexico and much of Arizona, was established at Mesilla and later moved to Hart's Mill, Texas, now El Paso. A supply depot, Camp Johnson, was established about midway between Mesilla and Las Cruces. It must have been a busy place, until its abandonment in 1865 after the close of the war in the East. Fort Cummings was reduced to caretaker status in 1873, when the Indian problem abated somewhat. In 1881 Victorio's Mescalero Apaches once more plunged southern New Mexico, Arizona and West Texas into war and the post was reactivated to be again abandoned in 1885.

But southwestern New Mexico was not the only center of activity at that time. Fort Bowie, guarding Apache Pass, another Cook's Canyon in western Arizona, was established in August, 1862, as the army of volunteers marched east from California. It was garrisoned by Company G, 5th Infantry, of that army, and immediately became one of the most important links in the chain of defensive southwestern posts. As additional protection to the Jornado del Muerto, Fort McRae, honoring Captain Alexander McRae, 3rd U. S. Cavalry, who was killed while commanding a battery of Union artillery during the hottest contest of the battle of Valverde, was established in a canyon leading into the Rio Grande just north of present-day Truth or Consequences. Fort McRae was established and garrisoned by the California Volunteers.

It is probable, though, that the post about which more press notoriety and adverse criticism of New Mexico Civil War history has been centered, is Fort Sumner on the Pecos River. When Carleton relieved Canby as department commander on September 2, 1862, he assumed responsibility for the Indian problem of the entire territory. This was a grave obligation. Both the Apache and Navajo tribes were raiding, killing, stealing and burning the frontier, emboldened by their belief that the white man was retreating before their prowess. The situation was intensified by the crisis in the eastern theatre. It was Carleton's job to end this condition and soldier that he was he saw but one way to do it—to prosecute the war as years of army training had taught him to prosecute wars—to win them by imposing total defeat upon the enemy.

HE IMMEDIATELY mounted an expedition against the Navajos, whose menace was actually more of a threat than that of the Apaches. Christopher (Kit) Carson was in command of the New Mexico militia and as such was given the job of bringing the Navajos to heel. Although Carson did not see eye to eye with Carleton's policy he accepted his orders and prosecuted a war of attrition against the northern tribe that excluded any semblance of mercy. Indian fields, orchards, acequias and villages were ruthlessly destroyed. The warriors were pursued with the one choice of surrender or death. Women and children were gathered up in droves.

All prisoners were marched to a spot on the Pecos River called Bosque Redondo, or Round Grove, where they were established in a great prison camp under the guns of Fort Sumner, which Carleton established at that time and for that purpose. Fort Sumner, named for our old campaigner, Edwin Vose Sumner, then a major-general, was located on a site selected by Captain Joseph Updegraph, 5th Infantry, and Captain John Cremony, Company B, 2nd Cavalry, California Volunteers. General Carleton advised the War Department on November 9, 1862, of his establishment of this post. In addition to the Navajo tribe, a large number of Mescalero Apaches were sent there from Fort Stanton, at which post Carson was then making his headquarters.

The history of the Bosque Redondo Indian reservation is stormy—stormy in more ways than one. Carleton envisioned it as a self-supporting facility, the Indians at least contributing materially to their own subsistence by farming. Like the history of military farms and gardens this was proven chimerical. Uncooperative nature and soil conditions brought failure to the crops and the army was called upon to feed the nearly 8,000 hungry prisoners; Carleton was severely criticized by the press for this. Seldom has a storm of criticism and controversy raged more furiously than that over Carleton's policy of forcibly removing the Indians from their ancestral homeland to one so foreign and unfriendly as that at Bosque Redondo. That storm has not completely blown itself out today. Carleton, however, was unrelenting in his belief that the move was justified by the intensity of the Indian's savage warfare against the whites at such a crucial time. He had vehement supporters, as well as detractors.

In mid-summer of 1868 a treaty was signed between the United States Government and the Navajos and they were returned to their old homes. Carleton was relieved from command of the Department of New Mexico in September, 1866, still the center of violent controversy, but still with many ardent supporters.

Fort Sumner and the Bosque Redondo Indian Reservation were directly responsible for the beginning of the large scale cattle industry in New Mexico when crop failure brought demands for huge amounts of beef to feed the prisoners. New Mexican ranches were wholly unable to supply this demand and enterprising Texas cattlemen, seeking a market for their hundreds of thousands of longhorns, drove herds west to the fort for sale to the army and to establish large ranches in the grama grass-rich valley of the Pecos.

While the California Volunteers and New Mexico Militia were busy with the Apaches and Navajos, the Comanches and Kiowas of Indian Territory and West Texas sought to take advantage of the preoccupation of the troops by raiding wagontrains on the Santa Fe Trail in northeastern New Mexico and western Kansas. These raids were serious enough to demand retaliatory action. Fort Bascom, named in honor of Captain George Nicholas Bascom, 16th U. S. Infantry, who was also killed in the Valverde battle, had been established on the south bank of the Canadian River twelve miles north of present-day Tucumcari, New Mexico, under orders of Carleton, dated August 11, 1863. This post, designed to accommodate two companies and built of adobes and sandstone, was charged with the dual purpose of guarding against incursions of Indians from the east and as a watchdog against another Confederate advance on Fort Union.

IN NOVEMBER, 1864, an expeditionary force commanded by Colonel Carson and consisting of 14 officers and 320 men, including companies from the 1st California Cavalry, 1st California Infantry and 75 friendly Ute Indians, gathered at Fort Bascom before taking the field against the plains raiders. Carson was to cooperate with troops from Fort Larned, Kansas and was instructed by Carleton in an order typical of that officer's singleness of purpose and determination to accomplish it, come what may. It was late in the season, wrote Carleton, and the troops must proceed with dispatch. The Indians, he said, had murdered and robbed wantonly and were not to be permitted to talk themselves out of just punishment, to renew their acts of savage aggression when spring brought new grass for the subsistence of their ponies.

On November 24, Carson's scouts located the hostiles' tepee village and after an all-night march they were attacked by 1,000 finely mounted warriors. The all-day fight that followed was desperate but was finally turned by Carson's howitzers. With the Indians' reserve food, camp equipage and other belongings were either destroyed or captured, this event went into history as the First Battle of Adobe Walls. The site is about twenty-five miles northeast of present Borger, Texas.

Another expedition of more than ordinary interest was based on Fort Bascom in November, 1868, when seven companies of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry, supported by one company of infantry and a battery of mountain howitzers left the post to punish the plains tribes for their continued atrocities.

Far down the Canadian River, in the Washita Mountains of western Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, these troops passed a miserable Christmas Eve in which they felt thankful for mere survival. Another battle occurred and again the howitzers, with their mysterious voice of thunder, decided the issue. When these beat-up troops returned to Fort Bascom they had marched 400 winter miles, through a land notorious for the ferocity of its weather, and had fought a major engagement with savage foes, in twenty-nine days. Enough for a lonely, uncomfortable post in a most unfriendly land! It was abandoned in December, 1870.

The exact sites of Forts Fauntleroy, Lyon and old and new Wingate are confusing, but a map of the Military Department of New Mexico, compiled in the Bureau of Topographical Engineers of the War Department in 1859, along with an article written by Colonel M. H. Thomlinson, USA, Retired, and published in *New Mexico Magazine,* October, 1946, sheds much light on the mystery. Certain it is that much that has been written on the three sites is confusing.

This map shows Fort Lyon, formerly Fort Fauntleroy, to have been some eleven miles southeast of the site of present-day Gallup and on what is now Fort Wingate Ordnance Reservation. Old Fort Wingate is shown as having been about twenty-five miles farther southeast and about five miles southwest of the old northern New Mexico road to California, now U.S. Route 66. This site is at the foot of Mount Taylor, near the present village of San Raphael, three miles south of Grants, in Valencia County.

Fort Fauntleroy was named for Colonel Thomas Turner Fauntleroy, an old Dragoon officer then commanding the Department of New Mexico. When Fauntleroy resigned his commission early in 1861 to enter the Confederate army the name was changed to Fort Lyon, in honor of Brigadier-General Nathaniel Lyon, killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri, shortly before. Many reports say the name was again changed

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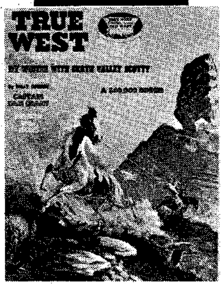

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to Fort Wingate, but this is unlikely and is not borne out by the above mentioned map or by Colonel Thomlinson's paper.

IN 1862, with the country denuded of Federal troops it was felt that a new post was needed in the Navajo country and the Mount Taylor site was selected and named Fort Wingate, in honor of Brevet Major Benjamin Wingate, Mounted Rifles, 5th Infantry, who died as the result of wounds received at the battle of Valverde. Then, in 1868, when the Navajos were escorted back to their old homeland, a military post was felt necessary to supervise them. "Old" Fort Wingate was considered too far from their villages for this supervision so "New" Fort Wingate was established on the old site of Fort Fauntleroy and Lyon. The garrison of Old Fort Wingate was moved to the new installation to become "New" Fort Wingate.

Much of this confusion results from the fact that many writers fail to discriminate between the "Old" and the "New."

Fort Whipple, Arizona, was named for Major-General Amiel Weeks Whipple, who died of wounds received at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 4, 1863, and who had been a very prominent officer in the Topographical Engineers during the opening of the southwestern frontier prior to the Civil War.

The post was first established by orders of General Carleton on December 21, 1863, twenty-two miles northeast of its present location, but was moved in May, 1864, to Prescott when that village became the first capital of newly established Arizona Territory. The post was discontinued in 1898, regarrisoned in 1902 and finally became a hospital in the Public Health Service.

Camp Goodwin, Arizona Territory, often referred to as Fort Goodwin, was another post established by the California Volunteers.

The site for this post, located in a beautiful valley on the south side of the Gila River not far downstream from present-day Clifton, was selected by Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson Davis, Inspector-General of the U.S. Army.

An expedition to establish the post, officered by Colonel Edwin A. Rigg, 1st California Infantry, and Major Joseph Smith, 5th California Infantry, marched from Fort Craig, May 16, 1864, and arrived on the ground June 18. It was named in honor of Arizona Governor Goodwin.

The site was ideally situated for farming, which was later resorted to. Camp Goodwin was a second Fort Sumner in that it was utilized as a reservation for Apache Indians who chose to surrender to the military. The garrisons of California Volunteers were later replaced by regular army troops and in 1870 the site was abandoned for the more healthful location of Camp Apache in the White Mountains, some distance to the north.

In May, 1865, a year prior to final mustering out of the California Volunteers, Fort Selden was established on the east bank of the Rio Grande eighteen miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico, as added protection to the storm cloud of traffic pouring west over the immigrant road following the close of the Civil War. For years it was a busy post but was abandoned in 1879. Like Fort Cummings, fifty-five miles to the west, it was reactivated in 1881 during the Victorio Apache War and was again abandoned in 1892. During World War I it was reactivated on a limited status as a cavalry remount depot but was soon abandoned again. It was named for Major Henry Raymond Selden, a regular army officer who was Colonel of the 1st New Mexico Infantry, and who had died in February, 1865.

When Fort Cummings, Camp Mimbres and the small detachments stationed at Pinos Altos and the Coppermines proved inadequate to control Mangas Colorado's old warriors, reinforced by Mescaleros under Victorio, another post in the midst of their range was found necessary. The answer was the establishment on August 21, 1866, of Fort Bayard by Company B, 125th Colored Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant James M. Kerr. Designed as a three company post, it was named in honor of Captain George D. Bayard, 4th U.S. Cavalry, who died December 14, 1862, from wounds received in the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia. The location was approximately midway of an area that included, within a radius of less than a dozen miles, the historic sites of the Coppermines, Fort McLane, Pinos Altos and San Vicente Spring, the last soon to become the busy mining village of Silver City.

In its infancy Fort Bayard consisted of log huts, later replaced by slightly more roomy structures of adobe. It was a typical frontier establishment, built around a parade, the quarters and barracks at best crude, uncomfortable, with roofs that leaked at the slightest opportunity, warmed by open fireplaces and eternally on guard against the relentless foe. It was predominently a cavalry post, because of the nature of duty required against the highly mobile Apaches. There was usually a unit or more of infantry included in the garrison for housekeeping chores and these foot soldiers were all too often sent into the field in lieu of the hard worked cavalry.

Scouts and expeditions against the Indians left Fort Bayard to scour the country for many miles in all directions, even into Texas and Arizona. As the frontier shrank before the advance of settlers, miners, cowmen, laborers, gamblers, all the hodge-podge that went to make up the waves of civilization, supplies and building material became more plentiful and the post developed with the surrounding area until it became one of the finest of its kind in the Southwest. A beautiful, grass covered parade was flanked by comfortable barracks and spacious two-storied officers' quarters. Instead of a desolate Siberia it became a pleasant and popular assignment.

Then the Apaches, fighting desperately to the last, were beaten to their knees. Fort Bayard settled into the tedium of garrison duty. On January 2, 1900, the last of the troops marched out of the post and it was turned over to the surgeon-general of the army for use as a military hospital.

Five Months Term in the Piney Woods

(Continued from page 32)

Usually she had good board, but one year, about 1908, she got thoroughly tired of venison. This was when she taught in Morris County at a country school in a community called Down Below. That name was originally Down Below Daingerfield, but was shortened when a preacher said all people in this community were going to the nether regions if they didn't quit moonshining and gambling and dancing. Anyway, Mama's landlord saved his beef by serving venison, and Mama won't eat deer meat to this day.

The next school Papa taught was at

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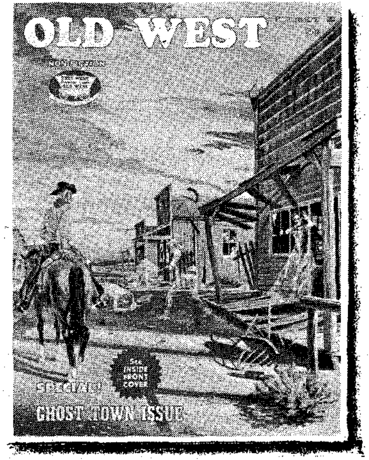

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Youngs' Chapel, at few miles north of Bagwell. Here he received forty dollars a month. Too, he had some money from his father, Capt. William Somerville, who had a good cotton crop or cattle sale or something like that.

Cut-over pine land was sold at ten cents an acre then. Papa had a hundred dollars and began negotiations to buy a thousand acres in one block.

When he mentioned this to the president of the school board at Youngs' Chapel, Mr. Menafee was horrified. So were the other leading citizens.

"That land isn't worth riding over!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Why, Henry, it's just poor sand, fit for nothing but raising pines. You'd just lose your hundred dollars!"

"It'll be twenty years before the trees are big enough to make even a small log," Mr. Teenor told him. "Unless you intend to stay here, like I will, people would steal your timber even when it did get grown. You'd better save your money!"

"It seemed the entire community was determined to keep the young teacher from throwing his money away," Papa used to say ruefully. So he put the money in bank stock and the bank later went broke.

In the 1930s, as we would drive by the plot Papa had thought of buying, he would shake his head. "Why, that land is worth five dollars an acre now," he'd say. "If I had bought it, I could sell it right now for five thousand dollars!"

And now that same land is worth at least a hundred dollars an acre. There's been at least another hundred dollars of timber cut off each acre.

The country is fast changing from the impractical and happy days of the one-room schoolhouse. Most of the rural students ride school buses into town now.

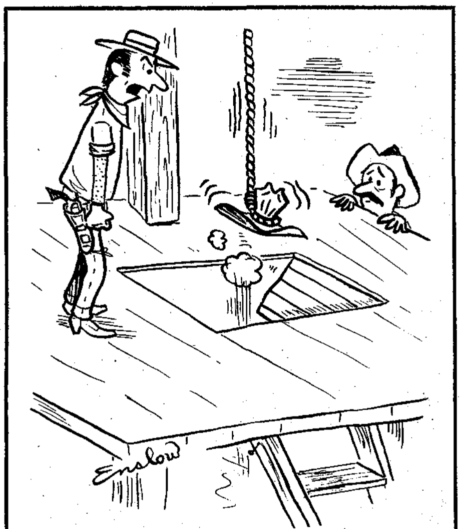
Even the happy custom of putting a silver dollar in the pocket of a murder victim has changed. This custom, going back to early days of mythology in other countries, started when the dead man would be given a coin to pay his way over the River Styx.

In 1940, when I taught at a two-teacher school at Negley and my sister Ann taught at Brickley nearby, something happened that shows how much progress has taken place.

One of her school trustees was shot dead. When his wife talked, we found that his name was an alias and that he was wanted for murder out of state. Turned out also that one of the missing persons from the area was buried under some beautiful pines on the trustee's land.

"Well, did you put a silver dollar in his pocket to help him over the River?" I asked one of the men who attended the trustee's funeral.

"Well, sort of," he acknowledged, grinning. "It wouldn't be kindly to send him to eternity broke. I didn't have a silver dollar, so I wrote a check for that amount and placed it in his coffin."



"Somebody's gonna catch hell for this! ! !"

Doctor Grandma French

(Continued from page 17)

the naked.

Emma was not yet an old woman when people began calling her "Doctor Grandma French." The unofficial "Doctor" was a token of respect and honor for her remarkable healing ability, and "Grandma" a synonym for a most wise matriarch. (This respect was curiously undying, lasting as long as the people who knew her lived. I can recall as a schoolboy in Winslow that we kids, when passing the small house once her home, grew silent as though it were a shrine, and retained the feeling until well beyond.)

In Winslow Emma suffered two most bitter tragedies. One was the death of her son, William Isaac, better known as Ike. Married in Winslow, he had no offspring. One night he was shot and killed by a cowboy in a fight not of his making. He was the first to be buried in her plot in the old cemetery.

The second terrible happening, in 1891, was the death of her daughter, the one she delivered of herself at Lee Ferry. Victoria Elizabeth was a beautiful young girl of eighteen when she drank half a bottle of laudanum from her mother's stock of drugs. Emma and Victoria were rushed to a specialist at Albuquerque by special train, but nothing could be done. Victoria was buried beside her brother in Winslow.

Soon after Emma had established herself in the railroad town, she heard from her brother, Harry Batchelder, then an old man and alone. Emma sent him money to come to America. For several years he lived with her, and on his death he, too, was buried in the French plot.

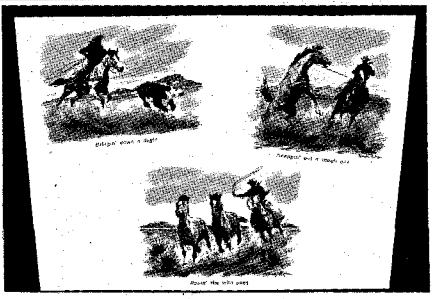
Meanwhile all her children had grown up, married and gone their several ways. Anna Eliza married a man called "Buttermilk" Healy, because that was all he would drink. They moved to Los Angeles where in time he was elected to political office. Frances Dell married D. B. Blair. Before they removed to southern Arizona three of their children died in infancy and were laid to rest in the French plot. Also buried there was the infant of Rachel Emma, who married a man named Clift. They settled in Stockton, California, where they and their children passed on. William James Lee married and with his wife, Clara B., lived in Winslow until after his mother's death.

Clara is the only member of Emma's immediate family still living, a spry, handsome and mentally alert woman of ninety-six years.

After Victoria's sad end, Emma lived alone most of the time except for brother Harry. Her husband continued seeking the elusive yellow metal. Outfitting for three months, French invariably remained out four or more. On each return he felt certain that had he but gone around the next hill, he would have struck it rich.

French always returned home gaunt

(Continued on page 66)



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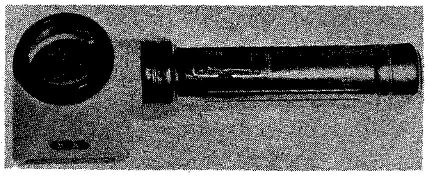

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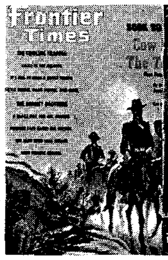
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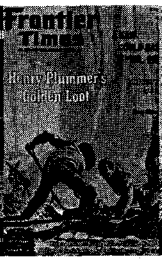
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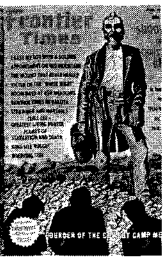
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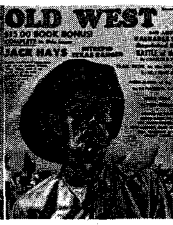
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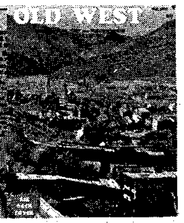
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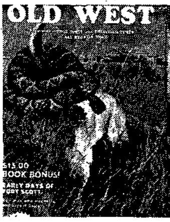
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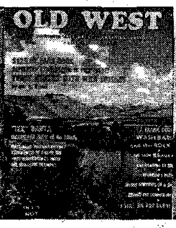
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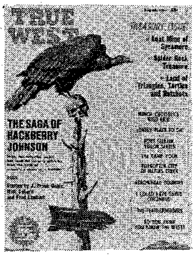
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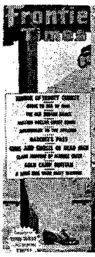
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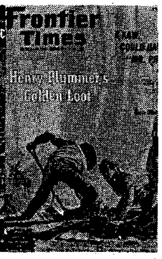
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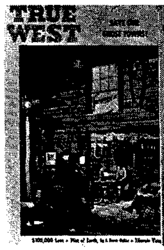

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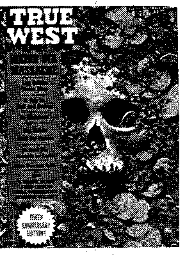

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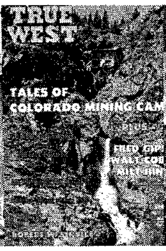
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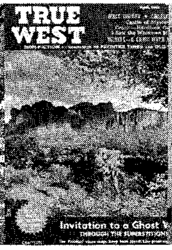
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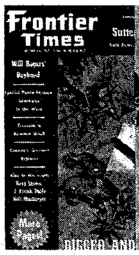
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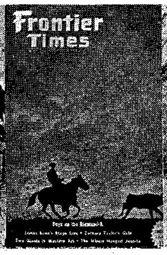
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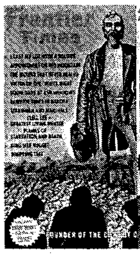
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Doctor Grandma French

(Continued from page 63)

and badly battered. Emma fed and doctored him back to good health, whereupon he repeated his futile quests.

The families of Frederick Marcus French and Charles Albert French grew up on the river homesteads where fine homes had been built. Their children's greatest delight was to look out of a window and see their Grandma French walking across the open ground from town coming to visit. She always had many wonderful stories to tell them. When she was seen approaching, they rushed to their mothers, who immediately started making custard pie—Emma's greatest culinary delight.

IF DOCTOR GRANDMA FRENCH could be remembered for a single difficult case, certainly one occurring on a snowy December night, 1892, might qualify. One man was cut to pieces with a knife and another shot through the lungs in a drunken street brawl. The local deputy sheriff arrested their assailants, assuring them that as soon as their victims succumbed they would be charged with murder.

The injured men were taken into the back room of a saloon. The one physician handy was sobered up enough to inspect them. He said there was no use doing anything. Both were fatally injured and would soon expire.

When he departed someone exclaimed, "Send for Dr. French!"

On her arrival she asked that they be carried to the railroad hospital.

"But the doctor has been gone for two days!" she was told.

Nevertheless, the two dying men were carried there. Emma probed the bullet out of the gunshot victim, and spent two hours stitching up the knife cuts of the other. Five days later both were able to stand in a Second Street saloon and order drinks. When the Santa Fe doctor returned he could hardly believe the pair survived such terrible wounds.

Winter was always the busiest time for Emma. The worst epidemics broke out then, especially childhood diseases.

Emma always walked to "town" cases, sloshing in boots through mud, snow and ice filled streets. If snowing or raining, she carried her extra apron and medicine bag under a long floppy coat.

One night an aged wanderer was given shelter at the Frederick Marcus French home on the river. Soon after his departure all the French children came down with diphtheria, but Emma saved them all.

The man went on north into the Navajo country, throwing in overnight with John Chandler at his trading post under Chandler Butte. The same thing happened there. Chandler's family was stricken with the terrible disease. In a few days he had buried his wife and three of his children; only one survived, a six-year-old daughter, Annie.

The bereaved father hardly knew where to turn for help. Then he thought of Emma, who had brought two of his babies into the world. He took Annie to her. Emma doctored the little girl back to health and gave her a home. (After Emma's death Annie fell into the keeping of a harridan running a rooming house. It was said at the time, and still declared true, that in two years' time the wanton woman worked and starved the little girl to death. She was buried in the French cemetery plot.)

WHEN NOVEMBER, 1897 rolled around, French had been gone since the previous July. As the days passed and he did not return, Emma became very restless. One night she awoke in a cold sweat from a bad dream in which she saw him trying to reach her through a shining wall of light. But some powerful, unseen force held them apart, the nature of which she could not determine. From that night on, she worried and grew most distraught. Emma confided to friends that something was going to happen and that she needed him at home the worst way.

On encountering men just off the trails or in from the desert she would ask, "Have you seen anything of Frank?" When told they had not she would request, "If you do run across him, tell Frank to come home at once. I need him."

The night of November 13, Emma unaccountably rested easy and slept well. The next morning she was confident he would be home that day. In fact, she baked a large pound cake, his favorite.

Near noon Emma was called out to deliver a baby a few days before it was expected. At two o'clock she hurried home, rushing into the house hoping her husband was back, but finding only empty rooms.

Emma was doing kitchen work, when a little later she looked out a window. French was seen leading his riding and pack horses into the small barn lot from the alley. In a few minutes he entered the house, a weary man badly in need of rest.

After greetings were exchanged in happiness to be reunited, Emma hustled about making him comfortable and serving a big meal. No calls came for her services that night or all day Sunday. The two aging people sat around talking and visiting.

On Monday morning Emma prepared breakfast before reluctantly taking her leave to visit the new baby and check on two other patients. She returned home just before ten o'clock. She remarked about feeling unusually tired.

As she sat in the front room resting, Emma listened to Frank's account of the last trip. Surely on his next, the big find would make them wealthy.

At last Emma started for the kitchen to see about the noon meal. After taking a few steps she turned partly around, half sobbing "Oh, Frank!" before dropping to the floor in a heap.

When the railroad doctor was summoned, he said that she had died instantly.

On November 16, 1897, it was all over for this wonderful woman whose adventures, tribulations and tragedies on the frontier had been overwhelming. Only by the utmost courage and iron will had she managed to survive them.

The funeral was held in her home the next afternoon at two o'clock. Santa Fe Railroad officials, county and territorial officers, and so many friends attended, that the house and yard overflowed and people stood in the street.

The railroad officials, in respect for Emma's services to the company over the years, did a singular thing. They ordered all trains passing through Winslow to halt for a few minutes. Neither entering nor leaving the yard limits was whistle or bell sounded.

Of the graves in the French plot, only those of Emma, Victoria and the Blair and Clift infants can be identified today. French spent his last years in an old soldiers home in California, and was buried there when he died in his nineties.

Emma's gravestone of blue granite has been pitted badly by sand hurled against it by the tireless desert winds. But there can still be made out these words:

MOTHER
AT REST
EMMA B. FRENCH
BORN IN—UCHFIELD
SUSSEX CO. ENGLAND
April 21 1836
Died Nov. 16 1897
DR. FRENCH

Swift "Justice" on Chilkoot Pass

(Continued from page 33)

prepared—one to be worn in front and the other to be worn in back. The one on his chest read: "I am a thief," and the other read, "Pass me along."

Two guards were sent with Hansen for the walk-out to Skagway. Surprisingly enough, the two guards were intercepted and arrested by U. S. officials in Dyea. This was followed by orders for the men who had imposed the punishment to come to Dyea and deliver themselves into custody.

"Come and get us," was the miners' answer.

In view of this defiant exchange between U. S. authorities and the miners, it seems highly unlikely that Hansen's *partner—Wellington—received a fair* trial though his punishment may have been just.

Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 13)

Dixie. I won by half a length and nobody let on that Brewster like to pulled Dixie's head off to let Snowflake win.

It was summertime and in between roundups, that I got to bragging to Jesse Iron Horn, youngest son of Chief Iron Horn. Jesse rode a G Dot Injun paint pony bareback, because he never owned such a thing as a white man's saddle. The fullblood Jesse and I were sort of partners, and as he was a year or two older than I, he thought up most of the devilment we got into. When Jesse wasn't at our ranch I was on the reservation. I was the only white kid there and I had the only saddle. While I never let an Injun kid on Snowflake's back I'd unsaddle and let them take turns saddling skinny looking G Dot ponies, while I rode Snowflake bareback.

I never in the world suspected that Jesse had his eye on my saddle, till he suckered me into that horse race—horse against horse—my saddle against a beaded buckskin shirt and a three-foot bow and a dozen feather-tipped, flint-point arrows and the beaded buckskin quiver that held the bow and arrows, thrown in. He sneaked them out of Black Dog's tepee to show me and I tried the shirt on for fit, and it fitted. Jesse sneaked the stuff back into Black Dog's tepee.

Black Dog was Iron Horn's brother and Jesse's uncle. Likewise Black Dog was what the white man called a godfather to me, when the Injuns gave me my Assiniboine name, Ochsheebee, meaning boy-cowboy, Black Dog told me.

There were a lot of Injun kids gathered around, and a lot of blanket squaws. A few old men like Iron Horn and Watch His Walking and Black Dog, sitting around a little fire smoking and never letting on they saw us kids till the bet was made and we'd shook hands on it. All the time I figured it was Jesse's old pile-of-bones paint pony he was matching, until I slid up on Snowflake's bare back. My saddle was in the brush now with the blanket-wrapped bundle that held the buckskin shirt and bow and arrows Jesse had again swiped from Black Dog's lodge.

I was sitting my fat Snowflake when Jesse rode a slick looking black gelding out from behind some high willows. He was bareback and had a war bridle on the horse. The Injun kids crowded around before I could bellyache about the Injun trick.

IT WAS a straightaway down the wagon road and we'd stepped off what we figured was a quarter mile, standing start. Jesse was stripped down to a breech-clout with a short, wooden-handled Injun quirt. I had my boots off and my quirt ready. When the Injun kid at the starting line hollered, "Go," I came over and under with my quirt.

Snowflake liked cow work, but he was too wise and cautious to get excited over a waste of time and effort like horse racing. Snowflake never could see any sense to the fool thing. He was standing hipshot with his head down when my quirt smacked his rump. Like as not he'd been half asleep. He came alive right now, slamming into Jesse's slick black and traveling fifty yards before he found out he was in a horse race.

The black was thrown sideways, off balance, and all but turned over with Jesse. Snowflake had the black daylighted from scratch, for the first fifty yards. When he found out what it was all about, he quit on me, slowed down to a stubborn lope and all but turned back. I was quirting him and fighting my head when the black streak came past, fannin' wind. Then the dust cloud hid Jesse but I could hear his wild Injun yell of victory.

I never knew how the three old Injuns got there, but they were all standing, blanket wrapped, at the finish line. Fifty feet before the finish line Jesse let out a war whoop. The black broke in two and Jesse was picking himself up out of a pile of buckbrush when his horse crossed the finish line. The slow-loping Snowflake was fifty yards behind and I hadn't seen Jesse go off on account of the dust cloud.

All I knew was I'd lost the race, and that for sure. I'd lost Snowflake and my saddle. At the finish line I slid off and let the bridle reins drop, and before I knew it Snowflake had started grazing.

I figured I'd better wait till dark before I headed back to the ranch on foot. Snowflake was the most precious thing I owned and I'd gambled him away like he was no more than one of the stick horses I used to straddle and lope around on. I wanted to go off alone and bawl. But I didn't dast show it.

Then the old men came up to where I was. Iron Horn with his wide mouth, and little wizened-faced Watch His Walking, and the six-foot, straight-backed Black Dog. All of them brothers. But there was no sign of Jesse Iron Horn. By rights he should be riding back on the black to claim the race and the spoils of his great victory.

The three old men eyed me as they went into Black Dog's tepee and closed the flap. In passing they spoke to Jesse's older brother, Mark. Mark had taken down sick the winter before and had never gotten over it. He was wasted down and too weak to join in the games. He'd been sitting cross-legged in front of his father's lodge. Now he got up and walked to where my saddle was in the brush,

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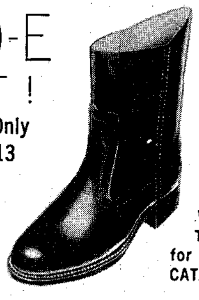

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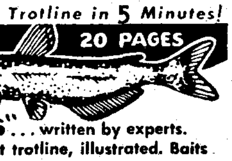

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with what Jesse had in the red Hudson's Bay blanket. Mark lugged the saddle and blanket into Black Dog's tepee. Then he came out. I could hear Black Dog talking, making one of the speeches he liked to make, and I could understand most of what he was saying.

The beaded buckskin shirt and the bow and arrows in the beaded buckskin quiver, had been made by his squaw to be given to Ochsheebee when he went back to school. Jesse Iron Horn had stolen them.

Not only that: the slick black gelding was no G Dot Injun pony. It belonged to a white man, Humpy Jack Davis, the Circle C nighthawk. It was the fastest quarter horse in the country. Humpy Jack had hid out the race horse on the reservation, at a squaw man's place. Jesse Iron Horn had the horse tied up when he'd matched the race.

Not only that: a rider had to be on top of his horse when the horse crossed the finish line. If Ochsheebee had ridden his white pony across the finish line instead of getting off he would have won the race. As it was, it was nobody's race and Jesse was on his way afoot to catch the white man's horse and return it to the squaw man's pasture, before some Indian policeman showed up and locked Jesse in the guardhouse for horse stealing.

Black Dog made quite a speech about it before he came out with my saddle and the gifts which were meant for me. He rode back most of the way to the ranch with me. He talked slow so that I could understand every word of his lecture, supplementing it with sign talk. It was getting dusk when he pulled up and held out his hand, and I took it. The handshake meant a solemn promise to gamble no more, until I was old and wise enough.

"Fat horses," Black Dog spoke in the Indian language, "carry a man far, but the ribs show on a horse that runs fast for a short ways."

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

optimistic; his bet was that the homesteader would starve to death before "proving up."

I finally won by not *quite* starving to death but was sure "ganted up" a heap of times during those first few years. Try having your haycrops chopped to matchstick size by hail, your meadows piled with a heavy layer of boulders and uprooted trees by cloudbursts, and it looked as if you'd had it. But not so. You clean up and are going great guns when, for no reason at all, you suddenly find your herd decimated by blackleg.

Old Mother Nature, though, was just warming up! The worst winter in forty years hit us in '30-'31, and the Nevada cow business was, primarily, dragging carcasses off the feed grounds and selling the hides for a couple of dollars.

Then followed over a dozen successive summers of alfalfa worms, "Army" worms and Mormon crickets in hordes as much as ten miles wide with the drags as much as twenty-five miles in the rear. After going in debt and restocking our herds a disease known as "Red-Water" hit us and left the ranges dotted with dead cattle.

Like Mr. Dunrud, though, we, too, look back and find humor in all those plagues that beset the homesteader who eventually became a cattleman in small or large degree.—Harry E. Webb, 10660 Wilsey Avenue, Tujunga, California 91042.

An Old Tragedy Remembered

Dear Sir:

Have just finished reading your November '66 issue of FRONTIER TIMES and was very surprised to read about an acquaintance I know, Mrs. Tena Berkheimer. The story, of course, is "Murder At The Sawdust Pile."

I'm a nurse's aide at the Western Manor where she is a patient. I have spoken to her and she confirms the story.

My husband and I have been buying your magazines since 1955. Keep up the good work.—Mrs. Lorene Noble, 609 So. 33rd, Billings, Montana 59101.

Gift Copies

Dear Hosstail:

In regard to your article about giving magazines to soldiers, it is a wonderful idea but I couldn't afford to send all of the copies I had collected in past years.

So I called the nearest Marine Recruiting Station, asking if they could take care of it for me. They were more than happy to do so. If it works so well with them, why wouldn't it work with the Army, Air Corps, Coast Guard, etc. recruiting stations? This way, our servicemen all over the world would get the magazines and I think these recruiting stations know much better than we where they are needed most.

Thought I'd let you know in case anyone else has this problem. They could send the gift offer (if they want to keep their old copies) or gift subscriptions. These recruiting officers will send the gift subscriptions to certain headquarters where many men will get a chance to read each issue instead of just one.—Marilyn Cochran, 8724½ Bedford Avenue, Los Angeles, 45, California.

The Broadwater

Frontier Times:

In your March issue you have an article by Warren J. Brier about the Broadwater Hotel. It says there is no trace of the statue of the boy with a hole in the toe of his boot. This statue is in the lobby of the First National Bank & Trust of Helena, Montana.

I spent may a happy hour at the Broadwater when a kid.—Nick Bossler, 2-D Blackstone Apartments, Helena, Montana 59601.

Dear Sir:

I was born in eastern Montana, in what was called the fastest growing metropolis in the West—Glasgow. When I was six years old, my family moved to Texas. About every other year we would spend the summer in Montana visiting relatives, and one of the places we used to go was out to the old Natatorium. Even then the Broadwater had the reputation of having the world's largest indoor swimming pool.

If I remember correctly, the last time I went swimming there was in 1935 after the earthquake. Other landmarks were damaged, too, and St. John's Hospital was evacuated. The bricks shifted so much that it was possible to look through a crack in the front wall of the building and on out a crack in the rear wall. The Masonic Temple was hard hit. I don't know what has happened to these last two buildings. Maybe one of your readers up in that neck of the woods would be able to tell me.—Dave Larson, 1301½ South First, Harlingen, Texas 78550.

Fouled Up Shootin' Arn

Dear Sir:

I ordinarily find very little to complain about in the excellent material appearing in the magazines, but in the ac-

It will take raw courage to compete in the Brahma Bull riding, most dangerous event of all at the Calgary (Alberta, Canada) Exhibition and Stampede, July 6-15, 1967.

count of Joe Phy (May, '66 FRONTIER TIMES) author Wilkes got just a little *too* far out in his description of Deputy Phy's guns. There just never was any such animal as a .45-90 Henry Repeating Rifle, and the .45 Colt did not come into existence until 1873. The percussion Colts converted to fixed ammunition were either .38 or .44 caliber. If by some miracle one did manage to get a .45-90 cartridge into the chamber of a Henry Repeater it is doubtful if he would have lived long enough to chase any outlaws. The result would be about the same as pulling the pin on a hand grenade and holding onto it for five minutes.—Bill Meek, Gypsy House, 507 East 6th Street, Box 25, Beaumont, California.

Picture Swaps

Dear Sir:

I have been a reader of your magazines for a number of years and my collection of past issues is growing rapidly. I have visited many of the places covered in your stories and I would like to hear from anyone who would like to trade pictures on historical Western Americana. My pictures cover mostly historical sites and buildings.—James R. C. Parks, 2302 E. Rialto Avenue, Fresno, California 93726.

Friendly Indians

Dear Sir:

In your July 1966 issue of FRONTIER TIMES you carried an article entitled "The Proud Otoe and Missouria" by Bill Cleghorn, which got pretty close to my birthplace.

In 1870 my grandfather, Peter Bloomquist, homesteaded some land southwest of Waterville, Kansas, and constructed a dugout for his family, which included a wife and five children. My mother, Mary Bloomquist, was one of these children. One day while my grandfather was sixty miles or more west in Kansas, helping to build the old Kansas Pacific Railroad (now Union Pacific) west, a large band of Indians passed by the dugout where my grandmother and the children were alone. Although my grandmother was extremely frightened, the Indians didn't molest them. It is my deduction that the Indians that passed by were the friendly Otoes, who made many trips to the buffalo country around the Republican River in Kansas and Nebraska. The most likely route would be southwest from the Otoe reservation, and my grandfather's dugout was twenty-five miles southwest. I was born and raised in the vicinity of the old dugout.—Dan Jacobson, 7315 Wabash, Kansas City, Missouri 64132.

Margaret Rynning

Dear Editor:

I know many old-timers read your magazines, so I'm sending you this clipping from the San Diego *Tribune.* It reports the recent death of Mrs. Margaret Rynning, the widow of the famous lawman, Capt. Thomas H. Rynning, who died in 1941. He was a founding member of the Arizona Rangers and also served in the Army during the Indian Wars. Mrs. Rynning herself was once under attack by Apaches when moving by wagon train to southern Arizona.

I'm sure many of your readers might have known Mrs. Rynning.—Darwin D. Rabe, 2951 Havasupai, San Diego, California.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 3)

to Indians. Is it possible that there were persons who signed up as Pawnee Indian Scouts who were not Indians themselves? If Elias Stow was part Indian I cannot find the proof. Were parts of the Pawnee tribe in Ohio?

Elias' father was Milton Stow of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania; Elias' mother, Margaret Burton, of Pennsylvania or Ohio.

Elias served under Major North in the 1860s in Nebraska and after 1870 he located in Newman Grove.—M. L. Lander, P. O. Box 641, Red Bluff, California 96080.

Welch

I have been hoping I'd read something in your magazines about my father's folks. Their names were John Welch, killed in Yates Center, Kansas; (Jim) James Welch, believe he died in Bartlesville, Oklahoma in 1897 or 1898: Alvia Welch, Bert Welch. Bill Welch did live in Stillwater, Oklahoma, till about ten years ago. Bill and Bert Welch had a sister, Myrtle Welch. Hope some of your readers can help me at least find Bill from Stillwater, Oklahoma.—Mrs. Georgia Welch Miller, 2025 N. Birmingham Pl., Tulsa, Oklahoma 74110.

Ruth Blanche

I am searching for information about my grandparents on my mother's side. Names—any information—would be greatly appreciated. Ruth Blanche was born November 11, 1890 or '91 in Warrens Bluff, Tennessee. Her parents died when she was two and John and Rebecca Deer took her to raise. They moved at that time to Lono, Arkansas. After a time they moved to Melvern, Arkansas. We have tried in several ways to get information and thought maybe someone through this letter might be kind enough to write us and help out.—Mrs. Ray M. Freeman, 2222 North Ave., Grand Junction, Colorado.

Thomas Jefferson Fish

My grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Fish, was born in Indiana August 8, 1843. In 1866 he left Indiana with a wagontrain going west. Goal was gold,

(Continued on page 72)

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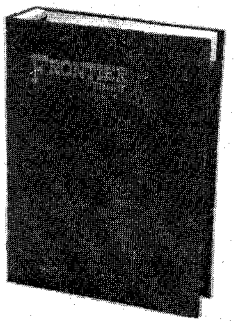

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(MISCELLANEOUS continued on next page)

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 69)

in California, but when they stopped in Utah to rest and prepared to turn south toward California, they heard of a recent gold strike, north, on the Salmon River, so changed their course and went north instead of south.

I remember him telling of being present at the celebration of the naming of the town of Salmon, Idaho. He lived in that area from 1866 until about 1873. He was supposed to have worked in a gold mine near the Idaho-Montana state line. The winter before leaving the area he split railroad ties for a man named Mendenhall.

When he left he took a boat down the Missouri to Omaha, Nebraska, where he purchased white man's clothes and went over to Nevada, Iowa, where he had several married sisters and brothers. He was married to Frances Elizabeth Barrett a few months later.

I have heard tales that he may have been married to a Sioux squaw and may have had some half-breed children. I would like to correspond with anyone knowing anything about him.—Mrs. Esther Nuernberger, E. 4308 Grace, Spokane, Washington 99207.

Joseph H. Cawdell

My father "Joe" (Joseph H.) Cawdell, died at Chickasha, Oklahoma, in 1900. He was a United States Marshal for the Western District of Arkansas, having taken the oath of office on November 6, 1889, at Fort Smith, Arkansas, before the Honorable I. C. Parker, United States District Judge.

He "rode" with Marshal Heck Thomas, his devoted friend, and Luther Smith, and at a later date with Joe Henderson in Indian Territory. He was an influential citizen of Chickasha in various capacities and instrumental in the incorporating of that city.

The only living person known to me who knew him is an aunt at Geary, Oklahoma, age eighty-eight. I shall be most grateful for any word from persons who knew him.—Vinita Cawdell Goerz, Malyndo, 4225 Calavo Drive, La Mesa, California 92041.

Franklin

My mother has lost her relatives, and maybe someone, somewhere, can give her some information. She was orphaned quite young, and can only remember a few names, and they may not be correct, as she is now sixty-nine years old.

She remembers hearing of "Pine-something" Texas. Is or was there Pine Bluff? And/or a Fannom, Texas She believes they came from East Texa She knows their last name was Frankli Her grandfather was a full-blood Cher kee. His name was Issom Franklin, ar he fought for the South in the Civil Wa His nickname was "Snake." He had son sisters, Polly and Sally. He was marrie to a white woman, and she died when m grandmother was born, and he gave h to some white people. My grandmother name was Flora Anna Franklin. She ma ried Bill Bass. He was a first cousi to Sam Bass.

There was also a Henry Frankli George and Mary and their children-Lily, Alice and Sis or Babe. There was Jeppy Franklin. This one was a treasu hunter. My mother remembers my granc mother telling her about standing guar for him, and again about holding th lantern while he dug up an iron pot fu of some kind of coins. Then my granc mother came to Oklahoma, and year later she got a letter from him that i she would come and care for him, sh would inherit his fortune. But grand mother died, while making plans to g and my mother never heard anythin else from anybody. She was only nin at the time and can't remember the nam of the place, only that it was in Texas

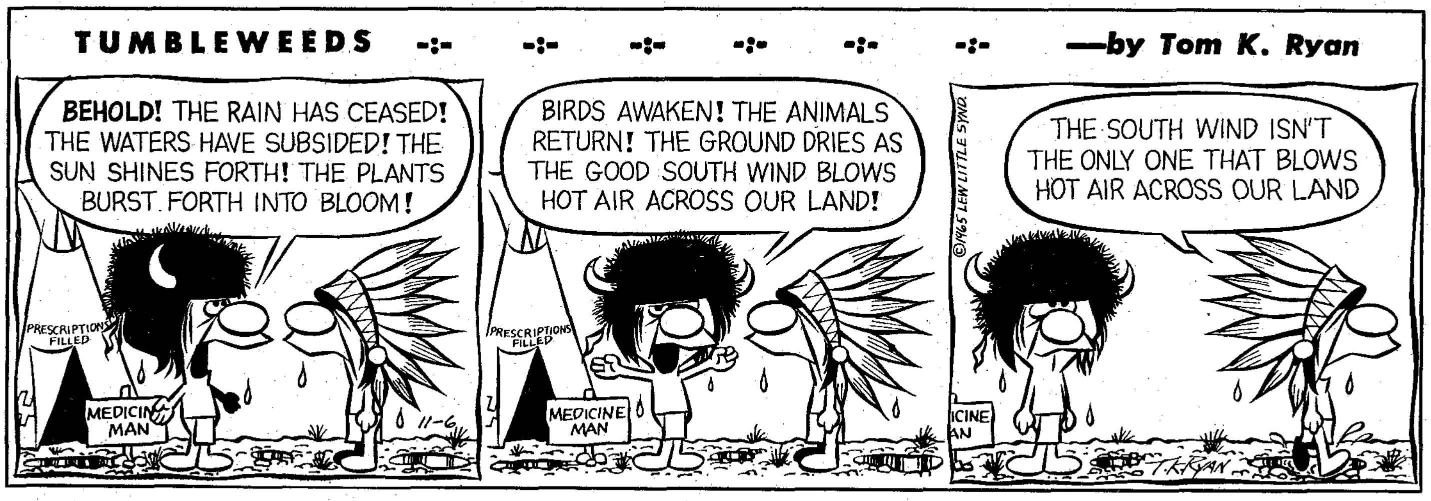
Mom has always wondered about thes people. We would appreciate any kind o information.—Mrs. Kenneth Vogt, RFI #3, Ada, Oklahoma 74820.

There is a Pinehill, Pinehurst an Pineland that we know of but no Fannom Could it be Fannin?

Oregon Sheriffs

As Historian of the Oregon Stat Sheriff's Association, I find one of th most time-consuming aspects of the worl of any historian seeking biographical information, is the location of descendants When family names are lost through th marriage of daughters, it is difficult, i not impossible, especially for one such as myself, since the work is "spare time" in nature.

The thought has occurred to me that among your thousands of readers there may well be many who are related, either directly or by marriage, to men who have served as a sheriff of one of the counties in Oregon. Perhaps some of these persons will get in touch with me, in order that I might obtain information from them concerning the lives of these men.—H. W. Hawley, Historian, 410 Laurel Street, Lake Oswego, Oregon.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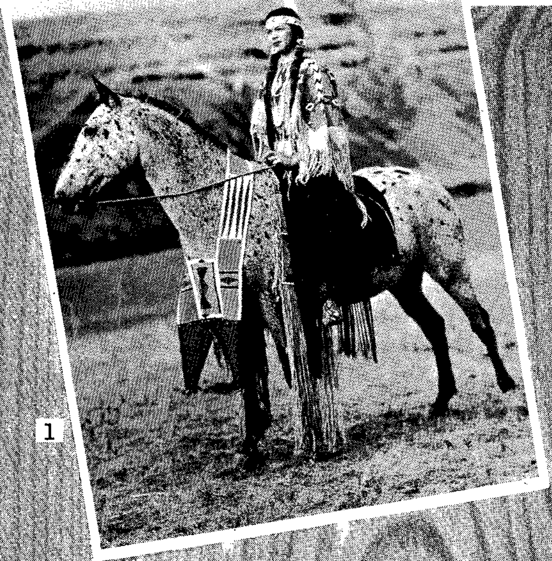
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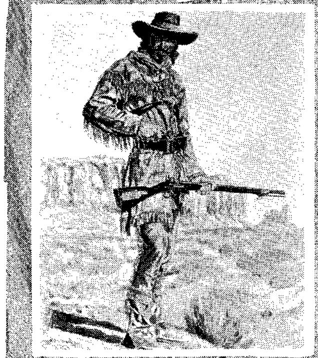
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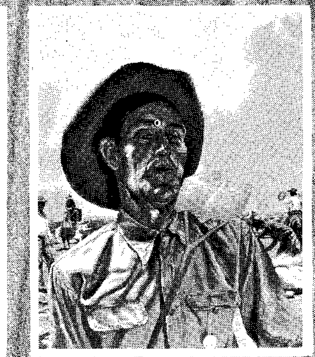
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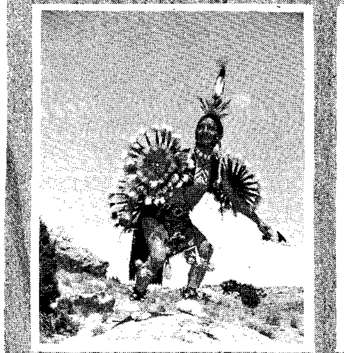
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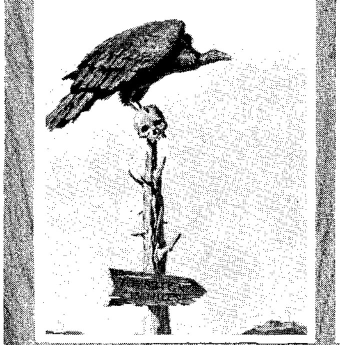
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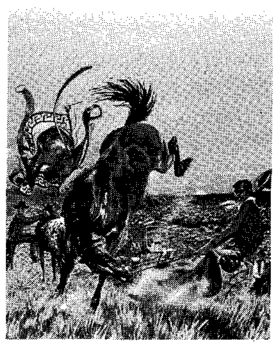
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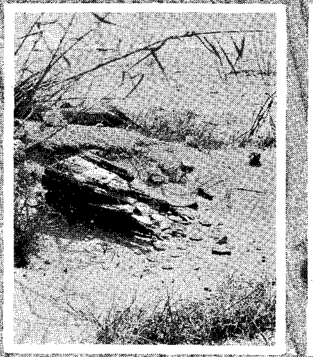
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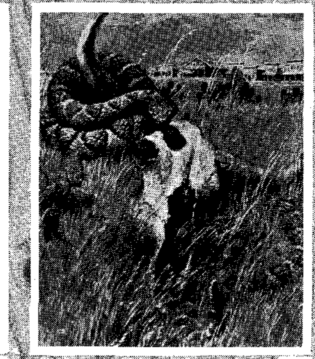
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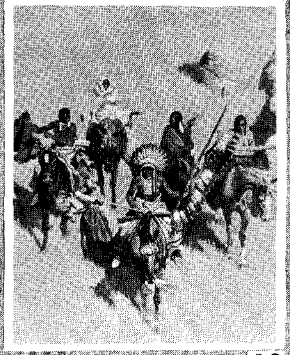
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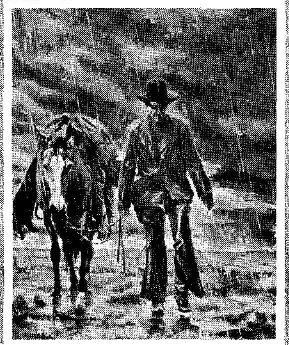
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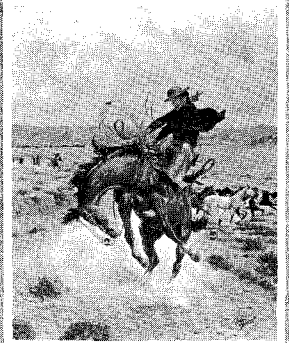
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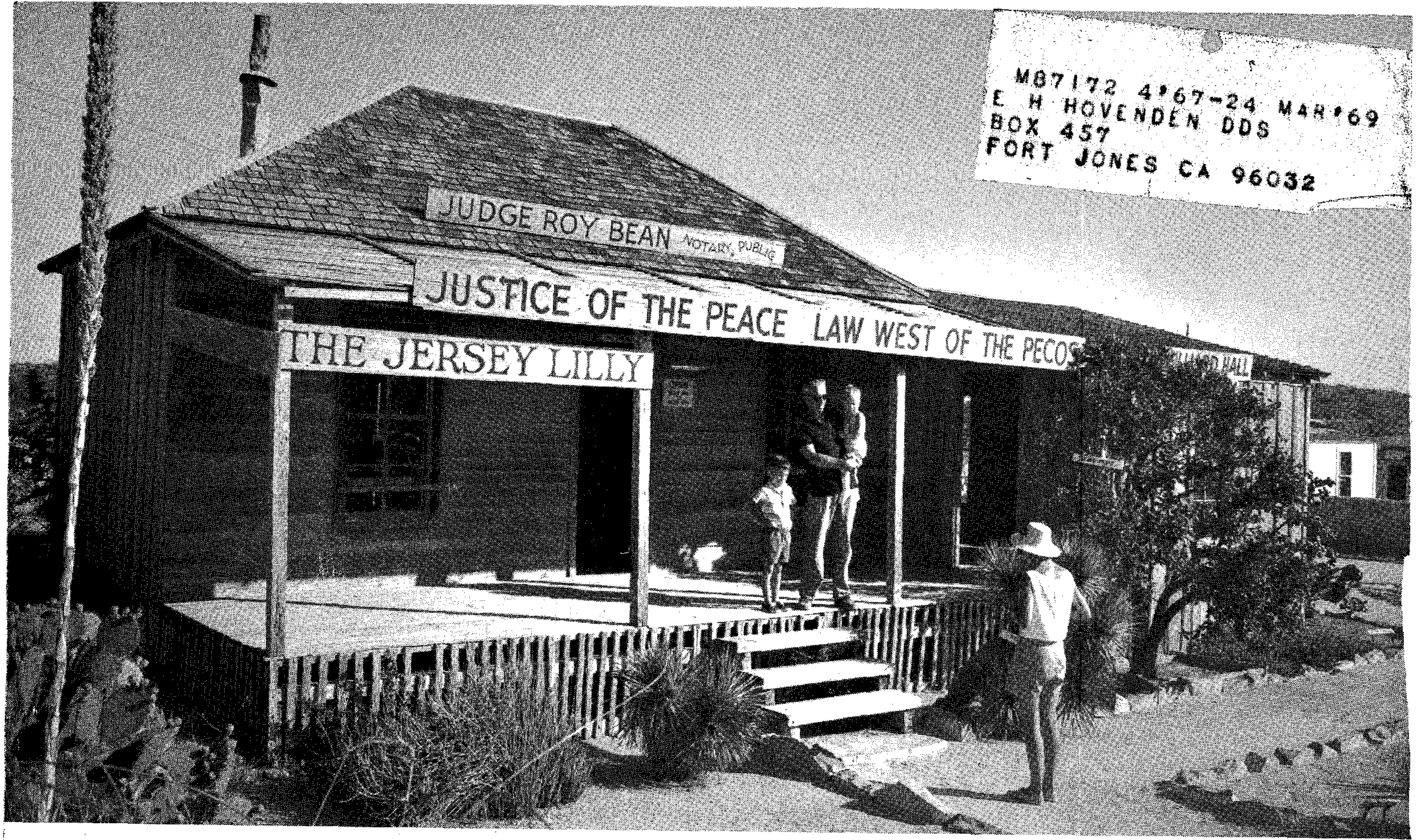
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